

(1928, March, Bombay)

E--3201

and got a visée good for France and her colonies. At Cooks I ascertained that a steamship reservation had been made for me to Aden on the S.S. Kaiserim-I-Hind, sailing the 10th. ^{Next} Then to a tobacco shop where I laid in a supply of cigars, and then half a mile to a drug store for some cough syrup and to have a prescription filled.

Reached my room at 12.30 p.m. After luncheon I laid down and slept to 6 p.m. Feverish and had no disposition to eat anything. Peter had seen to having my suitcase repaired, purchased some shirts and sent them to the laundry. Evidently shirts in India are not laundered before they are sold to a customer. Peter informed me that the following day was a Hindoo holiday.

Tuesday, 6 March, Bombay; clear and pleasantly cool.

More fever. The doctor called and gave me another physical examination. He said that I would gradually recover appetite and energy. He said I might discontinue the quinine, but avoid eating anything solid. I got him to sign a memorandum to the effect that I had been under his care, and paid his bill, which was 75 rupees, or about \$27.00 for five visits. Did some typewriting, had a light luncheon, and took a long nap.

(Tenney, 6 Mch, Bombay, yellow folder.
(Wife, same.
(Thompson, same.
(Consul Frazer, same. } omit
(Dr. Clouston, same.)

"Bombay, India, 6 March 1928.

"Mr. Lloyd S. Tenny,
Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Tenny:

"I inclose herewith my account for expenses for transportation and handling of baggage for the month of February, amounting to \$155.84. Expenses for subsistence and miscellaneous items have been charged against the travel allowance from the Institute. They amount to \$267.97.

"For several weeks I have been quite ill with a high fever. One of the nightmares of my ~~fever~~ ^{fever} was the demoniac^{al} thought that I probably neglected to sign and execute before a U.S. Consul my expense account for January. You see, it was written at Penang where there is no consul. So I took it on to Rangoon, Burma--but I have no recollection of signing and executing it there, my whole attention being absorbed in trying to get a line on the agricultural and statistical organization of Burma. I carried the account in my pocket to Calcutta. There the Consul said he had no official mail pouch and I would have to post it by ordinary mail, which I did, without first looking inside to see that all was in order. Oh, well, I suppose in another six months I will hear from it.

"I have been under a doctor's care here for a week and am much better, but the fever seems to hang on.

"Hope all is well with you and yours. With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Agricultural Commissioner."

(1928, March, Bombay).

E--3202

Wednesday, 7 March, Bombay; cool and foggy. Wrote some letters. At 11 a.m. went to Cooks, cashed a check and paid for passage to Aden, and the clerk promised to send the ticket to the hotel. Then to the American Express where I received a package of travelers checks. Slept the rest of the day, with rising temperature.

(Mother, ✓ 7 March, Bombay, yellow folder)

(1928, March, Bombay)

E--3203

Thursday, 8 March, Bombay; clear and warm. Slept well and awoke with a temperature of 101. Wrote a cablegram and a report to the Institute and mailed it. At 11.30 a.m. I ^aw_^aked to the custom house a few blocks from the hotel. After many inquiries I at last found the Drawback Department on the top floor. There I exhibited my passport~~✓~~, revolver and cartridges, license to carry same, customs receipt, etc. and demanded return of the customs duty I had paid. The clerk filled out a lengthy form of application for refund, and after several consultations and much delay I was told that the refunds would be handed to me on board the ship by a customs official.

I felt much exhausted when I regained my room. The fever rose again by evening.

~~(Secretary General, 8 March, Bombay, yellow folder)~~ *omit*

(1928, March, Bombay)

E--3204

Friday, 9 March, Bombay; Clear and pleasant. Had a good night's sleep. Took a bath, dressed, and smoked, feeling better. Wrote a letter of recommendation for Peter and to Mrs. ^{Gray} Kernan. Also made up a package of government publications to mail to the Institute. At 11.30 called on the American Consul to thank him for his courtesies and left a forwarding address. Began to pack up. After luncheon finished packing up and pasted labels on my baggage. Very tired and undressed for a good long nap. Had barely relaxed when a servant brought up a card of a visitor. I got up and dressed, instructed Peter to mail some packages, and went down to the lounge. There I met a young representative of a chemical and fertilizer company from the United States who wanted all the statistical data and other information I had collected in India; and he asked it as if I was a salaried employe of his company and his subordinate. I was so mad clear through that I restrained myself more than I ought to have done and answered his questions for more than an hour. As the conversation proceeded I realized that the man was literally starving for information, not having met with any success elsewhere and being under compulsion to make up a report for his company that would justify the expense of his trip--whereat my anger vanished and I tried to help him. However, when I reached the limit of my endurance I excused myself on the ground of illness. He was then extremely grateful.

I returned to my ^orom and laid down, and no sooner had I dosed off than Peter came in for my passport^{and}, steamer ticket, which were required to get my baggage on board the steamship. So it was that one interruption after another followed until after 7 o'clock. My temperature was 102 plus.

(Mrs. Kernan, 9 Moh. Rd. Balder
Saturday, 10 March, Bombay; clear and pleasant. Slept right

(1928, March, to Aden)

E--3206

trying to read all day except when I was asleep. In the late afternoon the ship's doctor called at my request and after examination said I had typhoid fever and advised me to go into the European hospital at Aden. I knew that typhoid was serious and did not like the idea of going ~~to~~ into a hospital at Aden. I asked him if I could not remain on the ship and go into a hospital at Marsailles. He advised against it, saying that I could remain in my cabin a few days only if I would agree not to leave it, but if I tried to make the voyage to Marsailles he would have to put me in the isolated ward of the ship, and that would be a severe hardship. He assured me that the hospital at Aden was modern and that I could have the same accommodations there as in a first class hotel, and that the doctors and nurses were thoroughly competent. He said that he would give orders that my meals be sent to the cabin.

Tuesday, 13 March, en route Aden; clear and bright with cool breeze from the north. Kept to my cabin as instructed by the doctor. He called twice, once to give me an injection and again to feel my pulse. The food sent down did not taste good and I ate nothing, but sent for a bottle of Bass ale that I ~~re~~ relished.

Wednesday, 14 March, Aden; bright clear day and beautiful sea. Ate no breakfast or luncheon. The doctor called in the forenoon and simply said everything would be allright when we reached Aden in the afternoon. We drew into the harbor at 3.30 p.m. Soon after the ship anchored the doctor brought in a gentleman whom he introduced as *the* Major, Doctor of the Port, and also in charge of the hospital. It was agreed that I should remain in the cabin until 5 p.m. when a launch would come out for me.

I dressed and packed up an hour in advance, and then came a ~~long~~ long wait. It was much after five when the doctor and the Major came for me. It was interesting to me to hear them discuss whether

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it would be better to take me down in a stretcher or in a chair. I was in a bad humor and petulant and when I heard this I broke out in profanity and said that before I would permit any one to carry me out in a chair ~~or~~ a stretcher some one would have to knock me down, and then I stood up and said "Come on, I'm going; what are you waiting for." I walked the length of the corridor, out on deck to the ladder, and down the ladder and into the launch. The ship's doctor kept to my side with one hand under my arm, which to me was very exasperating, although I realized that I was surprisingly weak. In the launch was another patient lying on a stretcher. I saw my baggage piled up on deck and asked the doctor about it. He spoke reassuringly and said the baggage would reach the hospital almost as soon as I did.

In traversing the short distance from the ship to the wharf I noted the high barren mountain that rose almost from the water's ~~edge~~ edge and resembled the rock at Gibraltar. On the wharf the Major-doctor assisted me into his car, which was a noisy contraption, and we drove about half a mile along the ~~xxxxxx~~ shore and part way up the mountain to the hospital. It was a wooden building of ^{two or three} ~~three~~ stories on the steep slope of the mountain overlooking the bay and with several smaller buildings clustered about it. All the way from the ship to the hospital I had been thinking about the statement of the ship's doctor to the effect that I would have the same accommodations as in a first class hotel, together with competent medical ~~attention~~ attention, and on the way to the hospital I asked the Major-doctor to see to it that I was given a sunshiny outside room. We climbed some ~~steps~~ steps, walked along an outside veranda, and entered a large room with about a dozen cots in it, most of them occupied. The Major turned me over to a redheaded, freckled ~~afaced~~ faced Scotch head nurse. ~~I at once protested and said I wanted a separate room.~~

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nurse. I at once protested and said that I wanted a separate room. The Major-doctor then explained that all the separate rooms were occupied and that temporarily I would have to occupy a cot in the general ward. I did not like it, was desperately tired, and then ^a had the thought that I would be no worse off than the other patients in the ward, but I extracted a promise that I should have the first vacant room. The doctor left. I asked the nurse for my baggage, but she replied soothingly that it would come later. Then she brought a pair of plain, coarse cotton pajamas and told me to take off my ~~el~~ clothes and get into the pajamas. I hesitated to do so before a woman and in the presence of other patients who were all watching me. I seemed to be an object of general interest. I demurred and she became peremptory. "All right, lady," I said, "if you can stand it I guess I can; but I would much prefer to see you undress and get into pajamas." There was a chuckle and a laugh from a patient on the other side of the ward, but when I looked in that direction I saw only a head suddenly drawn under the covering. I proceeded to disrobe completely and managed to get into the pajamas. The nurse smiled, and I said "See here, how about you doing the same thing?" whereat she simply laughed and went away, taking with her all my clothing. I protested, but she paid no attention.

I soon fell asleep. When I awoke the nurse came to take my temperature. I was still querulous and before I would take the thermometer in my mouth I insisted on knowing what had become of my clothes. She assured me that they were being cared for and would be returned in due time. I asked about my luggage and got almost the same answer.

(1928, March, Aden)

m E--2109

Thursday, 15 March, Aden; calm cloudy day following a strong noisy wind in the night. I was so indignant at being separated from my clothing and baggage that I could not sleep very well. I began the morning by making myself a nuisance to every one of the attendants who came near me, threatening all sorts of calamities to the hospital unless my things were brought to me. When the nurse suggested that I did not need these things and that I should stop thinking about them, I replied that if I had grown up in England or Scotland (she was Scotch) perhaps I would not miss them, but where I came from we used handkerchiefs to blow our noses, brushes and combs for our hair, razors to shave with, and a dozen other things to which we were accustomed and considered necessary, including bath tubs and cold and hot water; furthermore I could conceive of no good reason why I should be deprived of my regular personal equipment, especially as they were my personal property and I did not understand that I was a prisoner but a paying guest. The head nurse sent out to inquire about my baggage and reported that it was still at the wharf but they would send for it. The resident doctor came in. He was of mixed blood, middle aged, round and bald headed, and good natured. When I upbraided the hospital for allowing my baggage to remain at the wharf overnight he promised that it would be attended to. He returned later with two assistants and jabbed a hollow needle into one of my arms for a sample of blood. I asked one of the nurses if the hospital had any books and she brought me several. I began reading "Scaramouch" by Salvatini.

At 12.40 p.m. the Major-doctor and the resident doctor gave me a thorough physical examination. I took advantage of the opportunity to complain to the Major about the nondelivery of my bag-

Thursday, 12 March, Amen; calm cloudy day following a strong
 noisy wind in the night. I was so indignant at being separated
 from my clothing and baggage that I could not sleep very well.
 I began the morning by making myself a nuisance to every one of
 the attendants who came near me, threatening all sorts of calamities
 to the hospital unless my things were brought to me. When the nurse
 suggested that I did not need these things and that I should stop
 thinking about them, I replied that if I had grown up in England
 or Scotland (she was Scotch) perhaps I would not miss them, but
 where I came from we used handkerchiefs to blow our noses, brushes
 and combs for our hair, razors to shave with, and a dozen other
 things, to which we were accustomed and considered necessary, in-
 cluding bath tubs and cold and hot water; furthermore I could
 conceive of no good reason why I should be deprived of my regular
 personal equipment, especially as they were my personal property
 and I did not understand that I was a prisoner but a paying guest.
 The head nurse sent out to inquire about my baggage and reported
 that it was still at the wharf but they would send for it. The
 resident doctor came in. He was of mixed blood, middle aged, round
 and bald headed, and good natured. When I visited the hospital for
 allowing my baggage to remain at the wharf overnight he promised
 that it would be attended to. He returned later with two assistants
 and tapped a hollow needle into one of my arms for a sample of blood.
 I asked one of the nurses if the hospital had any books and she
 brought me several. I began reading "Garamonoh" by Salvatini.
 At 12.45 p.m. the major-doctor and the resident doctor gave
 me a thorough physical examination. I took advantage of the oppor-
 tunity to complain to the major about the non-delivery of my bag-

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gage that I understood was still in a warehouse ~~at~~ at the wharf, although he had personally assured me ~~that~~ in the launch as we were leaving the ship that the baggage would follow me shortly. I said I was getting heartily tired of excuses and that if the hospital could not ^{arrange} ~~attange~~ for the transfer of my baggage and make my things available to me without delay I would leave the hospital, even though I had nothing on but cotton pajamas, and appeal to the American Consul to secure their delivery. I did not propose to be subjected to the inconvenience and discomfort of being separated from my personal belongings any longer. The Major assured me that they would be delivered the following morning; if not he would personally get and bring them himself.

In the forenoon a patient on the oppsite side of the room was taken out on a stretcher looking quite well and cheerful. Two hours later he was brought back unconscious and looking as if he could not live another minute.

It was a beautiful sunshiny afternoon. The hospital was high up on a rocky hillside. Through the open door I could see out over the blue harbor. Many small boats were plying back and forth and looked like so many little toys. To the east of the hospital was a brown rocky hill on the top of which was a clock tower with a large silvery dial on each of the four sides, all as clear cut against the sky as a cameo.

Friday, 16 March, Aden; cool and pleasant. Up early for a sponge bath and a change of pajamas, and then sat on the veranda and watched the dawn steal over the bay and the desert on the other side and the mountains far beyond. Also I enjoyed watching the ships and boats in the harbor far below, the sails of the fishing boats swelling to the breeze, a British merchant vessel and a war ship coming in from the west, the Arabs going to work, carts drawn

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by queer looking camels, and the general waking up of the day and of the landscape. My contemplation was interrupted by the head nurse who said I should be in bed and stay there rather than trying to sit up. I argued that ^{sitting up} I could be just as quiet and much more comfortable and cheerful which was conducive to quick recovery than I could lying in bed after I became tired of it. She then explained that the danger did not come from sitting up so much as from standing on my feet and walking about.

Began reading "Cliffs" by Doughty. It was not bad, but was spoiled for me by being written in blank verse. I cannot understand why any one intelligent enough to write a book should try to describe the world war in blank verse. Finished reading "Dutch Courage" by Jack London and began a novel by Frederick Sleath.

About ten o'clock my baggage was delivered, the Major being as good as his word, ^{He had} after having called at the wharf where it was, ^{and} loaded ^{it} on his car and ~~he~~ personally brought it to the hospital. The trunk and suitcases certainly looked good to me for in them was my personal equipment and I no longer felt that I had been stripped of everything.

At noon there was an inspection by the Major, the resident doctor, three nurses, and three Hundoo students. They passed from cot to cot and the Major explained the different cases.

As soon as my baggage was delivered I drafted a cablegram to the Rome office to the effect that I would probably be in the hospital ten days, and then scribbled a note to the American Consul asking him to send over any mail that might come for me. About 2 p.m. the Acting Consul came in person with a package of letters and remained an hour to talk. Later in the day he sent over a copy of a typewritten report on Khat (Catha edulis), which is

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described as a shrub that grows only above the 3500 feet level, is propagated only by cuttings, grows only in two regions, Arabia and Abyssinia, and the leaves of which are chewed fresh by the Arabs and for which they spend a good portion of their slender incomes.

Saturday, 17 March, Aden; bright beautiful day with lovely breeze. Up early and after a sponge bath got into my soft woolen pajamas and, disregarding the warnings of the head nurse, sat out on the veranda to watch the light steal over the harbor, the desert, and the mountains, and to see the camels and workmen trailing along the road near the shore, the shipping in the harbor, and the fishing boats go out.

Turning towards the door of the ward I noticed several coolies with my baggage. I at once spoke up and told them that if they were taking my baggage away I wanted to take some things out that I would need. One of them explained that they had instructions to move me and my baggage to a separate room that had just been vacated. I was overjoyed at the prospect of having privacy. It was a large room with three doors and several windows, two beds, and other furniture. At 9.30 a.m. I shaved and a breakfast of bread and butter, scrambled eggs, tea and milk, was brought in. When the Major and the doctor came in I thanked them for the accommodations. Then I told them that I had certain habits of long standing that had been interrupted by my unexpected visit to the hospital, namely, smoking rather steadily and sipping wine, whiskey, and other beverages whenever I felt like it. I asked if it would not be more conducive to my recovery if I were supplied with the things to which I was accustomed than it would be to break off these habits suddenly and probably suffer irritation as a consequence. The Major said he saw no reason why I should

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change my habits. I was greatly pleased and said, "Thanks, Major, in addition to being a doctor, and officer and a gentleman, you are blessed with the rarest of all gifts, that of common sense. Now I will be under additional obligation if you will send out for a box of cigars, a quart of Scotch whiskey, ^{a bottle of mineral water,} and some books."

The resident doctor said he would look after my wants. Within half an hour I had all I had asked for. A small table was pulled over against my bed and an electric light tied to a corner post. On the table was a pile of books, a box of cigars, some matches, an ash tray, and a drinking glass; and on the floor within reach was a bottle of whiskey and another of mineral water. Lying in bed flat on my back with a book in my hand, a lighted cigar in my ~~ma~~ mouth, and a dash of whiskey inside of me, all in the privacy of a room to myself, and no feeling of responsibility, I experienced a feeling of perfect content and ready for anything that might come.

Sunday, 18 March, Aden; another beautiful day. Slept well and ate my breakfast. Got out the typewriter and wrote some letters. Received a cable message from the Institute expressing interest in my health. Spent the day reading Gilbert ^{ar} ~~P~~ker's "The World for Sale," a well written but not a cheerful story. Received a visit from the Major and the Governor General of the Protectorate of Aden. The Major introduced me as the man who had been going about and attending to business with a temperature of 102 for the past month and who had refused to be brought in on a stretcher. I explained my mission briefly, and added that I seemed to be up against it in Arabia, which seemed to be not a country but a geographical region and, as far as I could learn, a damned poor one. He replied with a twinkle in his eye that my opinion was quite correct. The Major and Governor then stepped

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through the open door to the veranda in the rear of my room to inspect a large Frigidair. It was a new invention for making ice of which I had never heard, having come on the market after I began to travel in foreign countries. Both the Major and the Governor were very enthusiastic about it and seemed to think it was one of ~~the~~ the most wonderful of all modern inventions--a machine that could make ice wherever there was water and electricity.

(Wife, 18 March, Aden, yellow folder)

(Longobardi, same.)

(1928, March, Aden)

E--3215

Monday, 19 March, Aden; bright, pleasant day. Reading and sleeping all day. My temperature down to 99, but no appetite.

Tuesday, 20 March, Aden; a gloriously bright day. Read several books and three Saturday Evening Posts sent over from the Consulate. ^{I asked if he} /The doctor/ thought I might be able to dress tomorrow and go in a taxi to the Consulate. He suggested that it would be better to wait a few days lest I might have a relapse.

Wednesday, 21 March, Aden; lovely day. The doctor said he ~~th~~ thought I might get out early next week. Upon inquiry I learned that a boat left for Djibuti every ThThursday evening.

Thursday, Aden, 22 March; same fine weather. In the forenoon wrote some letters. Fever rose steadily all day. In the early afternoon the head of the local railway was brought into my room and given the other bed. His ~~xxx~~ trouble was a nervous breakdown. He was a large man and talked steadily ^{but} and interestingly until after 9 p.m. when I was completely exhausted from listening and trying to pay attention to what he was saying. As near as I could gather the railway of which he was general manager ran up into the desert about thirty miles and was a dead expense to the government, and recently he had been ordered to close up everything. He had appealed and written argument after argument in favor of continuing the operation of the line, but could get no reply. Also he had ^{applied} ~~planned~~ for a six months leave of absence to return to England with his family, to which he could get no reply. Meanwhile his wife and family had packed their trunks and were camping out in their house week after week waiting for the answer to his application. The extra worry, the uncertainty, the suspense, and the complaints of wife and family had finally affected him so that he could neither eat nor sleep.

(Lengobardi, ²² March, yellow folder) *omit*

(1928, March, Aden)

E--3216

Friday, 23 March, Aden; lovely weather. My fever rising. I suspected that the continual talking of my room mate, the railway manager, had something to do with it. I smoked only three times, took no ~~whisky~~ whiskey, and had only liquid food during the day. I had walked about the veranda from time to time to see the view, but today the doctor said I should not stir from bed.

Saturday, 24 March, Aden; beautiful weather. Temperature continued high, above 101 degrees, and confined to bed and a liquid diet. Slept most of the day, and between times reading "Kings of Arabia" by Harold F. Jacob. Greatly depressed and discouraged by the return of my fever..

Sunday, 25 March, Aden; a lovely day outside. Did some typewriting. Was given an anemia which was violent in action and left me prostrated. Did a little reading. My room mate had a number of visitors, including his wife and daughter and some family friends.

(Mother, 25 March, Aden, yellow folder)

(1928, March, Aden)

E--3217

Monday, 26 March, Aden; fine weather. My temperature fell a little and I felt better, but still confined to bed and a liquid diet. Finished reading "Statistical Account of the British Settlement of Aden" by F. M. Hunter, a very concise and ^areadable book. This turned out to be a long, hot, sleepy day. Began reading "Soldiers of Fortune" by Richard Harding Davis.

Tuesday, 27 March, Aden; warmer last night, but a pleasant breeze today. The doctor and his entourage called in the afternoon. I spoke very emphatically to the effect that my patience was about exhausted and I was tired of staying in bed and being kept on a liquid diet. He seemed to be somewhat nettled and replied coldly that of course I understood I was not a prisoner and could leave whenever I got ready, but it would be very unwise; and ^athat if I would remain in bed a few days longer I would get better and could leave with his blessing, but not unless I was willing to follow instructions. I apologised for being petulant, but said that the unaccustomed confinement to a bed and resulting inactivity was worse to me than the disease and that I ^{I was}~~felt~~ discouraged because I felt worse than when I first entered the hospital. When the nurse brought in some ^emilk I refused to touch it, saying that I was neither calf nor kid nor lamb, much to her astonishment. When the resident doctor called a little later I told him I was feeling much worse, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Reading "Arabia Deserta" by C.M. Daughy. It is packed full of information about the Bedouins and the desert country in which they live, but is one of the most difficult books to read because most of the sentences are inverted and there is a bewildering transition from one subject to another without any logical connection between them.

(1928, Aden, March)

E--3218

Wednesday, 28 March, Aden; same delightful weather as for the preceding two weeks. Fever much abated, but feeling extremely weak. A For breakfast I asked for some milk toast and something flavored with meat such as bouillon or soup. The nurse said she had never heard of milk toast, so I had to explain how it was made. After consultation with the doctor she brought the milk toast and a bowl of Bovril. Both tasted delicious after a straight diet of milk for so long, and I became more optimistic. This was the second day I had no desire to smoke. Tried to read, but kept falling asleep and slept most of the day.

Thursday, 29 March, Aden; another beautiful day. Fever gone and feeling much better. The doctor said I could get out of bed in a day or two. He also advised me that Djibuti was put on a five-day quarantine against Aden because of the bubonic plague that was^r raging. Reading "Arabia Deserta." Cabled the Institute that I would have to remain in hospital another week.

Friday, 30 March, Aden; fine day, 76 degrees in the morning, 88 degrees in the afternoon, with nice cool breeze. Feeling much better, but still on liquid diet. Wrote some letters to steamship companies asking about sailing ~~dates~~ dates to Djibuti and Madagascar. Still reading "Arabia Deserta."

Saturday, 31 March, Aden; another beautiful day and no fever. My room mate, Mr. Weatherton, talked for several hours about his experiences in India. It was all very interesting but a severe strain on my attention. In the evening he and his wife gave a supper at the Club to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding. The doctor said the French authorities had asked the steamship companies to collect fifty francs additional with each ticket sold to cover cost of subsistence during the

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E--3219

at Djibuti
quarantine period, which meant that the meals would not be very substantial. I asked if he thought it would be less substantial than what I was getting in the hospital (bread and milk), and he chuckled. ^aHad a letter from the Messagerie Company ^asaying it had a boat sailing for Madagascar on April 23, and the fare was 60L, which seemed high to me. During the day I crawled out of bed and walked across the veranda and sat on a bench for awhile, which made the nurse nervous because I was disobeying doctor's orders. Still reading "Arabia Deserta," which was difficult to read and subject matter often unpleasant.

Sunday, 1 April, Aden; fine day, but hot in the afternoon. Feeling better and allowed to sit up in a chair. The Resident Commanding Officer visited the hospital for the last time, as he was about to retire from service. While eating luncheon the American Consul, Mr. Aldridge, called with a Mr. Twitchell, who said he was an engineer and had been at Addis Ab³ba for more than a year and ^awas then stationed at El Yemen. He was ~~on~~ his way to New ~~Yo~~ York and asked that a copy of the census program be sent to him and he would bring it to the attention of the authorities of El ~~xYenn~~ Yemen. He thought they might take an interest in the ~~matterx~~ census as a matter of pride. The Consul said he ^ahad a cable message from the Institute asking to be kept informed of my condition. I sat up all day reading. At sunset I went out on the veranda to watch the changing colors in the harbor and the light fade away in the sky. A great ocean liner lay at anchor in the harbor and was a pretty sight when her electric lights were turned on.

(Wife, 1 April, Aden, yellow folder)

(1928, April, Aden)

E--3220

Monday, 2 April, Aden; ^{same} ~~same~~ beautiful weather, but rather cool at night. Felt well in the forenoon, but fever began to rise in the afternoon and the doctor vetoed the idea of taking luncheon with the Consul the following day. I was much disappointed and discouraged at the return of the fever. I finished making up my account for March, which may have had something to do with fever. Received letters from Rome.

Tuesday, 3 April, Aden; lovely weather as usual. Woke up with normal temperature and feeling better. I went out on the veranda and saw several large ships in the harbor and many little fishing boats coming in. Still on liquid diet and told to stay in bed. Mr. Weatherton, my room mate, went to his office in the morning, but returned in time for luncheon. Did a little writing and reading some Italian novels loaned to me by an Italian engineer who was a patient.

Wednesday, 4 April, Aden; bright day with a strong breeze. Last night the wind blew a gale. Feeling better and the doctor said I might walk about a little on the veranda. Mr. Weatherton left. The doctor advised him to stay another week, but he said his wife worried him. He looked thinner and paler than when he first came and seemed reluctant to go. Mr. Twitchell came to say good by before sailing for Europe and America. He said he was a mining engineer in the employ of a New York firm and had spent three years in California. In the afternoon the mail steamer came into port bringing the new Governor General who was to relieve the retiring Governor. A military band and a company of soldiers were at the wharf to receive him.

(Secretary General, 4 Apl. Aden, yellow folder) *omit*

(1928, April, Aden)

E--3221

Thursday, 5 April, Aden; lovely day with some clouds.

Enjoying the luxury of being in a room by myself. Yesterday the harbor was full of ships. This morning all were gone except one that was taking on a cargo of salt. The doctor said I could walk about some tomorrow. Had a long talk with the Italian engineer who seemed delighted to find some one who could understand his native language. We walked up and down the veranda until I was tired. Later he came into my room and asked if I thought he could go directly from Aden to New York and be admitted as an immigrant. I suggested that he talk with the American Consul.

~~(Longobardi, 5 April, Aden, yellow folder)~~ omit

(1928, April, Aden)

E--3222

Friday, 6 April, Aden; another beautiful day. Harbor deserted except for the one ship loading salt, one little launch, and some fishing boats. The fishing boats are very small with a light pole, probably bamboo, for a mast, and a three cornered sail. Each boat is managed by one man who sits on the side opposite the sail to keep it from turning over. When the wind blows strong the sail bellies out, the boat lays on its side, and the outer end of the sail dips into the water. Had no fever and feeling better. I promenaded on the veranda and read all day.

Saturday, 7 April, Aden; beautiful day, but hot in the afternoon. Much the same as yesterday. Had chicken soup for luncheon. Reading most of the day and was asleep when the doctor came. The Italian engineer left in the afternoon and came to say "A reverderci" to me. Two large passenger ships were in the harbor in the morning, but one of them left in the afternoon. In the late afternoon the atmosphere was exceptionally clear and across the harbor I could see a strip of flat sandy country with scattering palms, and beyond a rising desert as far as one could see to a region of sand dunes, beyond which were range after range of pinched mountains that looked as if they might be fifty or more miles away and probably four or five thousand feet high. Usually the atmosphere across the bay is so hazy with sand that no trees or mountains can be seen.

Sunday (Easter), 8 April, Aden; beautiful weather. Feeling better, ^awaked, wrote, and read. Six large ships were in the harbor in the morning, but all were gone before nightfall. Only two patients were left in the general ward room.

(Mother, 8 April, Aden, yellow folder)

(1928, April, Aden)

E--3223

Monday, 9 April, Aden; cloudy, warm, and threatening showers. No ships were in the harbor this morning. Most of the patients had gone and the place was very quiet. Feeling much better. The doctor said I might leave by the boat that ~~it~~^{is} was to sail Wednesday for Djibuti and that he would give me a certificate that might be accepted by the authorities at Djibuti in lieu of quarantine; also that I might dress the following day and visit the American Consul, and that his assistant would arrange for my steamer reservation. All this was good news ^{and} good medicine for me. Reading and walking most of the day.

Tuesday, 10 April, Aden; bright and hot, with pretty clouds and a beautiful sunset. Feeling much better. Dressed before ~~brak~~^{break}fast. At 10 o'clock I went in a taxi a short distance around a corner of the mountain to the business section with banks, hotels, business houses and bazaars. I went to the Bank of India and cashed a travellers check. The bank was a small affair and it took the clerks more than thirty minutes to do their bookkeeping. They had ~~a~~ enormous ledgers nearly twelve inches thick, eighteen inches wide, and two feet long on each desk.

Then I drove to the American Consulate, where I met the Vice Consul, Mr. Park, and the Consul, Mr. Aldrich. Mr. Park was from Pennsylvania and educated at Pittsburg. I got him to certify to my expense account, which he did rather reluctantly until I showed him my passport~~e~~ and reminded him that under the regulations that was one of his official duties. Then he asked if I would take some packages with me to give to Mr. Southard, Minister at Addis Ab^aba. It was my turn to be reluctant because the packages were large and it meant ~~that much~~ additional baggage to be bothered with. They were so busy signing mail to get off on the boat leaving that

(1928, April, Aden)

E--3224

afternoon and in making up the two packages that I was to take to Mr. Southard that we did not have much time to talk.

It was 12.30 p.m. when I returned to the hospital and I was extremely tired. After luncheon I had a long nap, and then did some packing and reading.

At 6 p.m. I dressed and walked a few squares to test my strength. I went to the foot of the hill and across to the edge of the harbor. The sun set in a blaze of glory. I found that I was very weak and it was a struggle to climb the hill to the hospital. The head nurse was shocked at my temerity in taking such risks, but I assured her that the way to walk was to walk and the only way I could prove to myself that I could or could not walk was to take a walk and see what would happen. The Major sent over a letter from a shipping agent to the effect that all baggage must be fumigated on the ship, that passengers could not land within ~~23~~ 24 hours after reaching Djibuti and then must go into quarantine for five days. This was not a pleasant prospect.

This was to be my last night in the hospital. Aside from the discomfort of fever, confinement to bed, the liquid diet which I detested, and the loss of time and interruption of my itinerary, I had been exceptionally comfortable and it was almost with a feeling of regret that I looked forward to leaving this haven of rest and the friendly doctors and nurses. Here I was lying comfortably in bed with an electric light over my head, a little table at my bedside on which were books, cigars, matches, a glass of whiskey and soda, and my notebook and pen. I could smoke, drink, read, daydream, or close my eyes in sleep, just as I might feel like doing. Outside was a balcony on three sides of the building around which I could walk night or day and see an attractive and interesting landscape

(1928, April, Aden)

E--3225

and seascape, a beautiful harbor with local fishing boats and ships from all parts of the world. Outside I could hear the Arabs singing and praying. Surely I was fortunate in having such surroundings and good care during the period of my illness and enforced idleness.

Wednesday, 11 April, Aden; clear and pleasant, but hot in the afternoon. Felt rather tired after breakfast and packing up. Had a succession of bills to pay. Took a nap in my chair before luncheon and another in bed afterwards. The doctor called while I was asleep and I did not see him. The agent of the steamer had said that it would leave at 6.30 p.m. At 5.15 p.m. I had two taxies at the hospital, one for myself and the other for my baggage. When all was ready I bid the hospital staff good by. The resident doctor and the head nurse stood on the balcony waving their handkerchiefs at me as I left. I carried a letter from the Major certifying that I had been in the hospital and had not been exposed to the plague while in Aden; also a letter from the head nurse to a friend in Addis Ab^aba.

At the pier I engaged a small launch to take me and my baggage to the S.S. Tuna that ^awa^s at anchor a mile away on the other side ~~of~~ the harbor. The man in charge of the launch said I should first enter the little customhouse and exhibit my passport~~s~~, which I did. The official in charge said I would have to get a special visée or permit to leave Aden for Djibuti because a general visée for Great Britain and France and their colonies was not sufficient. I protested that no one, not even the American Consul, had said anything about a special permit, that I was on my way to the steamer, and that it was impossible to look up the French Consul or Chief of Police at that hour. I showed him the letter from the head of the hospital, which seemed to carry weight. Then he said

(1928, April, Aden)

E--3226

he would send my passport~~d~~ and the letter from the doctor by special messenger in a launch to the ~~max~~mail ship out in the bay and perhaps the port officer would endorse it. The messenger was gone three-quarters of an hour. In the meantime I was standing up because there ^a~~was~~ no place to sit except on the ground, but that was covered with cinders, or the stone wharf, which was covered with a layer of dust, and I was wearing white linen. Mr. Weatherton ~~can~~ came down to see the mail come in and soon joined me. It grew dark and I could see the lights of ^{the S.S.} Tuna far out in the bay, and I wondered in my anxiety ^{whether} ~~whether~~ she would sail before the messenger returned with my papers. He did return at 6.15 p.m. with a permit to proceed. Of course, I had to tip him liberally.

The Tuna ~~was~~ a mile out and sailing time had come. The bay was rough, which retarded our progress, and every moment I expected to see the ship move out. My worry was needless because the ship did not actually get under way until 8 p.m. It was a small boat, little larger than a tug, with only one cabin for passengers and two berts^k, upper and lower, in a very narrow space. The baggage of another passenger ~~was~~ already installed and nearly filled the available space, so that some of mine had to remain outside. The other passenger looked in as I was trying to stow away my baggage. He was a large, athletic young man with wavy black hair, large eyes and pink cheeks, and was wearing a flamboyant lounging robe of many colors. In response to my greeting and questions he said his name was Herera and that he was from Cairo.

It was suffocatingly hot in the little cabin and I asked Mr. Herera if he knew where we could sit or have supper. He said we would eat with the officers on the little deck above. The upper deck proved to be a space about twenty feet square, covered with

(1928, April, Aden-Djibuti)

E--3227

an awning, a canvas covering in front, a long pine table and some chairs in the rear, and some cots on one side. The officers proved to be an old bronzed captain and a young mate. A plain supper was brought up and set on the table by a member of the crew, who may have been the entire crew for all I could see. We all sat down. I refused some of the dishes, which caused the captain and the mate to look at me with interest until I explained that I was just out of the hospital with typhoid and would have to be careful for awhile. They were sympathetic at once and the captain asked if I would not prefer to sleep on deck where it was much cooler and more comfortable than in the little cabin. Mr. Herera asked if he might sleep on deck also and permission was readily granted. When I asked if I might have a bottle of beer with my supper the officers were completely mollified and they each had one too.

Immediately after supper I brought up my small suitcase and placed it within reach of the cot assigned to me and then laid down, because the standing up, strain and suspense of getting to the ship had tired me cruelly. About then the boat got under way. Although there was but little motion Mr. Herera immediately got sea sick and lost his supper.

The ride across the bay and out through the mouth of the harbor was delightful. A fresh breeze was blowing, a small sea was running, the stars were bright, and the electric lights of the business section of Aden, the club house, the hospital, and the fort, were like jewels. The mountain back of the town where Cain is said to have been buried loomed its black bulk high above the lights. As I saw the lights of the hospital I wondered what the nurses were doing, whether any new patients had arrived, and whether I would in future years think of it as a place of suffering or

(1928, Aden-Djibuti, Apl.

E--3228

as a refuge from the world in time of need, where for nearly a month I had been made as comfortable as it was possible for a feverish patient to be, where I had rested, smoked, and read, and where I had made friends. I realized that the little hospital perched^h high up on the mountain side that had done so much for me in time of trouble had become dear to me so that it was like taking a last look at home. I realized also that I had been fortunate in having almost ideal weather during my stay, had recovered from my illness, and was leaving just before the hot season began.

(Wife, 11[✓]April, Aden, yellow folder)

(1928, April, Djibuti)

E--3229

Thursday, 12 April, Aden to Djibuti; clear and bright with little white clouds floating in the sky and a deep blue sea with a gentle swell. Slept well and at 8 a.m. had breakfast of oatmeal, sardines, eggs and bacon, and preserves. Had a smoke and then paid down for a nap, as I was still very weak.

We came in sight of the African coast about 8 o'clock and followed it the rest of the voyage. It is a low, bare, yellow coast without trees, vegetation, or habitations. Looming high up against the sky were ranges of barren mountains colored with soft grays, browns, and blues. Soon after noon we entered ~~the~~^a gulf or bay with broad sandy flats, low hills, and mountains beyond. In the harbor was a long stone breakwater and a stone pier a quarter to half a mile long, but the water was so shallow that ships had to anchor some distance out and passengers and goods ^{were} transferred to the pier by boat and barge. At the end of the long pier is the ~~Governor's~~ Governor's palace, a large, square, white building with towers, situated on a low limestone promontory, surrounded by stone walls inclosing groves of palms, mulberry trees, and ornamental shrubbery and gardens. From the bay the town looked much like Casa Blanca.

Our little ship anchored not far from the hull of a great ocean liner that lay on its side on a sand bar about half submerged, its deck being at an angle of 45 degrees. We were told that this was a new steamship of the French Messagerie Line that caught fire in the Red Sea on its maiden voyage. The fire resisted all efforts to put it out, the hatches were closed and the ship succeeded in reaching the harbor of Djibuti. After the passengers had been removed she was beached. The hatches were opened and flames burst forth. Water was pumped into the vessel, filling the upper compartments and making it top-heavy, with the result that it

(1928, Apl.Djibuti)

E--³230

turned over on its side. A salvage company had been at work for a year removing so much of the cargo as remained and parts of the ship of any value.

We had been told that we would have to stay on the ship twenty-four hours and then go into quarantine for five days. Mr. Herera had discussed this with the captain who said he thought the matter might be arranged. When the Arab port doctor came aboard to inspect us I saw the captain speak to him, and suspected it was on our behalf. At any rate the doctor was very courteous and after a perfunctory examination said we could go ashore immediately, but to report to him daily for five days for observation. After he left the captain suggested that, of course, we would want to express our appreciation of the doctor's courtesy by giving him a suitable honorarium, which we did a few days later; and thereafter whenever we encountered the doctor in the small town of Djibuti he seemed more than pleased to see us.

After paying the captain for our meals, which were not included in the steamship fare, we hired a small boat to transfer us and our baggage to the pier. There we were met by a porter from the Hotel de France who took charge of the baggage. We hired an automobile and stopped at the little customhouse. ~~At the hotel we were informed that all rooms were occupied, but that there would be vacancies soon~~ The officials talked French. Mr. Herera did also, with all the volubility of a native, and told the officials we had nothing to declare, and we were at once released. We drove through unpaved streets lined with shops and warehouses. At the hotel we were informed that all rooms were taken but there would be vacancies soon. While waiting for a room and for our baggage we sat on the veranda, had a bottle of cold beer, and congratulated each

(1928, Apl.Djibuti)

E--3231

other on our escape from quarantine We had ascertained that only ~~tw~~ two trains per week left for Addis Ab^aba, and the next one would be on Sunday.

After waiting an hour or more I was assigned to a small and very dirty room. My baggage was brought in, but when I inquired about the two packages for Mr.Southard the three negro porters simply jabbered, gesticulated, and hopped about like chickens with their heads cut off but did nothing. The hotel porter changed my rupees into Somaliland francs and accompanied me to the customhouse to see about the missing packages. It was a long, hot, dusty walk, but I found the packages. On the way back I stopped at a small general store and bought three French novels and some picture postcards. Mr.Herera and I had a fairly good supper with a bottle of wine. I retired early.

Friday, 13 April, Djibuti; clear and hot. Had difficulty in falling asleep the night before because of a dog show and music on the floor below, so I got up, smoked, and read a French novel.

At breakfast I learned that my fellow passenger was named Maurice I. Here~~ra~~ra, that his grandfather was from Spain, that his father was an Egyptian and his mother an Italian, and that he was out on his first trip as a traveling salesman for three British firms, trying to sell for one bluing, for the second mustard, and for the third automobile polish. He was obviously Jewish, or at least Jewish characteristics predominated. His territory covered the shores of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden and down the East African coast as far as Mombassa. This was the first time he had ever been away from home and his parents had accompanied him from Cairo to Port Said to see him on his way. He had stopped at several ~~Red Sea~~ Red Sea ports without making a

(1928, Apl.Djibuti)

E--2232

single sale. On arrival at Aden he was quarantined in the hotel because of the plague and had no opportunity to canvas the town. His traveling expenses were to be paid by the firms he represented and he was in the depths of despair because he had not made a single sale and all he could see ahead of him was failure and an order to return to Cairo in disgrace. He was only 23 years old, robust and fine looking and overflowing with vitality, and because he was so inexperienced and had come to regard me as a seasoned traveler, and partly because I was friendly and sympathetic to his tale of woe, he followed me about day and night until I often wished I had never met him.

After breakfast we visited the bank and bought some Thalers (pronounced tollars or dollars), replicas of the old Austrian thaler, which were supplied by the Italian government to Abyssinia. Then to the postoffice. Next we went to the office of the port doctor, who said he thought he could give us a certificate that would permit us to leave Sunday for Addis Ab^aba. At the police station we were promised the return of our passports ~~th~~ that afternoon. Here we were told that a visée by the resident Abyssinian Consul would also be required. Then I was driven to the office of the Mess^ageries Line on the opposite side of the harbor where I was told that one of their ships would leave for Madagascar on the 23^d of April.

On returning to the hotel I felt much fatigued. Shortly afterwards the captain of the Tuna ^{came} and ~~we~~ ^{with us} sat awhile in the dining room and had a drink. Then we all walked out together, I to try to find some cigars and the capt^{ai}n to order supplies for the ship. At our invitation he returned and had luncheon with us. So far he had been addressed simply as captain and I did not know his

single sale. On arrival at Aden he was quarantined in the hotel because of the plague and had no opportunity to converse the town. His traveling expenses were to be paid by the firm he represented and he was in the depths of despair because he had not made a single sale and all he could see ahead of him was failure and an order to return to Cairo in disgrace. He was only 25 years old, robust and fine looking and overflowing with vitality, and because he was so inexperienced and had come to regard me as a seasoned traveler, and partly because I was friendly and sympathetic to his tale of woe, he followed me about day and night until I often wished I had never met him.

After breakfast we visited the bank and bought some Talers (pronounced tollers or dollars), receipts of the old Afghani taler, which were supplied by the Italian government to Abyssinia. Then to the postoffice. Next we went to the office of the port doctor, who said he thought he could give us a certificate that would permit us to leave Sunday for Aden. At the police station we were promised the return of our passports at that afternoon. Here we were told that a visa by the resident Abyssinian Consul would also be required. Then I was driven to the office of the Messageries Line on the opposite side of the harbor where I was told that one of their ships would leave for Madagascar on the 25th of April.

On returning to the hotel I felt much fatigued, shortly afterwards the captain of the ^{Aden} ~~Aden~~ and we sat awhile in the dining room and had a drink. Then we all walked out together, I to try to find some cigars and the captain to order supplies for the ship. At our invitation he returned and had luncheon with us. So far he had been addressed slightly respectfully and I did not know his

(1928, Apl.Djibuti)

E--3233

name, so I asked him for it. He said it was W. R. Melling. "So you are from Liverpool," I said. "How did you know that," he asked. Then I told him that my wife's father, George Melling, left Liverpool as a boy in the early part of the last century on a sailing vessel for Canada and had never heard of his relatives thereafter; that I had never found the name of Melling in any city or telephone directory in the United States, so that the name was rare and I judged that any Melling I met probably came from Liverpool.

I had a nice nap in the afternoon. When I awoke Mr. Herera and I had a cantaloupe off the ice, which was very refreshing. We sent the porter for our passports, but he reported that they had not yet been signed by the governor. Then we went on a shopping expedition. I stopped at the office of an Italian shipping line and learned that one of their boats would sail for Madagascar on the 5th of May and would take fifteen days for the voyage. We stopped at some of the coffee warehouses where crowds of negro women and girls were sorting the berries by hand. On returning to the hotel after our dusty hot walk we sat on the veranda and had a bottle of cold beer. About 6 p.m. the streets filled up with native blacks returning from their day's work. I suspected also that a train had just arrived from Addis Ababa. They were dressed in all sorts of costumes, mostly robes of different colors. Not many females were to be seen on the streets. I felt very tired and lay down for an hour before supper. After ^psupper we sat at a little table on the street in front of the hotel. The street was deserted at that hour and it was very quiet and dark outside, but a pleasant breeze was blowing.

Saturday, 14 April, Djibuti; excessively hot and no breeze. After breakfast we walked to the police station and got our passports and then to the office of the Abyssinian Consul for a

(1928, Apl.Djibuti)

E--3234

visée. I spent the remaining hours of the long hot day in reading and sleeping. Having been told by the hotel proprietor that if we were to leave on the train the next morning we would have to check our baggage at the station the day before, we packed ~~x~~ up and were driven to the station with our baggage. At 5.30 p.m. Mr. Herera and I hired ~~an~~ automobile and went for a drive. The unpaved road through the desert sand skirted the salt marshes where salt was obtained in large quantities by evaporation from sea water. We saw a drove of scrawny goats. We drove out several miles to the "Gardens," a tract of about thirty acres in a depression where some vegetables were grown and where each plant had to be watered by hand. One of the natives came running to us with ~~some~~ a melon. We purchased a cantaloupe that was not fit to eat. A boy came out with one little watermelon not much larger than a grapefruit for which he asked the equivalent of twenty-five cents. I regretted afterwards that I did not buy it, not for the melon which was worthless, but to encourage agriculture under adverse conditions. From the garden we drove across the desert for several miles and back to town by a different route. The town looked quite attractive from a distance with its white buildings outlined against the darkening eastern sky. After supper we paid the proprietor and tipped the waiters so that we would be ready for an early start the next morning.

(2ife 14 Apl.Djibuti, yellow folder.)

Sunday, 15 April, to Addis Ab^aba; fair and very hot. Up, bathed, shaved, and dressed by 5 a.m. Had breakfast at 5.30 and with Mr.Herera was driven about half a mile to the railway station just at sunrise. There was a crowd of natives in and about the station, some as passengers and others to see them off. The one first class coach had seats crosswise with a narrow corridor at one side and racks above for hand baggage. Mr.Herrera and I had no difficulty in obtaining seats together, although before the train started all seats were occupied. In addition to our usual hand baggage we were provided with a crate full of provisions and several bottles of beer, the proprietor of the hotel having advised us that the restaurants enroute were very poor and high in price.

The train left at 6.30 a.m., crossed a level, barren, sandy plain for about five miles, and then through an undulating region of red clay completely covered with stones ranging in size from a coconut to a barrel~~y~~ and so close together on the surface that only a goat could pick his way between them. At 7 a.m. we passed Chebele in the middle of the desert with only~~a~~ a few scrub bushes to be seen. At 8 o'clock we were at Holl-Holl, with little change in the aspect of the desert. Occasionally a few goats and camels were to be seen. Also I saw three small herds of antelope, one eagle, and a family of babboons nearly as big as men. They were in a hollow behind some bushes and the largest seemed very solicitous about his family and kept between it and the train. The family consisted of father, mother, and four or five children of different ages. They looked like dwarf negroes with stooped shoulders and wearing gray clothes. Neither water, ^{nor} grass or other vegetation was to be seen. At the station were a few black, half naked ~~men~~ savages with long spears.

For an hour we continued through a hilly country that was absolutely and completely barren to Dasbion, and thence through higher hills and small mountains to Ali-Sabiet at 9.30 a.m. The barren^e mountains were of different colors, red, yellow, and greenish white. The surface stones were red and the soil gray. A few miles back we passed through a strip of black gravel and silt that reflected myriad flashes of light like diamonds. Near all these isolated stations is a stockade or fort on top of a hill. Because of the complete desert character of the country there was no livestock or agriculture, although twice the train had to stop so the engineer and conductor could go ahead and drive off some wild camels that were on the track.

At 10.30 we were at Daouenle after passing through a continuation of hills, small mountains, and much sand. Just before reaching this point we saw a herd of about 100 camels, three donkeys, and a herd of goats; also a bird like a crow, and another of the same size with white wings bordered with yellow.

By this time the lunch hamper had begun to worry Mr. Herera who was young, hearty, and as hungry as a boy. I had passed that stage although I remembered it well enough and told him to go ahead and help himself, that I never ate between meals, but while he ate I would dispose of a bottle of beer. I soon observed that he was inordinately fond of canned pineapple and had laid in a liberal supply. It was a real treat to see him eat because of his obvious enjoyment. He ate several sandwiches, a can of sardines, two rolls, a can of pineapples, and several bananas.

At 11 a.m. we were at Adele, a small station in the midst of a mountain desert with no sign of life except the station agent and a small group of naked negroes with long spears. The nearby mountains were remarkable for their stratified appearance, the

For an hour we continued through a hilly country that was absolutely and completely barren to Dablon, and thence through hills and small mountains to Adala at 9.30 a.m. The mountains were of different colors, red, yellow, and greenish white. The surface stones were red and the soil grey. A few miles back we passed through a strip of black gravel and salt that reflected bright flashes of light like diamonds. Near all these later stations is a stockade or fort on top of a hill. Because of the complete desert character of the country there was no livestock or agriculture, although twice the train had to stop so the engineer and conductor could go ahead and drive off some wild camels that were on the track.

At 10.30 we were at Dablon after passing through a continuation of hills, small mountains, and much sand. Just before reaching this point we saw a herd of about 100 camels, three donkeys, and a herd of goats; also a bird like a crow, and another of the same size with white wings bordered with yellow.

By this time the lunch hamper had begun to worry Mr. Rogers who was young, hearty, and as hungry as a boy. I had passed that stage although I remembered it well enough and told him to go ahead and help himself, that I never ate between meals, but while he ate I would dispose of a bottle of beer. I soon observed that he was extraordinarily fond of canned pineapple and had laid in a liberal supply. It was a real treat to see him eat because of his obvious enjoyment. He ate several sandwiches, a can of sardines, two rolls a can of pineapples, and several bananas.

At 11 a.m. we were at Adala, a small station in the midst of a mountain desert with no sign of life except the station agent and a small group of naked natives with long spears. The nearby mountains were remarkable for their striated appearance, the

(1928, Apl. to Addis Abeba)

E--3237

strata in some running horizontal and in others perpendicular, with breaks in the form of cliffs.

At 11.45 a.m. we reached Aicha through a hilly region of black stone and then into a great flat hard sandy region like the dry floor of an ancient lake, all a barren desert. At Aicha the train stopped for luncheon at the small railroad eating house. The luncheon was fairly good.

The little station of Lasserat was reached at 12.50 p.m. We were still traversing the dry bed of the lake, with high mountains in the distance. Great ant hills about nine feet high and twelve feet in diameter could be seen in every direction and as far as one could see. In form and color and spacing they resembled haystacks. There were many gazelles or antelopes and it was not unusual to see one of these graceful animals perched on top of an ant hill watching the train go by. A mirage was visible most of the time like a sea stretching away to the mountains, always receding as we advanced, and in it we could see the reflections of clouds and mountains. Many whirlwinds of dust were to be seen reaching from the surface of the desert to the sky in great spirals that waltzed slowly across the landscape. I counted as many as twenty of these spectral whirling cyclones in motion at the same time.

We passed through a tunnel in a rocky ridge and came out on the desert again exactly like that we had just left, that is, flat, hard, smooth sand like the bed of a lake. Here also were antelope and more whirlwinds that reached to the sky like columns of cream colored smoke. This continued for several hours. The whirlwinds made the desert look as if it were on fire. Besides the antelope I saw several jackalls; also a fowl as large as a turkey but with long pipestem legs and a slender neck. The excessive

(1928, Apl.to Addis Abeba)

E--3238

heat and clouds of fine dust were very disagreeable and trying.

At 4.45 p.m. we were at El Bah, after entering the hill country. The country was still desert in character, but occasionally a few scrubby trees with green leaves were to be seen on the slopes. I noted three small bands of little jackalls that looked much like red foxes.

At 5.30 we reached Djere Dawa, the first town of any importance in Abyssinia. Here we were to spend the night. At the station there was a turbulent mob of natives, mostly dressed in gowns and turbans and massed solidly along and against the train for its full length. We had great difficulty in pushing our way through this dense crowd and into the station to the customhouse platform where our hand baggage had to be opened for inspection. It was as badly crowded inside the station as outside with tall, turbulent and arrogant negroes who scowled threateningly if any one tried to push them aside. On a platform at one end of the room were three native customs officials who motioned to the passengers to deposit their baggage and open it at their feet. One of them pawed over the contents of my bags and with a look of disappointment and disdain marked the bags with a piece of chalk and motioned to me to begone. My portable typewriter was in a large suitcase ~~that I had checked through to Addis Abeba~~ and did not seem to attract attention, but Mr. Herera was carrying his and was required to pay duty on it. He handed over the money under protest, which the official grabbed and then motioned him to begone. The crowd pressed, but young Herera stood his ground and demanded a receipt. Herera could speak both French and Arabic as a native and did not hesitate to talk back to the customs officer and the men who were jostling him and they fell back. He was profuse in his threats of what he

(1928, Apl. Addis Abeba)

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would have done to the official after he reached Addis Ab^aba ~~that~~ and was so clamorous about it that the official finally gave him a receipt with very bad grace.

Passing through the station we came out on an open plaza which was as badly crowded as the station itself. Evidently the entire male population of the town was there to see the train come in and to inspect the passengers and their baggage as they disembarked and ran the guantlet of the customs officials. The mob moved slowly with us as we walked, carrying~~o~~ our own hand baggag, to the hotel which fortunately was only about two blocks from the station. It was a one story building, clean and neat, and we were given small but comfortable ~~rooms~~^{rooms}. After washing up we sat under a grape arbor in the rear and had a glass of lemonade to quench our thirst after the desert heat of the afternoon. Then we took a stroll up the principal street as far as the edge of town where we could see native huts across the bed of a dry stream. Herds of goats were being brought in by boys for milking. We followed a cross street for a short distance and entered a billiard room kept by a Greek and had a whiskey and soda. The European quarter appeared to be neat and clean, but the native quarters were squalid and dirty, and the whole surrounded by desert and barren mountains. The hotel was scrupulously clean, the cooking was Italian, and the veranda in front was screened from the street by flowering vines. While the hotel was little more than a cottage and the furniture was simple, to me it seemed a miracle that such accommodations could be provided in a desert wilderness and I felt correspondingly elated.

Monday, 16 April to Addis Ab^aba; bright and hot after a cold night. When we went to the railway station at 7 a.m. it was almost as badly crowded with natives as the evening before. The train

left at 7.30 a.m. Near Djere Dawa along the bed of a dry stream we saw a few small fields in cultivation. At 8.15 we passed a small station after climbing out of a valley and were running along the side of a mountain overlooking a flat valley in which were scattering ~~g~~ trees. During the next hour we crossed a small stream near which were a few patches of cultivated land, some maize and beans, and a few poplars and acacia bushes. The soil was red in color and badly eroded. At 9.15 the train stopped at a small station where a group of half naked negroes came alongside and begged for food. Among them was a band of about a dozen small black boys, entirely naked, who placed their fingers in their mouths and made a peculiar tremulo sound, all the time rolling the whites of their eyes about to see if any passenger was about to throw a small coin to them. Some coins were thrown and when this happened there was a wild scramble and a free for all fight. Soon after passing this station the train came out on a small plateau with a dark heavy soil so badly cut up with gullies that it would be impossible to cultivate it. I saw three large eagles with dark colored wings and light colored heads.

We reached Gocha at 10 a.m. near which was a native village of flat topped mud huts. No domestic animals were to be seen. The surrounding country was badly eroded. A range of mountains green with trees was visible to the south. To the north was a broken plateau with desert bushes. We crossed one small brook with large trees ~~near~~ along its banks. Then for an hour we were passing through mountains with scattering desert trees and shrubs. Upon on a slope among some bushes I saw a brown animal nearly as large as a two year old steer, shaped like a deer with straight black horns more than two feet long. We passed out of the mountains and into a broad

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valley and came to Afden at 11.40 where the train stopped for luncheon. Just before reaching this point I saw a flock of wild guinea fowl in the bushes. Luncheon was served in a small one story building and it consisted of white beans, boiled mutton, vegetables, roast mutton and rice, roast chicken, sponge cake, beer and coffee, which was not bad for a desert country.

At 2.10 p.m. we were at Mehesa, which is simply a group of mud huts. We had been traveling on an elevated tableland in a broad valley with mountains on both sides. It was excessively hot. At 3.39 p.m. we reached Khova, after passing along the side of a mountain overlooking a beautiful valley the bottom of which was covered with tall umbrella shaped acacia trees and green shrubs. A portion of this valley was covered with green grass, but no livestock were seen. I saw many clumps of large tree cacti with heavy looking branches growing closely together so that the larger plants had a round compact columnar head. I saw several patches of smooth stemmed plants about two feet high that sprang from fleshy leaves at the base and bore a cluster of tubular blossoms at the top something like honeysuckle. Many flocks of wild guineas were to be seen.

After passing through an attractive looking semidesert wilderness with a deep black limestone soil we came to Arba at 4.15 p.m., another little station with a cluster of mud huts about it. Near this place I saw two land tortoises that looked as if they were two feet ~~long~~ in diameter and at least a foot high; also saw a large blackbird striped with red and having a long pink bill; several bright colored woodpeckers; and some jackals. Growing wild was a species of ~~asclepius~~ asclepius or milk weed twelve feet high and with pods ~~as~~ as large as oranges; and some plants that looked like maguay.

At last we came out of the valley with the green acacia trees,

passed some mountains with rather sharp pinacles, and then swung out into a desert plain covered with desert shrubs and with high mountain ranges on ~~both~~ two sides. I saw a number of antelope and in the bushes saw what I took to be wild asses, and many flocks of wild guinea fowl. The train crossed a deep gorge on a high trestle bridge from which one could see a small ribbon of emerald green flecked with foam several hundred feet below. The sides of the gorge were perpendicular in places.

At 4.40 p.m. we reached Aiuahe where we spent the night. It was simply a group of railway buildings and a one story hotel, with a few native tents near. A lonlier spot I have never seen--simply desert, mountains, and a ~~deep~~ narrow gorge cut deep below the level of the plain. It had been an exceedingly hot day with much desert dust. Mr. Herera and I wondered when we would need the overcoats we were carrying with us. They seemed quite out of place in the desert heat. We had a satisfactory supper and a bottle of good French wine. Our rooms were plain but clean. Unfortunately the only light available was furnished by a candle. Outside the air was quivering with the sound of crickets.

Tuesday, 17 April, Addis Ab^aba; clear and pleasant. Had difficulty in getting to sleep because of the hot winds, but it was cool by morning. A servant woke every one at 6 a.m. while it was yet dark and it was not easy to shave by candle light. Breakfast was a failure, simply hard rolls that were too hard to bite, eggs, and black coffee. The manager made a mistake in the bill of Mr. Herera and when it was pointed out to him he ~~became~~^{was} so confused as to become completely helpless, so that we were delayed in reaching the train, which left at 7 a.m.

The train ascended an inclined plateau many miles wide and

passed some mountains with rather sharp pinacles, and then swung out into a desert plain covered with desert shrubs and with high mountains in the distance. I saw a number of antelope and in the bushes saw what I took to be wild asses, and many flocks of wild guinea fowl. The train crossed a deep gorge on a high trestle bridge from which one could see a small ribbon of emerald green flecked with foam several hundred feet below. The sides of the gorge were perpendicular in places.

At 4.40 p.m. we reached Adala where we spent the night. It was simply a group of railway buildings and a one story hotel, with a few native tents near. A frontier post I have never seen--desert, mountains, and a ~~few~~ narrow gorge cut deep below the level of the plain. It had been an exceedingly hot day with much desert dust. Mr. Herx and I wondered when we would need the overcoats we were carrying with us. They seemed quite out of place in the desert heat. We had a satisfactory supper and a bottle of good French wine. Our rooms were plain but clean. Unfortunately the only light available was furnished by a candle. Outside the air was pervaded with the sound of crickets.

Tuesday, 17 April, Adala Abada; clear and pleasant. Had difficulty in getting to sleep because of the hot winds, but it was cool by morning. A servant woke every one at 6 a.m. while it was yet dark and it was not easy to sleep by candle light. Breakfast was a failure, simply hard rolls that were too hard to bite, eggs, and black coffee. The manager made a mistake in the bill of Mr. Herx and when it was pointed out to him he ~~became~~ so concerned as to become completely helpless, so that we were ~~delayed~~ in leaving in the train, which left at 9 a.m. The train ascended an inclined plane many miles wide and

(1928, April, Addis Abeba). E--3243

covered with the bleached clumps of bunch grass. To the south was a range of mountains covered with trees; to the north was another range of mountains that were ~~barren~~ badly eroded and completely barren; then we went through a rocky ridge and out onto a barren plain, perfectly flat, with a rock hardpan close to the surface. Crossing this plain I saw three birds as large as turkeys and with long bills; several magpies, an eagle, some swallows, several bright colored woodpeckers, and some vultures.

We reached Metahara at 7.45 a.m. a small village of straw huts with conical roofs of straw thatch. The plain was covered with innumerable ant hills of enormous size, many of them with circular tops on them like little chimneys. The morning hours were cold. Shortly after leaving this station we passed through a section of jet black, broken, jagged lava heaped up in great waves with fissures and crevices. It was intensely black like coal. So broken and jagged was it that only a bird could cross it. Here and there in the crevices small bushes and plants were growing, but only in spots, the lava being like so much coal or glass. To one side we passed a crater lake that was about a mile across. Then on between mountain peaks and through little valleys and patches of black lava and rounded knobs of sandstone. The flat places were covered with bunch grass.

We reached Malka-Delo at 9 a.m., another little station with a huddle of straw huts and half naked negroes with spears. Then through a large broken valley with cliffs of sandstone on either side. I saw a large eagle and a bird that looked like a partridge or grouse. The country between stations was an absolute wilderness and uninhabited, although we began to see a few cattle and goats. I saw a large gray monkey in a tree.

We reached Borcheta at 10 a.m., which was similar to others

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stations, ^ahuddle of huts, ^{and} ~~but~~ near it were a few cattle, horses, and donkeys, but no land in cultivation. Then we passed through another section of lava piled up in successive waves with a jungle of cacti and bushes in spots that were impenetrable. In this jungle I noted patches of solanum and cuscuta.

At 10.45 a.m. we reached Oulankett. At the station was a large pile of bags of coffee. Near the village were patches of ground that had been scratched with wooden plows, with a combined area of perhaps thirty acres, and out under the trees were a few head of cattle and donkeys.

At noon we were at Hadama, a station on a high hill overlooking a broad valley surrounded by mountains. In the valley were many ~~sm~~ small groups of ~~huts~~ straw huts, small patches of freshly plowed ground, and scattering specimens of cattle and donkeys.

At 2.25 p.m. we were passing through a section of undulating hills of rich, black, clay loam, some of which was in cultivation. At ~~3~~ 2.50 p.m. we were at Doukham in a black loam country with hamlets of straw huts and mountains on all sides in the distance. At ~~3~~ 3.45 we were at Akaki in a plain of black soil, mostly in cultivation. Evidently this was the ~~b~~eginning of the crop year and only a portion of the stubble land had been plowed. Shortly after leaving this station we caught glimpses of the white city of Addis Ab^aba half way up the slope of a mountain to the west. The slope of the country was upward and the train proceeded slowly up-grade about as fast as a horse would trot. As we neared the city we passed plantations of eucalyptus trees which furnished a green setting to the city on the side of a barren mountain. Among the trees were native huts, which were mostly a small framework of poles covered with black mud. The soil of the plain we crossed was black and heaved up and criss-crossed with wide cracks.

We gradually drew into the station, which is nearly a mile from the city. A new railway station of stone was under construction near the old dilapidated station of wood. We were met by the Greek proprietor of the hotel where we had engaged rooms by telegraph. His assistants were natives and they took charge of our baggage. The checked baggage was held for customs examination the next day. Near the station was an immense crowd of natives--aggressive, ostentatious, ^{vociferous,} armed negroes like those at Djere D^awa, but they were barred from access to the train, the station, or the passengers, by a barbed wire fence and armed guards. There were two automobiles waiting for us and our baggage. A good hard surfaced road a mile long led from the station to the Hotel de France where we were to stop. The hotel was on the outskirts of the city. It was a plain one story structure, with a narrow veranda in front and some flower beds in the front yard. ^{we} Mr. ~~Herera~~ were given rooms in the rear on opposite sides of a corridor. The rooms were neat and furnished with comfortable beds, one straight backed chair, and a cheap bureau, but without running water or bath. The toilet was outside in the rear. The view from my window was across a street into a grove of eucalyptus trees and a dozen or more native huts.

It was quite cool and I was very tired from the strain of travel through desert heat and sands in my weakened condition. In fact I did not feel very happy. There was no set time for supper and no signal or notice given when it was ready. Apparently the guests were supposed to lay in wait and watch the proprietor. The language spoken in the hotel was French. This first evening supper was not ready until three or four hours after dark and was very unsatisfactory.

Next to the dining room was a waiting room, furnished with

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a bench, several straight backed chairs, an ancient piano, and an oil painting of a French woman on the wall that was fascinating because of its gorgeous and contrasting colors.

After supper I found that the door to my room had a spring lock and I had left the key inside so that I was locked out until the proprietor came to my rescue with a duplicate key. I discovered that the one luxury afforded by the hotel was a soft warm bed. There was plenty of covering, which is necessary because Addis Ab^aba is at an altitude of 7,500 feet and in April the nights are cold.

Wednesday, 18 April, Addis Ab^aba; bright and clear, 62 degrees in the morning. After breakfast Mr. Herera and I walked up to the top of the steep hill to the business section. I had to realize that I was still physically weak and tired easily. There appeared to be two main streets at right angles to each other and lined with a heterogenous collection of wooden houses of one or two stories, much like a mining town in the United States half a century ago. There were few if any cross or side streets and these ran through groves of eucalyptus trees in which were scattered the small houses and huts of the natives. Most of these houses were built of poles or bamboo and plastered with mud. Some of these huts were tilted at an angle and looked dilapidated where great patches of the mud plaster had fallen off. Only the two main streets were paved.

We had reached Addis Ab^aba at the beginning of the ten day Easter celebration and most of the shops and business establishments were closed. We inspected an outdoor fruit and vegetable market. It was pitiful to see the small handfuls of inferior and badly wilted vegetables. The entire quantity to be seen in a dozen temporary booths could have been carried in a single large

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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basket. We found the Bank of Abyssinia open and I cashed a check. The streets were thronged with negroes, some dressed in clean white K gowns, but most of them in extremely dirty ones. All were barefooted. A few men were riding little mules not much bigger than donkeys, and nearly every one of the riders had one or more servants hanging to the crupper. All the men were armed. My first impression of Addis Ab^aba was one of great disappointment and aversion because of its repulsive appearance.

After returning to the hotel we had a the proprietor drive us to the customhouse only to find that it was closed. I was tired from my exertions and slept for two hours before luncheon. and five hours after luncheon. Mr. Herera was much discouraged because of the holidays and closing of business establishments that prevented him from canvassing for the firms he represented.

Thursday, 19 April, Addis Ab^aba; clear and pleasant, with temperature of 56 degrees in the morning. After breakfast I sat nearly an hour in the sunshine on the veranda watching the motly procession of pedestrians. The men were dressed in a great variety of costumes. Caravans ^{of camels} laden with great bundles of dried hides and donkeys carrying bales of goods, and dignified men on little mules followed by servants carrying carbines, swords, and spears, and occasionally white robed women with their hair done up in curious patterns, were passing and repassing. They were an extremely solemn looking race and carried themselves proudly.

Mr. Herera ^{and I} drove to the railway station and customhouse where I had to pay the equivalent of \$13.00 freight on my small wardrobe trunk. We found the baggage piled in a heap with the trunk on top. Negroes carried them about a block to the customhouse shed where they were opened and given a cursory examination. The offi-

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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cial retained the packages for Mr. Southard on the ground that as it was not my property I could not take it with me. The baggage was carried on the heads of negroes from the customhouse to the hotel, a distance of about a mile and up a steep grade.

In the afternoon I hired an automobile and was driven over a rough road to the residence of the American Minister, Mr. Southard, whom I had met in Singapore. Here I was introduced to his wife and little boy, and to a Mr. Shaw. Mr. Southard said that he and his family had lived several weeks in the European Hotel and that it was a very trying experience; that their furniture had arrived from Singapore the previous week with nearly every piece broken or damaged, and that because of the Easter holidays it was difficult to get native cabinet makers to make the necessary repairs. We looked over the grounds and buildings and then had tea with Mrs. Southard. He said the government was autocratic and did not take kindly to suggestions from foreigners; that there was a department of agriculture that did not function; that there was no statistical organization, statistical service, or statistics; that several years previously when he was consul at Aden he collected information from merchants and travelers and made various estimates that could not be checked; and that this was a bad time to try to see the officials because of the festivities following the long period of fasting, but that he would try to arrange for an interview with the Minister of Agriculture, and if possible with Ras Tafari, the Crown Prince.

It was 4.30 p.m. when I returned to the hotel and laid down for a nap. I was very tired and did not feel like doing anything. At 7.30 I dressed and with Mr. Herera had a very unsatisfactory supper. We sat awhile in the bar waiting room and listened to some old records on a rickety phonograph. There were, of course, no places of amusement in town. I retired early with a slight

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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fe^vver and a temperature of 100.

Friday, 20 April, Addis Ab^aba; partly cloudy and cool.

Shortly after 10 a.m. I hired an automobile and was driven about a mile over a fairly good road that was somewhat crowded with natives, ponies, and flocks of sheep, to the British Legation, where I met Consul McLean who extended~~d~~ my British vis^e for a year. He said there were absolutely no statistics of production in Abyssinia and that the statistics of exports and imports were not dependable. He suggested that the feudal organization of the country might be used as a basis for estimating production because the chiefs or governors of provinces are required to pay taxes to the central government, and they in turn exact taxes from the subchiefs, and so on down the line.

Next I was driven a mile farther on to the Italian Legation. The consul was away but I saw the interpreter, who was a big bl^{ff}ss^{ss} north Italian and readily granted an extension to my vis^e. He seemed much pleased to know that my headquarters were in Rome and that I understood Italian. In the outer office were two assistants, one a Portuguese who also was much pleased to find that I could speak Spanish and a little Portuguese. He said he had lived in Brazil eighteen years and had spent six months in Buenos Aires. The other assistant seemed to have trouble in speaking either Italian or French.

I returned to the hotel at 11 a.m. The interpreter from the American Legation^{came} to say that he had seen an assistant of the Minister of Agriculture who would try to arrange an interview, but it was difficult because of the holidays. The interpreter said he had lived in Abyssinia twenty-six years; that the best part of the country lies to the west of Addis Ab^aba; that the little railroad was

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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was begun in 1902, and that he had made the trip on the newly constructed portion from Djibuti as far as Djere D^awa, and then traveled two days on camels and the remainder of the distance on mule back, a total distance of about 500 miles.

By invitation I had luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Southard, which was very good except that the chicken was phenomenally tough. We discussed the possibilities of the Consular Service and the Commercial Attaches Service being combined in the event that Mr. Hoover should be elected. Mr. Southard said that Abyssinia was about the last big game preserve of Africa, the British having thinned out the game in their territories; that hunting by foreigners was not permitted in Abyssinia; that the owning of land was ~~not~~ prohibited; that one could see lions, rhinoceroses, hyppopotami, ostriches, girafs, zebras, and other big game in many ~~regions~~ sections, sometimes on the railway track to Djibuti, and large crocodiles in the lakes, and there were still some elephants; that one could see debtors and creditors chained together, the creditor having the right to take his debtor with him wherever he goes until the debt is paid; that among the old women employed at the legation was one whose former husband chained her ankles together and when he died neglected to direct that the chains be removed and that she continued to wear them in grateful remembrance of the husband she loved. He said that the little processions I saw on the streets headed by a man on a little mule were proprietors followed ~~followed~~ by their servants or local chiefs followed by their retainers.

Saturday, 21 April, Addis Ab^aba; cloudy, raining, and cold. Spent the forenoon writing. In the afternoon I took an automobile for a drive of several miles over a fairly good road to the American Mission and Hospital, only to be told that Dr. Lambia, who was said

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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to be exceptionally well informed, was away on a tour of inspection, as well as Dr. Bullock, and that Mr. Russell, the manager, was asleep and could not be disturbed. The road was bordered on both ~~at~~ sides by tall, white-barked eucalyptus trees. The hospital was surrounded by these trees, with an open space in front set with flowers.

On returning to the city I got a snap shot of some women with parasols. Bought a bottle of cognac at a Greek store. At the hotel had a smoke, sipped some cognac, sewed on some loose buttons, and then slept for several hours. Mr. Herera came ~~in~~ late but highly elated because for the first time in his career as a salesman he had secured some orders for his firms. Never have I seen a young man so completely overjoyed at his first success. For several weeks he had been away from home, friends and familiar surroundings, traveling at the expense of three British firms without making a single sale, until he was discouraged and in the depths of despair with nothing but ignominious failure ahead. Now, having made a few sales, he was in the seventh heaven and saw visions of a glorious future business career.

(Mother, 21 April, Addis Abeba, yellow folder)

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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Sunday, 22 April, Addis Ab^aba; cloudy and warmer. Over-slept and had a light breakfast. I got acquainted with a young Australian manager of a coffee plantation. He said the Abyssinians, or Ethiopians as they prefer to call themselves, are Semites who were originally white and ^{had} straight hair, but the tropical sun had blackened them and some admixture with negroes had given them wavy or crinkly hair; that "Ethiopia" means "Born by the sun," and that "Addis Ab^aba" meant "New born flower." A British mining engineer who sat with us said that the government granted permits freely to explore the country but not to exploit it, although some leases of land to foreigners had been granted for a period of thirty years. He said also ^{that} the Menelik, the former emperor, was undoubtedly a great man and had his army trained by a Russian general to whom he gave the title of prince and made him governor of one of the provinces adjoining the British territory. The Russian general visited England and sold his province to the British government for a large sum of money, but when the British officials tried to take possession of it they were ordered out by Menelik. My Australian acquaintance said that his firm had a plantation of 100,000 coffee trees, that another firm had a million, and that the number of trees could be increased many times if prices justified; and that their native help was paid about \$2.50 a month. This Australian was very bitter against Great Britain because, after serving all through the war, he was refused employment in England because he was a citizen of Australia and not of Great Britain. He thereupon crossed to Belgium, where he found employment and married a Belgian lady, and later secured the position of manager of the coffee plantation in Abyssinia.

I felt unwell and sleepy all day. Mr. Herera hired a horse

and rode for several hours, after which he complained of being sore. In the late afternoon he asked me to revise a report he was preparing for his firms in English. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ It was an excellent report for a beginner, ~~but~~ but naturally contained many errors in spelling and grammar. He explained that both French and Egyptian were ~~both~~ native languages with him and that while he knew English as spoken and written by others he had never had occasion to try to write it himself. It was the first report he had ever prepared and he was very nervous about it. He swelled with pride and was overjoyed when I assured him it was a good report and his employers would be pleased with it. In the evening I talked with my Australian acquaintance and together we sat through a motion picture in the hotel waiting room. The admission fee was fifty cents and the room was crowded with Europeans.

Monday, 23 April, Addis Ab^aba; cloudy and mild. It was pleasant in the early morning to hear the rustling of the eucalyptus leaves and the chirping of birds. Sat for a time after breakfast conferring with an English engineer. Among other things he said that Abyssinia had both a square and a circular measure for land areas and ~~that~~^a a suit was then pending in the courts regarding a lease of a large tract of land to determine whether the unit of measure specified in the lease was ~~the~~ the radius or the circumference of a circle.

I walked to the top of the hill for some cigars. Still weak and had to rest frequently. The main highway was crowded with pedestrians dressed in white robes, several caravans of camels and droves of donkeys carrying merchandise, individual proprietors riding on donkeys and wearing heavy woolen capes and broad felt hats, and followed by groups of armed servants or retainers, ~~all~~ armed. All moved slowly because of the steep grade and the stony

uneven pavement.

After luncheon I sat for a time on the front veranda watching the white clouds floating in the blue sky, the fluttering leaves of the eucalyptus trees, and the interesting people and caravans on the street. At 4 p.m. I took a taxie to the office of the American Minister, where the interpreter said he had arranged for an interview with the Crown Prince, Ras Tafari; that he was the one influential man in the empire and that after explaining my mission to him it would not be necessary to see any other official.

Next I was driven to the house of an English gentleman and presented ~~to him~~ a letter addressed to him by the head nurse of the hospital in Aden. He was a bluff individual and did not seem highly pleased to meet me, probably because I was American, until he learned the nature of my mission and how widely I had travelled. Mr. Southard had explained that American officials met with great favor at the court of Ras Tafari, because America was so far away that Ethiopia need have no fear of American aggression or exploitation; whereas the representatives of other countries were regarded with more or less suspicion, especially the French, Italian and British, whose colonial territory adjoined Abyssinia on four sides and was the occasion of frequent friction with all ~~these~~ three countries because of boundaries and disputed jurisdictions; because France owned the ^{only} ~~only~~ railway outlet to the sea; because slaves escaping to British territory were held to be free; and because Italy granted hunting privileges on both sides of the line, and because of the war Italy waged against Abyssinia in the time of Menelik. For these reasons the officials of the three countries were inclined to resent the favors shown to Americans and to dis-

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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like Americans. At any rate, this gentleman was not cordial and I regretted that I had not sent the nurse's letter to him by messenger. ~~Ixxk~~

I walked back to the hotel and again realized that I had not yet regained my former strength.

Tuesday, 24 April, Addis Ab~~ba~~^{ba}; a beautiful bright day and agreeable temperature. In the forenoon the interpreter of the legation called to advise me that he had arranged for an interview with the Minister of Agriculture at 6 o'clock. I had planned to leave the following morning and was told that all baggage should be at the station the evening before. At noon I asked the hotel manager to have my laundry brought in, as well as my morning suit that was being pressed, so that I could begin packing, dress for the coming interviews, and get the baggage off. The laundry did not come for several hours, and then it was not done. The result was that I could not finish packing and get my large suitcase and trunk to the station. The morning suit was not delivered from the presser until 3.30 p.m. when the interpreter and Mr. Southard arrived. I had to dress hurriedly not to keep them waiting.

We were driven across town to the palace of Ras Tafari Makonen, who as Crown Prince ruled jointly with the Empress. We entered the grounds about the palace, following the winding drive through eucalyptus groves, dismounted a short distance from the palace entrance, and walked through a flower garden of roses and petunias. The palace was a one story building of simple design. We were admitted into a small anteroom with bright colored wall paper, a red carpet, european chairs and a small table on which were some English magazines. After a short wait we were conducted into the audience chamber, which was a large room about forty by

(1928, April, Adis Abeba)

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sixty feet, with high ceiling, rather subdued in color, but lightened with mirrors and oil paintings on the walls, with tables on which were vases full of flowers, and at the farther end a low platform under a canopy of red velvet supported by gilded columns. Under the canopy the Prince stood ready to receive us. As we approached I followed the example of the American Minister and bowed several times. The Prince received us graciously with outstretched hand. Standing on the low platform he seemed tall and slender. His features were those of an Arab, with black hair and beard, bright eyes and teeth, and a look of intelligence. Unquestionably robes are more dignified than European garb and in his robes the Prince looked very dignified against the background of red velvet draperies of the canopy. He appeared to be about forty years old.

After shaking hands Mr. Southard introduced me as the official representative of the United States Department of Agriculture and the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. The Prince asked a question in French, which I answered in the same language and, forgetting all about the presence of our oriental interpreter, I proceeded to explain briefly the object of my mission and to express the hope that the Institute might have his cooperation in taking an agricultural census in 1930, so that Ethiopia might be included in this great undertaking along with the other great nations of the world. He promptly assured me that Ethiopia would do all that was possible, for which promise I thanked him. Then I withdrew to the anteroom to allow Mr. Southard to discuss certain confidential matters alone with the Prince. After a short wait a servant opened the door and motioned me to enter. The Minister said the Prince had invited us to take tea with him. Soon afterwards five large elderly black men of mixed Arab and negro blood came in and were

(1928, April, Addis Abeba)

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introduced. They were members of the Royal Council. After we were all seated tea, delicious cakes, and bonbons, were served. The Prince asked which country of all that I had visited I considered the richest agriculturally. I replied that at the present time the United States ~~was~~ the richest, but that possibly Russia might in future become the richest because of her enormous extent and varied resources. Then he asked which country I considered the happiest, which caused me to hesitate and then, remembering the smiling faces of the people of Java, I replied that such a question was not easy to answer, but if by happiness was meant peace, plenty, and contentment, perhaps the Javanese were more generally happy than any other people I had seen. The Prince had visited Europe, spoke French quite well, and was said to be the most powerful man in Ethiopia and ~~was~~ favorably inclined to foreign methods and modes of life. The Empress ~~was~~ said to be ~~very~~ conservative and very devout and spent most of her time in church or at ~~pray~~ prayers.

From the Prince's palace we were driven across to a hill, "The Acropolis," on which was situated a statue to Emperor Menelik, a great audience chamber, and other public buildings. On the slopes of this hill were encamped ~~see~~ several regiments of soldiers.

We visited the Minister of the Privy Seal and Agriculture whose department was housed in two small buildings separated by a small flower garden surrounded by a wire fence. Almost the whole could have been put into a single large Maryland barn. At the first little office we met the Director of Agriculture, who was a small, slender Abyssinian with delicate features, brown skin, and kinky hair. He seemed nervous and much embarrassed. To him I stated my mission in French, said that the Crown Prince had promised co-

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operation, but in addition I wished to know something about the organization and work of the Department of Agriculture and whether it had any means of collecting statistics. He said if I would write my questions in the form of a letter they would be answered. I replied that this was unnecessary because my questions were all simple and easily answered. For example, did his department have a statistical division or office to collect statistics, to which he replied no. Did it have a research laboratory. I saw by the expression of his face that he did not understand the question, so I changed it. Did his department have one or more men to study plant and animal diseases and insect pests, to which he replied that it did not. I asked if his country had a botanical garden or an agricultural experiment station where plants and animals were tested to see which were the best suited for the country. He said that such a station was being established at another place. I suggested that I should like to see it. He said it could be arranged, but not easily, because the station was at some distance from a small railway station half way to Djere Dawa where I might hire a donkey to carry me to ~~it~~ the ~~sta~~ experimental station, but there was no hotel or other accommodations and the train went by only twice a week. I said that in the circumstances I would not attempt to see it. His quarters consisted of two small rooms and I surmised that the personnel of the Department of Agriculture consisted of himself and one clerk.

Then a servant brought word that the Minister of the Privy Seal and Agriculture was waiting for us. He was a large old negro with gray hair and beard and wore a large navy blue cloak. He also assured me of the full cooperation of his department in the census undertaking, and we separated very pleasantly.

On the return trip the Minister's automobile ran out of gasoline and we were detained on the road for more than an hour until the chauffeur could find a telephone and have a supply sent out. It was after 7 p.m. when we reached the hotel and I said good by~~to~~ to Minister Southard. Mr. Herera was extremely curious to know the result of my interview with the Prince which to him seemed highly important.

After supper I paid my hotel bill, which averaged about \$9.00 a day. Finished packing up ~~g~~ for early departure the next morning. The laundry for which I had called repeatedly during the day was finally delivered wringing wet. The cuffs were so wet that one could wring water out of them. .

In the evening while sitting in the waiting room of the hotel a small elderly French gentleman sat next to me. Something attract-
ed our attention and we got into conversation. I inquired if he had been in Addis Ab^aba for long. He ~~said~~^{ai} that unfortunately he had lived there for several years and could not leave because of his business as a merchant which kept him as a prisoner. I inquired politely whether his business was prospering. Instantly he became greatly animated and asked with much heat how it could be prosperous in competition with lying Greeks who sold goods for less than their cost of manufacture in Europe. I asked how that was possible. He explained that a wily Greek would give a salesman a small order and pay cash in advance. A second small order would be given and payment made by sight draft. A third and larger order would be given on 30, 60, or 90 days, and the bill would be promptly paid when due. Perhaps a still larger order would be given and paid when due. Then, having established his credit, the Greek would place a very large order with no intention of paying it. By this

(1928, Addis Abeba)

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time he would have bribed the railway and customs officials so that his goods would be transported and admitted with very small charges for freight and duty. He was now in a position to make a killing by underselling all competitors. After this feat he would either disappear or change his name and later repeat the operation. As the old Frenchman proceeded with his explanation he waxed more and more indignant until it appeared that he was about to have an attack of apoplexy.

While at Addis Ab^aba this anecdote was related to illustrate the shrewdness of Ras Tafari and the secret of his hold upon his people. The kings or overlords of the provinces in Abyssinia are extremely independent, some of them are powerful, and occasionally some of them ~~are~~ inclined to flout the authority of the central government. The Ras received notice that one such king^g was approaching Addis Ab^aba with an army of 11,000 armed followers, ostensibly to visit the Prince and the Empress. This armed force was larger than that available to the Prince and he deemed it prudent to absent himself on a hunting expedition. The king and his cohorts duly arrived and encamped on the outskirts of the city. That night emissaries of the Ras circulated among the followers of the king and spread the rumor among them that the Ras was a mighty ruler, that the visiting king would be taken prisoner and beheaded within a few days, that the dominions of the king would be confiscated by the Ras and would be divided among his loyal followers, but land and privileges would be given only to those who were on the land and not elsewhere. The next morning the army of 11,000 had disappeared during the night. The deserted king was promptly arrested and clapped into prison, and his ultimate fate was unknown.

(Note:: In my shorthand transcript of notes I find a gap from Tuesday, April 24 to Friday, April 27, inclusive, and on going back to the original shorthand diary I cannot find the file for the years 1927-28-29-30. The room was given a cleaning by my wife and daughter-in-law during my absence in Argentina, July to Sept. 1934, and the file must have been mislaid, but I cannot find it.

See letters during this period.)

~~Tuesday~~, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, April 2⁵/₄ to 28, Addis Ab^abeba to Djibouti; weather very hot.

Mr. Herera and I left Addis Ab^abeba the early morning of ~~Tuesday~~ ^{Wednesday}, April 2⁵/₄, and made the trip to Djibuti, arriving ~~Thursday~~ ^{Friday} in the evening. It was an excessively hot and dusty trip. With us was a young man from Chile, manager of a coffee plantation. He had served with various Chil^ean embassies and traveled widely. He was on his way for a six month's vacation at Paris. The Abyssinian government took advantage of his trip to entrust him with the delivery of an Abyssinian slave girl to its ambassador at Paris. From time to time during the trip to Djibuti this young man would have to go back to the third class coach to see if the slave girl was ^{still} there.

A train wr~~sk~~ delayed our arrival at Djibuti until after dark. From the highlands we could see Djibuti and the sea in the light of the setting sun. Then as darkness stole over the land we could see the electric lights. At the hotel rooms were scarce and Mr. Herera and I had to take a room together. ~~and~~ It was a day or two before another room was available. He seemed rather hurt that I insisted on having a room to myself. However, I was firm in this

(1928, Djibuti, April).

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determination bec^ause, like many young men, Mr. Herera had little consideration for others and his things were spread out all over the room and he and them monopolized the bed, the chairs, and the floor, leaving little space for me or my things.

On arrival at Djibuti only my hand baggage was delivered, the porter saying that the trunk would come the next morning.

-x-x-

Saturday, 28 April, Djibuti; clear and hot. Herera was up at 5.30 a.m., turned on the electric light, dressed and shaved, making so much noise that I could not sleep. We had breakfast at 7 a.m. with a Mr. ^MMcClellan, a stalwart young English salesman for the General Motors Corporation. He had come down from Addis Ab^aba on the same train with us and we were becoming acquainted. He said he had spent four years in Cleveland, Ohio, and one year in the Sudan. After breakfast I made a foray on a general store and got some cigars. Then I waited an hour or two for my baggage to come, only to be told by the porter that it had been taken off at Djere D^apwa because I had not been able to send it to the railway station at Addis Ab^aba the afternoon before the train left, all because I could not get my laundry in time from the hotel. The manager of the hotel promised to telephone to the authorities at Djere D^apwa and try to have the baggage forwarded on the next train Monday night. If this was done I might expect delivery the following Wednesday. In the meantime I was without a change of clothing and the clothing I had on was stiff with perspiration and desert dust. Disgusted at the prospect, I skirmished around among the little shops, at one of which I found some shirts that would fit, at another some underwear, and at a little tailoring shop I found by sheer good fortune a linen suit that was a fair fit, although the trousers were without pockets,

(1928, April, Djibuti)

E--~~286~~xx 3263

buttons for suspenders, or bands for holding a belt. However, I could now have a sponge bath and get into some clean clothes. ~~Also~~ Also I had my hair cut by a native barber. During the forenoon and most of the afternoon young Herera was engaged in typewriting his report, which prevented ~~fr~~ me from taking a nap, so in self-defence I began drafting a report to the Institute and making up my expense account.

In the afternoon while smoking and trying to take a nap in a chair ^{on the veranda} in the intense heat I was annoyed by a disagreeable, middle aged, fierce looking Frenchman who paced back and forth passing needlessly close in front of me each time and thumping his heels on the floor and making it shake, until it got on my nerves. Mr. McClellan was outside on the veranda also trying to write a report and every time the Frenchman passed and repassed he had to suspend until the vibration ceased. It was a remarkable exhibition of a Frenchman's selfish disregard of the comfort of others. Losing patience I determined to bring the annoyance to an end. As soon as the Frenchman strode by me ~~W~~ the next time and had his back to me I began stamping with one foot on the floor in time with his thumps. McClellan looked around, caught on and grinned, and when the Frenchman was headed my way again and passed him he also stamped ^{on the} ~~the~~ floor in unison with the thumping of the Frenchman. As the Frenchman approached me I had my eyes closed as if in sleep. When next he passed McClellan was writing industrially^{ous}. The Frenchman made only two rounds to the accompaniment of our stamping and then suddenly disappeared and we saw him no more.

Towards sundown Herera, McClellan, and I were joined by Sr. Sanchez, the Chilean, had beer together in front of the

(1928, April, Djibuti)

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hotel and then took an automobile ride through part of the town and out on the peninsula. We all had supper together, after which there ^awas a mediocre musical entertainment, with more drinks, and a ball in which only one couple participated. At the end of the corridor on our floor two fairly good looking Greek girls ^{were} were doing a pretty good business. Mr. Sanchez said that some of the so-called native bazaars were stocked with young women who entertained men and who were required to report daily to the police but many of the girls used each other's certificates. He said that at least one-fourth of the inhabitants of Abyssinia were slaves.

Mr. McClellan ^{at} said that on one occasion a great chief called on the Empress of Abyssinia with about two thousand followers. He was overheard to say that he had never heard of Ras Tafari. The Ras surrounded the chief and his followers, arrested the chief and had him thrown into prison. When an inventory of that chief's possessions was taken it was found that he had over a million pounds of silver and half a million pounds of ivory, and much other property on his estates, ^{all} of which was promptly confiscated by the Ras.

Sr. Sanchez told a story of how he arrived in Paris during the war and found all the hotels full. Leaving his baggage at ^{the station} a small station he went to a small restaurant for ~~something to eat~~ supper. There he met an attractive girl to whom he explained his difficulty in finding a room for the night. She was accommodating and invited him to share her room. He did so. Of course, they had something to drink and to smoke, and slept together. When he awoke in the morning he was alone and his purse was gone. On the table was a note to the effect that the room rent was paid and he owed nothing, and the fair lady was thoughtful enough to leave sufficient to pay for

(1928, April, Djibuti)

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a taxi to take him to the railway station.

Sunday, 29 April, Djibuti; very, very hot. After breakfast I found a general store with a small collection of French novels, some of which I purchased. I spent most of the day on the veranda reading. Herera was absorbed in drafting reports to his firms. He made a great fuss about it and used most of the available space in our joint room for clothes and stationery. He perspired freely and drank great quantities of iced lemonade. Fortunately the town had ice. After sundown Herera, McClelland and I walked out to the end of the pier to cool off. It was at least half a mile each way and I was exhausted when we returned. Messrs. Herera and Sanchez agreed to visit the native quarter of dancing girls at night and ~~ask~~ asked me to go along. I should like to have seen them, but declined on the ground of fatigue. I was much gratified at the sight of my baggage which came by the evening train; so that worry was over. There was music down stairs until a late hour so that it was difficult to fall asleep.

Monday, April 30, Djibuti; excessively hot. I could not sleep after 5 a.m. because of the noise down stairs. The electric current was cut off so that the fan was out of commission. There was no water for a bath. After breakfast I cashed a check and engaged passage to Madagascar on the Messageries Line, having waited several days for definite information as to when the ship would arrive. Both Herera and McClelland were still in doubt as to when they could leave for Mombassa. Sent a cablegram to the Institute regarding my movements. Then to the police department to recover my passport, but the officials were paying off and could not be interrupted. Upon inquiry I learned that the local policemen were paid from 150 to 200 francs a month.

(1928, April, Djibuti)

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On returning to the hotel I found that a number of guests were leaving and by noon Mr. Herera was moved into another room, much to my relief. His feelings were hurt when I suggested that either he or I should move into a separate room as soon as one was available. His youthful vitality, inexperience, and Jewish selfconfidence made him oblivious to the fact that he was monopolizing our joint room as well as much of my time and attention by his innumerable questions, and in revising his long winded manuscript reports. He took it almost as a personal insult when I said decisively that I preferred to have a room to myself and was willing to pay for the privilege. He was red in the face and as huffy as a spoiled boy until his things were transferred to another room and he had time to cool down, after which he seemed to be mollified. Even so he continued to be something of a nuisance because of his habit of bursting into my room unceremoniously and without knocking. It was quite evident ^a ~~th~~ to him his own affairs were of supreme importance and he could not conceive of their being of less importance to others. And yet, in spite of his bumptiousness, I liked him and enjoyed watching his behavior. When I first met him on the boat from Aden and for some days thereafter he was in the abysmal depths of despair because his sales mission had been a complete and utter failure. Apparently I was the first human being who listened sympathetically to his tale of woe and tried to cheer him up. From that time on he was attached to me and we were rarely separated. He talked to me and of his affairs with ^{the} childlike confidence of a son. It was because of ^{this} ~~that~~ that I bore with him and his offensive intrusions and bad manners. I had seen him in despair, sick unto death on a calm sea with mal de mer, gorge himself with food like a little boy, in flights of high good humor and joking with

(1928, April, Djibuti)

E--3267

anyone who understood Egyptian, Arabic, French, or English, perspiring as I never saw any one else perspire in the heat of the desert and of Djibuti; I had seen him after he took his first order when he returned to the hotel to report his good fortune to me, wild with enthusiasm and so elated that he seemed to float on air, and he had appealed me in the utmost good faith to help him with his reports. But in spite of all this I felt that he was something of a trial, just as a boy is to his parents. Besides I wanted privacy. This he could not understand any more than an affectionate dog can ~~not~~ understand why he should not occupy the same room with his master. However, after sulking for a few hours he became reconciled to my cranky notion that I preferred to have a separate room.

After Mr. Herera was disposed of I began drafting a report to the Institute on Abyssinia in the quiet of my room. In the afternoon I enjoyed the luxury of a siesta. Had tea with Mr. McClellan and enjoyed his account of experiences in the Sudan. Again, just before sundown the three of us walked to the end of the pier for a little coolness. There was one lone freighter in the harbor. We saw several schools of fish in the clear green water and several native canoes made of hollowed out logs near by; also some crabs in the stons at the side of the pier. We watched some birds that hovered over the water and then suddenly dive straight ~~an~~ down into the water and emerge with a fish in their bills. A light breeze was refreshing after a sweltering day. On our return to the hotel we indulged in a vermouth. Mr. McClellan left us to take supper with the British Consul. Mr. Herera and I were joined by Sr. Sanchez. He was elated to think that his ship would arrive the next morning. He had had all sorts of trouble with the female slave

(1928, April, Djibuti)

E--3268

he was chaperoning to Paris. From Addis Ab^aba he had traveled first class and she third class. At every stop it was necessary for him to go back and see if she was still on the train and intact. On arrival at Djibuti he had placed her in the custody of the Abyssinian Consul. Then came negotiations with the steamship company for her passage, which was paid by the Abyssinian government; but because she was a slave she could not be given a first or a second class cabin, and because she was a young female without escort she could not go third class. Therefore it was necessary that she travel fourth class, which meant going as a deck passenger. This last decision ~~was~~ held until the day before the ship was to arrive and depart because it appeared that a regiment of about 150/soldiers ^{French} from Madagascar were on board and would occupy the decks. The officials of the steamship company agreed with Sr. Sanchez that while the slave girl might survive a third class passage with all its dangers to her integrity she could not be expected to survive the amorous attentions of 150 French soldiers as an unprotected female on deck. It was decided that she should be booked as a male passenger third class.

Tuesday, 1 May, Djibuti; HOT. After breakfast I went for a shopping walk through the business section. Did some typewriting. At luncheon we had a number of strangers from the ship in the harbor. They drank a good deal and became hilarious. Had a nap in the afternoon. The electric fan was going again and I was fairly comfortable. Both Herera and McClelland complained about the heat and I teased them about it because Herera was born and raised in Egypt and McClelland had spent a year in the Soudan. I did not tell them that Washington, D.C., my home town, was hotter at times than

(1928, May, Djibuti)

E--3269

the Sahara.

~~(Secretary General, 1 May, Djibuti, yellow folder. *out*~~

(Wife, ~~same.~~

(1928, May, Djibuti)

E--3270

Wednesday, 2 May, Djibuti; clear and hot as usual, but with a threatening thunder storm at sundown. Spent the day revising letters and reports and reading. Had a short nap in the afternoon. Paid hotel bill. Just before sundown we walked out to the end of the pier and watched the fish and the birds. We watched the sun set over the mountains in the west, the reflection of the setting sun on the clouds and the sea, the lights of the city reflected in the harbor, and the lights of a small steamship just entering the harbor. A light shower sent us back to the hotel, where we had some lemonade and vermouth. Both Y young Herera and McClelland began to ^{con}trate their attention on the young wife of an employe of the steamship company. While I did not approve of the ethics of the game I enjoyed watching their manuevers and the young wife's response, which seemed to be encouraging. Both my companions complained constantly of the heat and I enjoyed teasing them about it. After supper we sat on the veranda and had a succession of drinks, which was pleasant and insured a good night's sleep.

Thursday, 3 May, Djibuti; clear and excessively hot as usual. Wrote some letters. Finished "Le Clef de la Vie" which is a good story. My companions growling about the heat and dullness. I seemed to feel the heat much less; in fact my enforced stay in Djibuti was fairly comfortable and gave me an opportunity to recover my strength. Our daily program was unvarying; breakfast, a short walk, some reading, luncheon, a nap, reading and dozing on the veranda, a walk to the end of the pier at sunset, walk back in the dark, some drinks, supper, more drinks, sit on the veranda, and to bed. This time we had some fun with Herera on the pier. I spied several large boxes labeled "Indigo," each box weighing several hundred pounds and I estimated that the shipment would weigh more than a

(1928, May, Djibuti)

E--3271

ton. Young Herera had been rather cocky because he had secured a few small orders for bluing since returning to Djibuti and just to tease him I called his attention to this great quantity of indigo and suggested that he would have to ^awake up and bestir himself if he wished to share in the business his competitors were getting. He was crestfallen and silent for a long time. The next day, however, he recovered his equanimity when he learned that the indigo we saw was purchased for another purpose than for use as bluing.

(Hobson, 3 May, Djibuti, yellow folder.

(Longobardi, same *omit*

Funds were running low and letters regarding travel allotments were written to the Secretary General and to my Assistant, Mr. Longobardi, at the Institute, and to Mr. Tenny at the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Following is an extract from the letter to Mr. Tenny:

x x x x

"I am hoping therefore that the Department will issue a new letter of authorization on July 1 in my favor for at least \$1,000.

"I am writing to the Institute, recommending that they ask the International Education Board to make next year's travel allowance of \$2,500 available in July or August of this year, on the ground that it is important that I visit as many countries as possible this year while there is yet time for the proper officials to prepare for a census of the crop production of 1929. It will be decidedly detrimental

if I have to stop traveling the last half of this year for lack of funds that are not available ^{until} ~~for~~ six months too late to be used to advantage. In fact, I can see no advantage whatever in performing any travel beyond the first few months of 1929, because officials of various countries would not have time to arrange for a census at that late date.

x x x x

"I am feeling much better, although the trip to Addis Ababa (3 days each way through desert dust and heat) was a hard one. The unforeseen delays and the lack of information in this part of the world regarding steamers and their sailing dates is maddening. I have not the remotest idea of how I am to reach South Africa from Madagascar but I shall hop the first steamer or train to leave in the direction I want to go.

x x x x

(1928, Djibuti)

E--3272

Friday, 4 May, Djibuti; clear and hot. Sat up late last night reading "A Gentleman of Leisure" and then slept through until noon. Reading "Une heure avec" celebrated authors. Had a nap in the afternoon and at the usual hour went with my companions to the end of the pier. A nice breeze was blowing. There were two ships in the harbor, one the Tuna plying between Aden and Djibuti, and the other a French steamer bound for Colombo. The water was swarming with fish and the air was full of white birds with black caps and long bills that fluttered and hovered about in the air and from time to time would drop like plummets into the water and come up with a minnow or small fish which they ate on the wing. The sunset over the mountains was a glorious one. The mountains were pink and blue like pearl and semi-transparent. The clouds were first yellow, then golden, changing to deep red. We walked back slowly facing the breeze. *P*At the hotel we sat at a little table on the lower gallery and had a glass of beer. Both Herera and McClellan were becoming petulant over the heat, the enforced idleness, and the uncertainty as to when they could move on. After waiting eight days they were still in the dark as to when they could leave. Both were big husky young men and I could readily understand their impatience and bad humor, but at time I felt their constant society something of a trial *and* my only relief was to tease them about their susceptibility to heat and their lack of imagination which made life in this unique East African town dull to them. During their entire stay in Djibuti neither attempted to read a book of any kind, although they would listen with interest to any story I might repeat to them. Throughout the six days journey from Djibuti to Addis Ab^aba and back young Herera scarcely looked out of the window and professed not to have seen anything of the country or its wild life and vegetation. There were, of course, no places of amusement

(1928, May, Djibuti)

E--3272

in this desert primitive town, nor any newspapers, and very few Europeans. The Greek dancing girls had departed and the only attractive female in the little barn-like hotel was the wife of an employe of the local steamship office. No doubt life ~~was~~ dull for her ^{two}. Mr. McClellan courted her assiduously during the day while her husband was away at his work, with some show of interest and encouragement on her part, but with irritating repulses when he went beyond a certain limit she seemed to have set for accepting his advances. I liked ~~them~~ ^{the young men} both and enjoyed watching their reactions and changing moods, but because they were with me so constantly during my waking hours and did not hesitate to enter my room unannounced at all hours I felt that it would be a real relief when we separated.

Saturday, 5 May, Djibuti; a dazzling bright hot day. After luncheon a native negro called and tried to sell me a box of cigars, but his prices were two high and I sent him away. Later I bought a box of fifty at a general store of the same quality but cheaper. When we returned from our evening walk to the pier I discovered that more than twenty of the cigars had disappeared. After dark the little town was both dark and silent. Except for the hotel we might as well have been out in the desert.

Sunday, 6 May, Djibuti; a still hot day. Spent the forenoon reading. Mr. McClellan had the misfortune to break his dental plate and was in a quandary. However, both he and Mr. Herera were jubilant over a rumor that a ship would call on Wednesday. I slept most of the afternoon. Mr. McClellan dined with the British Consul. Only Herera and I walked to the end of the pier. After supper the hotel manager advised me that my ship was expected to arrive the following morning.

(Mother, 6 May, Djibuti, yellow folder.

(1928, May, Djibuti)

E--3273

Monday, 7 May, Djibuti; clear bright day. Up early and learned that the S.S. Voyonⁿ was in the harbor and that I could go aboard in the early afternoon. I hastily packed up my luggage and then visited the few general stores for a supply of cigars and French novels (the only books available). I had considerable difficulty in changing my Somaliland francs and Abyssinian thalers for French francs and in finding some Madagascar money, the one bank in Djibuti saying they were entirely out of the different kinds of money, so that I had to resort to a local native money changer, whose gave me some French francs, good on the ship, for my Abyssinian thalers, at a liberal discount, of course.

Our group had its last luncheon together. My companions seemed greatly depressed. I had expected to say farewell to them when I entered the automobile that was to take me and my baggage to the pier, but both got in with me in spite of the crowding and heat. Then I thought good by could be said when I entered the boat that was to take me out to the ship, but again they accompanied me. The "General ~~Feyon~~xxxxVoyon" was a small French liner and was badly crowded with passengers. I was shown to a tiny cabin below which was already occupied by a fellow passenger. When my baggage was brought in there was not standing room for the three of us, so I led my companions to the upper deck. It was too hot to stay in the open so we went to a small lounge where the three of us sat in a row on a sofa. It was a gloomy place. The ship was originally German and had been ^{taken over} ~~redecoration~~ by the French as part of the spoils of war. The walls of this little lounge had a series of panels, probably with oil paintings in them originally, but in these panel recesses had been inserted slabs of bluish gray marble. The panels were shaped exactly like tombstones and gave the room a funereal aspect.

(1928, May, Djibuti)

E--3274

Tiring of this and waiting for my friends to go I invited them into the smoking room and we had a bottle of beer each. At last the hour of sailing came and my friends had to leave, which they seemed reluctant to do. The moment they left the gangplank I went to my cabin to arrange the baggage and then returned to the deck. for a last look at Djibuti, the desert, and the mountains back of it.

I sought out the deck steward and arranged for a deck chair, but had difficulty in finding space for it. The deck was small and crowded with men, women, and children. There was one family of which the husband was black, the wife white, and their three children brown; another family with a white husband, a negro wife, and several mulatto children. The whites were French and the negroes natives of Madagascar. The children were attractive except for their noise and occasional tantrums. It seemed good to be on the water again, to leave the hot dusty desert behind, and to enjoy a cool breeze and hear the sound of swishing water.

Tuesday, 8 May, Djibuti to Madagascar; a clear bright day, blue ^Ksky and sea, with a stiff breeze. It was a delightful contrast to Djibuti. Also the food was excellent. I saw my fellow passenger for the first time in the morning. He was a big young man with a stiff bristly mustache, and taciturn manners. I spent the day very pleasantly reading and sleeping. In the evening an entertainment was given in the lounge by a small opera troupe on their way to Madagascar and Mauritius. Among the performers were several good singers.

Wednesday, 9 May, to Madagascar; another bright day with a strong breeze from the south. For several hours in the morning we

(1928, May, to Madagascar)

E--3275

were passing Cape Guardafui which presented a mountainous coast with many capes and bays and deep blue water at the base of high cliffs and mountain slopes. The land was, of course, barren, but showed many soft colors of yellow, pink, white, and brown. The coast seemed to be entirely uninhabited. About half way up a great cliff one could see an arched entrance to a great cave. One of the cliffs ^{had} the form of a great staircase with giant steps, each being a sandstone cliff projecting out beyond the one above it.

Shortly after breakfast I counted seven small children between the ages of four and six romping about and making much noise and disturbing the adult passengers. Several schools of porpoises were seen disporting themselves in the sea, as well as several flocks of water fowl. In the late afternoon I ^{saw} a school of flying fish and some sea fowl trying to catch them. It developed that something was wrong with the steering gear of the ship so that she was making a zigzag course.

Thursday, 10 May, to Madagascar; beautiful day with a gentle breeze and a glassy sea. Many flying fish and porpoises to be seen. Reading some French novels. A young man at the breakfast table said that when he was serving as an officer in India & he gave one of his men some rhubarb. The man returned the next morning saying it was magnificent medicine and he asked for some more for his wife. The second morning he returned asking for more of the wonderful medicine. The officer asked him how he liked it and whether it worked as expected. The man replied that it was a marvelous medicine; that his wife died during the night, and now he wanted a good big dose for her mother. He said also that in Africa he had met with good success in treating negroes for ~~malaria~~ intestinal disorders and parasites by giving them a dose of "cattle

(1928, May, to Madagascar)

E--~~3272~~x 3276

dip" used to rid beasts of ticks. Today the crew were at work on the steering gear. About 3 p.m. the ship blew off steam with a great noise for some minutes and drifted about aimlessly. In the course of an hour she got under way again. I was not feeling as well as usual and slept most of the day.

Friday, 11 May, to Madagascar; cloudy, rain squalls, wind and waves, and much cooler. Read "L'anneau d'amethyst" by Anatole France, a strange but good story. The sunset was beautiful. Because of the motion of the ship many of the passengers were not visible. I rarely ~~saw~~ saw my fellow cabin passenger.

Saturday, 12 May, to Madagascar; cloudy and rain squalls. I had to close the porthole during the night to keep the spray out. There was a heavy sea all day and only a few passengers were up and about. Read Anatole France's "Le Mannequin d'Osier" that I obtained from the ship's library. The steward in charge of the library will let out only one book at a time so that I was limited to one book a day, which was very annoying. There was a glorious ~~sunset~~ sunset with a blue sky and great masses of clouds flushed with pink and red. After going to bed I could not sleep. My legs seemed to be all tickles and twitches, so I got up and paced the deck until after midnight. When I returned I fell asleep at once.

Sunday, 13 May, to Madagascar; fair with heavy sea and a cool breeze. Read "Les Aventures du Roy Pansole" by P. Lays. Had drinks with two young Englishmen in the smoking room. They were discussing in a jocular manner the fact that they had run short of money and were speculating with a tinge of interest how they were to settle the bill they had run up on the ship, get from the wharf to the hotel, and secure accommodations without any money on arriving at Mombassa the following day.

(1928, May, to Madagascar)

E--3277

In the afternoon a lottery was held for bottles of champagne, perfumery, toilet articles, and the like. I took a chance, but as usual won nothing. In the evening a concert was held in the lounge, but it was so crowded I preferred to stay in the smoking room and read. The stars shown with unusual brilliancy at night. I asked the purser to try to arrange to get me a separate cabin at Mombassa, but he could give me no encouragement.

Monday, 14 May, Mombassa; a beautiful day with pleasant temperature. When I awoke at 6 a.m. the ship was cruising in the open sea. While dressing it entered the harbor of Mombassa, which seemed to be an inlet back of an island. The channel is not more than half a mile wide. The coast was flat and covered with coconut palms. The green foliage and vegetation looked refreshing in comparison with the desert countries farther to the north. The buildings along the shore seemed to be neat, were painted white, and had red roofs. I was told that what we saw was the port town, the real Mombassa being on the other side of the island. Mombassa is the principal port of Kenya and from it runs a railway to Nairobi, the capital. Some of the British passengers left the ship. The ship discharged a considerable cargo of candy, milk, and automobile tires.

I slept most of the day, after putting on my raincoat to keep warm. After a quiet evening I retired.

Tuesday, 15 May, Zanzibar; raining heavily and hot. We drew into the quiet harbor of Zanzibar in the early morning. It is an island that produces about three-fourths of the world's supply of cloves and other spices. It was formerly a part of German East Africa but was then administered by Great Britain under a mandate of the League of Nations. A British cruiser was anchored in the harbor. Our ship anchored some distance out. Because of the frequent tropical downpours I did not attempt to go ashore. Near the water front were

(1928, May, Zanzibar)

E--3278

a number of three and four story brick buildings painted white. The island stretches away back of the town and was covered with coconut palms and other trees and the whole aspect was one of luxurious green. A number of native vendors came aboard with carved ivory, jewelry, amber, cigaret holders, and other curious articles. I bought an ebony cane with an ivory knob for thirty ~~fr~~ francs. Because the passengers could not go ashore the vendors did a thriving business. Spicy odors were wafted in the breeze from the island.

I had formed the acquaintance of a middle aged British gentleman named Mainer who came aboard the day before at Mombassa. He said that he was assigned to serve as secretary to ex-President Roosevelt for a period of six months while in Africa and regarded him with the greatest admiration. He was also enthusiastic about the possibilities for development in Kenya, especially in agriculture and mining. He thought that within three years the colony would be selfsupporting. He said that the higher mountains are covered with snow the year around.

Our ship left Zanzibar at 11 a.m. and arrived at Dar-es-Salem at 2 p.m. The ship anchored a mile from the shore, which was attractive with palm groves and green vegetation. Only a few buildings were visible among the palms. We remained at anchor only a few hours. While at anchor I and my baggage were transferred to a separate cabin on the upper deck. I was much pleased at the prospect of sleeping alone. Mr. Mainer becoming a ~~rather~~ constant companion, but I rather enjoyed his society because he was clearly a gentleman of wide ~~EXPERIENC~~ and varied experience and he talked interestingly.

Wednesday, 16 May, to ^aMadagascar; a beautiful clear day with strong wind and racing whitecaps. My thermometer ranged from 80 to 86 degrees. Reading and writing.

(Wife, 16 May, yellow folder)

a number of three and four story brick buildings painted white. The island stretches away back of the town and was covered with coconut palms and other trees and the whole aspect was one of luxuriant green. A number of native vendors came aboard with carved ivory, jewelry, amber, silver holders, and other curious articles. I bought an ebony cane with an ivory knob for thirty francs. Because the passengers could not go ashore the vendors did a thriving business. They were waiting in the breeze from the island.

I had formed the acquaintance of a middle aged British gentleman named Mainer who came aboard the day before at Noumea. He said that he was assigned to serve as secretary to ex-President Roosevelt for a period of six months while in Africa and regarded him with the greatest admiration. He was also enthusiastic about the possibilities for development in Kenya, especially in agriculture and mining. He thought that within three years the colony would be self-supporting. He said that the higher mountains are covered with snow the year around.

Our ship left Noumea at 11 a.m. and arrived at Dar-es-Salaam at 2 p.m. The ship anchored a mile from the shore, which was attractive with palm groves and green vegetation. Only a few buildings were visible among the palms. We remained at anchor only a few hours while at anchor I and my baggage were transferred to a separate cabin on the upper deck. I was much pleased at the prospect of sleeping alone. Mr. Mainer becoming a rather constant companion but I rather enjoyed his society because he was clearly a gentleman of wide experience and varied experience and he talked interestingly. Wednesday, 16 May, to Mbaraka; a beautiful clear day with strong wind and rising whitecaps. My thermometer ranged from 80 to 86 degrees. Reading and writing. (Mbaraka, 16 May, Yellow River)

(1928, May, to Madagascar)

E--3279

Thursday, 17 May, to Madagascar; clear, strong wind, high sea. At 7 a.m. the ship anchored in the open roadstead before the island of Grand Comore, half way between Dar-es-Salem and Madagascar. The town was a small one at the foot of a high volcano from which clouds of white vapor were blown away by the wind. The slopes of the volcano were covered with ~~pumice~~ palms and other green trees. About half way up the mountain several old vents are visible. To the west are several smaller mountains with their tops blown off. There is no real harbor, simply a slight bend in the shore line. Two or three passengers came off in small boats, ^{and} several dug-out canoes with catamarans, but the sea was too rough for them to venture close to the ship. We left the Grand Comore at noon.

Reading "L'Anthide" by P. Benoit, a romance. Slept most of the afternoon. Then had a drink with Mr. Mainer. He said he had visited practically every town in Africa, that he owned thirty thousand acres of land, including a mountain of graphite in which he was especially interested. He said he was paid 32,000 pounds sterling for an invention to stop air raids during the war, and another payment of 7,500 pounds for a mica mine which the government took possession of. He described the air raid device as a large steel net work suspended high up in the air from balloons, which was practically invisible but through which the enemy aircraft could not penetrate. However, he did not say what he had done with the money, and his somewhat shabby clothing made me wonder. At night the wind and waves became violent.

Friday, 18 May, to Madagascar; a clear^a, bright day, with rippling sea and a good breeze. About 10 a.m. we came in sight of low lands to the east. At noon we anchored in front of the town of Majung on

(1928, May, Madagascar)

E--3280

the west coast of Madagascar. The land is low, with much red clay, and covered with palms. A large river that enters the bay carries sediment that colors the sea red and pink for a considerable distance from shore. The town is built along the ~~shore~~ beach and was about a mile from our anchorage. Mr. Mainer said that most of the raffia used in the world comes from this port. It is obtained from the bark of a species of palm. It was so hot I did not go ~~sh~~ ashore, but spent the time reading a book by Anatole France. A large party of people from the town visited the ship and had a hilarious time in the lounge and the smoking room.

Saturday, 19 May, Majung; clear and very hot; 96 degrees in my cabin. Considerable freight was transferred to barges. The country visible from the ship was low and covered with palms. The river and bay were red and when the sun shone on it the red turned to a deep pink. In the early morning a school of large porpoises were cavorting about the ship. Because of the heat I did not go ashore, but spent the day reading French novels. The ship got under way at 5 p.m. The reddish water in the harbor and for some distance out to sea showed wonderful shades of color in the light of the setting sun. *PP* Sat with Mr. Mainer in the evening. His admiration for Colonel Roosevelt was unbounded. He thought ^t Roosevelt was the greatest man of the century. He ~~said~~ ^{asked} that the Colonel ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~a~~ ^{as} pious and said his prayers every morning. As Roosevelt's secretary he opened and helped answer his mail and that in all his experience he had never heard of such letters as Roosevelt wrote to his family and friends; that in his will he left bequests to those who helped him in his African tour; That he charged expenses against the Carn~~y~~egie fund only when they pertained to the legitimate part of the scientific expedition; that on one occasion he ran out of money and cabled Carn~~y~~egie, who cabl~~ed~~ back an open credit without limit; that when Roosevelt cabled

(1928, May, Madagascar;

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the British Geographical Society concerning his discovery of the River of Doubt in Brazil it was at once announced as an accomplished feat; that Roosevelt had high respect and great admiration for the African Europeans; that all the men of Africa, black as well as white, recognized his leadership and his greatness; that from time to time Roosevelt was called upon to identify the scientific classification of animals and specimens that were brought in and throughout was the recognized scientific authority of the party; that in his opinion Roosevelt was the purest, noblest, greatest man produced by the Nordic race for all time. ^m ~~P~~ Mr. Mainer said that the prima donna with the theatrical troupe that was traveling second class had invited him to spend the night with her in her cabin, but that he had religiously refrained from embarrassing relations with women other than his wife, and that he had had many opportunities which he did not take advantage of, partly because of the influence and example of Roosevelt. The prima donna referred to was a buxom Italian lady of robust but attractive appearance and had a magnificent voice. There was a wonderful sunset which filled the whole western sky with flaming red. that lasted nearly an hour. After the sunset there was a new moon, which appeared as a small silver crescent in the sky and opposite to it was a brilliant evening star.

Sunday, 20 May, Madagascar; another clear, bright, hot day. Had a good night's sleep, a salt water bath, and breakfast on deck with Mr. Mainer at 9.30 a.m. The ship was proceeding northward along the mountainous west coast of Madagascar and heading toward it at an angle. In fact we were heading toward a little port said to be the center of a sugar industry. The coast was very attractive, the mountains were high and partly covered with vegetation, and in the bay we were approaching were many fishing boats. At 9.45 a.m. the ship

(1928, May, Madagascar)

E--2282

anchored in the bay before the small town of Nosi Be. The entire population seemed to be standing on the pier to see the ship enter the harbor. Several small boats put off immediately. In the harbor were a number of small sailing boats or Dhows with red sails and floating a red flag, ^{ai}~~sd~~ to be the flag of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The surrounding country was beautiful, low broken mountains and hills of volcanic origin, showing many cones with their tops blown off and beautiful velvety red soil, and all covered with luxuriant vegetation, giant ferns, palms and trees draped with vines. On the other side of the harbor and out to sea^a there appeared to be many islands and ~~P~~eninsulas, and far to the east were several blue mountain ranges. The harbor was landlocked and appeared to be about three miles in diameter. The bay was smooth with scarcely a ripple, white cumulus clouds above, and an azure sky reflected in the sea. Soon after anchoring several barges came out and began unloading sugar and to take on merchandize. Also a fleet of dug-out canoes with a catamaran device to keep them from tipping over came out. These were the narrowest and neatest canoes made of logs I have ever seen. The harbor was full of fish. The water was as clear as crystal and rays of sunlight penetrated to a considerable depth. The canoes seemed almost to be floating in the air, so clear was the water on which they rested.

Monday, 21 May, Diego de Suarez; clear, bright and hot, with a morning sky covered with a ~~fine~~ ^onetwork of fine white clouds that were very pretty. We entered the harbor of Diego de Suarez about daylight. It is several miles in diameter, fairly deep, and is surrounded by sandstone cliffs some of which were quite picturesque. The town is on high ground above the harbor. Three other ships were in the harbor. Because of the heat and my lack of energy I did not go ashore.

(1928, May, Diego de Suarez)

E--3283

Mr. Mainer said that last evening the Italian prima donna came into his cabin to inquire about the whereabouts of a friend and remained to visit with him. Again this afternoon she visited him in his cabin and asked him to accompany her to the opera house in the town where her company was to give a concert. For several days the company had been rehearsing for this concert.

Tuesday, 22 May, Diego de Suarez; clear and hot. In the early morning the ship was taking on coal from four scows alongside. The coal was carried in baskets up the ship's ladder by negroes who were unusually fine physical specimens. This continued all day until the ship weighed anchor at 5.45 p.m. I spent the day reading and sleeping. I did not see much of Mr. Mainer until evening. I had reason to believe that the prima donna spent the night with him at a hotel in town after the concert was over. I was glad to see the open sea again.

Wednesday, 23 May, to Tamatave; clear, bright, and pleasant, blue sky and sea, and a nice breeze. It was a lovely day. For several days the food was of poor quality. I learned that the waiter at our table was a former Russian business man who had to leave on account of the revolution. At our table during the voyage was an old man of large size who ^{ai} said he was born in the island of Mauritius, that he was 89 years old, that he had gone on a visit to Paris in 1914 and the breaking out of the war prevented him from returning, and that the previous spring as he was preparing to leave for Mauritius he was knocked down on the street by an automobile and his legs were broken so that he was confined in a hospital for many months. He was an enormous eater and day after day I and other passengers watched him with astonishment and fascination as he consumed as much as four or five passengers with normal appetites and capacities.

(1928, May, Madagascar)

E--3284

From time to time I tried to draw him into conversation, but he was pessimistic and taciturn. On one occasion I expostulated with him on his pessimism and remarked that he seemed to be in hearty good health and enjoyed his food, and I expressed the wish that if I should live as long as he had I might continue to enjoy my meals as he did. He replied, "That is my principal trouble; I have no appetite; nothing tastes good, and I cannot eat." He seemed at an utter loss to understand why every one at our table laughed. A British officer near me ejaculated, "My God, how much would he eat if he had an appetite and things tasted good." During the voyage the old gentleman handed me a prospectus of a new company for raising sugar cane on the island of Mauritius, which gave a glowing account of the profits that might be expected. I could not help but wonder if capital would be attracted to such an enterprise at a time when sugar planters in all other countries were complaining of overproduction and ruinously low prices. It was Mr. Mainer who said that Mark Twain was not popular in Mauritius. I asked why. He said it was because Mark Twain in an interview said that the finest view of Mauritius was from the stern of a departing steamer.

Thursday, 24 May, Madagascar; raining night and morning, and cooler. The ship entered the harbor of Tamatave about 9 a.m. proceeding slowly because of a fog and anchoring some distance out because of an enormous swell. At 9.30 porters came out in launches and swarmed all over the ship, making it difficult to get about the narrow quarters. I engaged passage on a launch for myself and baggage and we proceeded about a mile over a heaving ~~sea~~ swell that tossed the launch about like a cork. At the pier the baggage was transferred to a little cart pulled and pushed by two men to the shanty customhouse. There was no examination of baggage and but few questions asked. I was provoked that Mr. Mainer who was with

(1928, May, Tamatave)

E_3285

me and who knew that I had a revolver in my suitcase, should speak up and suggest in the presence of the customs officer that I should not neglect to declare my revolver. The customs officer seemed to be as much annoyed as I was. I said of course I had a revolver but would not think of declaring it unless the customs officer was interested or unless I had to fill out a written declaration in which there was a blank space provided for an answer. I unlocked my suitcase and turned the revolver over to the officer who took it disdainfully and chucked it into a drawer of his desk.

Our baggage was sent to the hotel in a cart. We drove in an old rickety Ford to the Hotel Geanes on the outskirts of town about a mile and a half from the customhouse. After engaging rooms we drove back to a bank we had seen on the main street, only to find it closed. We next drove to the railway office and found it closed. I asked the driver to take us to a tobacco shop and he said there was none but that I could obtain cigars at the hotel. At the hotel I found that I was assigned to a small bare room in the rear overlooking the back yard which was strewn with garbage and debris of various kinds, with a board fence and a grove of coconut palms beyond. Mr. Mainer and I had a vermouth and a poor luncheon together.

The afternoon was very hot and there was a succession of tropical downpours. I slept until 5 p.m. and read until 7 p.m., and then went down to the dining room where, I found instead of tables set for supper, music and dancing. Upon inquiry I was told that supper would be served at 8 o'clock. So I continued my reading another hour. In the dining room I found Mr. Mainer and the prima donna. We had a nice supper together with champagne. The prima donna was in great good humor and very affectionate with Mr.

(1928, May, Tamatave)

E--3286

Mainer. At 10 p.m. he accompanied her back to the ship and I retired for the night.

The hotel was a two story brick structure with balcony on all sides and rows of small rooms opening on to the balcony. It faced the beach and was surrounded by loose sand and a few broken coconut palms. At all hours the heavy pounding and booming of the surf on the beach could be heard.

Friday, 25 May, ^aTamatave; clear and hot. Breakfast consisted of stale bread and black coffee. I walked out and sat on the beach for half an hour, watching the heavy surf roll up in successive surges and break with a resounding roar on the beach of smooth sand. Broken and prostrate coconut palms of large size and demolished houses along the beach showed the effects of a terrific hurricane that visited Tamatave in the spring of 1928.

At 8.30 I was joined by Mr. Mainer and together we went to the bank for some Madagascar francs. I inquired at the bank where I could have my flashlight recharged and was directed to a bicycle shop. At a small shop run by a Chinaman I found some cheap cigars, a book, and some postcards. I accompanied Mr. Mainer to a graphite warehouse. The graphite was in the form of a black, shiny powder and was contained in bags of 80 kilos, or about 175 pounds. The one firm we visited received a consignment of 150 tons every two days, valued at about \$100 per ton. Mr. Mainer was very cautious about the questions he asked about graphite lest it become known that he was himself interested in graphite and he would be unable to obtain the information he sought. Next we called on the British Consul, there being no American Consul at this port. From the Consul I learned that a British ship, the "Tinhov", would touch at Tamatave on June 1 en route to Durban.

(1928, May, Tamatave)

E--3287

On returning to the hotel we had a vermouth and then went into the dining room for luncheon. There we were joined by two young women from the opera troupe. The prima donna had not come ashore. These two young women were loud in their complaints about the treatment accorded to them. When they were engaged at Paris for this colonial tour they were promised wages and first class accommodations. After leaving Marsailles they had received neither. At Marsailles the entire troupe except the director had been booked second class, overcrowded in little cabins, poorly fed; the second class bath room was used by second class mothers to wash their children's clothing; and every woman in the troupe had been solicited, pursued, and tormented by the ship's stewards; so that they were all very indignant. We sat at the table discussing the vicissitudes of theatrical life until 2 p.m.

I made up a package of books and addressed some postcards for mailing home. At 4 p.m. Mr. Mainer and I took our baggage to the railway station, bought tickets, and checked the baggage through to Tananarivo. Then I went to the customhouse to see about my revolver and was told that if I wished to take it with me I would have to get a special license from the chief of police, but the hour was late and I decided to leave it. Mr. Mainer went out to the ship to bid the prima donna good by. He invited me to go along, but I declined. Incidentally he said he knew the old negro servant of Livingston and that Livingston was ^{as} not the hero he was represented to have been. In other words, he said that Livingston was something of a showman and a good publicity man and knew how to get a lot of free advertising. At the hotel I settled my bill and retired at 10 p.m.

Saturday, 26 May, to Tananarivo; raining early morning. I was

On returning to the hotel we had a vermouth and then went into the dining room for luncheon. There we were joined by two young women from the opera troupe. The prima donna had not come ashore. These two young women were loud in their complaints about the treatment accorded to them. When they were engaged at Paris for this colonial tour they were promised wages and first class accommodations. After leaving Marseilles they had received neither. At Marseilles the entire troupe except the director had been booked second class, overcrowded in little cabins, poorly fed; the second class bath room was used by second class mothers to wash their children's clothing; and every woman in the troupe had been solicited, pursued, and tormented by the ship's stewards; so that they were all very indignant. We sat at the table discussing the vicissitudes of theatrical life until 2 p.m.

I made up a package of books and addressed some postcards for mailing home. At 4 p.m. Mr. Mainer and I took our baggage to the railway station, bought tickets, and checked the baggage through to Tananarivo. Then I went to the customs to see about my revolver and was told that if I wished to take it with me I would have to get a special license from the chief of police, but the hour was late and I decided to leave it. Mr. Mainer went out to the ship to bid the prima donna good by. He invited me to go along, but I declined. Incidentally he said he knew the old negro servant of Livingston and that Livingston was not the hero he was represented to have been. In other words, he said that Livingston was something of a swindler and a good publicity man and knew how to get a lot of free advertising. At the hotel I settled my bill and retired at 10 p.m.

Saturday, 16 May, to Tananarivo; returned early morning. I was

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3288

awakened at 4 a.m., had a cup of coffee, and with Mr. Mainer took a riksha to the railway station and got a seat in a crowded compartment. ~~X~~ The train left at 5.15 a.m.

For half an hour or more the road lay over a sandbar with the ocean on one side with heavy surf pounding on the beach, and on the other a placid, mirror-like lagoon, back of which was a heavy growth of bamboo and other trees that obstructed the view. Then out into sand hills covered with wiry bunch grass. Along the railway were some fine eucalyptus trees and casuarana trees. In the sand hill region ~~cux~~^{tt}ings through banks showed strata of pink, red, and yellow soil. We crossed a river on which were many dugout canoes filled with tangerines and other fruits and vegetables, and on the other side the train made a short stop at a town. Here we bought tangerines ten for a franc, or about four cents. Then for half an ~~hour~~ hour we followed the river through plantations of sugar cane, coffee, manioc, and maize in tassel, the cane sending up suckers, until we came to Bourdonnais at 8.35 a.m. Then for many hours we followed a little river up into and between mountains which were steep and covered with vines.

At 1 p.m. the train stopped at a small station and the passengers rushed into a long wooden structure where luncheon was served. There was much haste and confusion and difficulty in getting waited upon, every one reaching and grabbing for what he wanted and gulping it down as if his life depended upon it, quite as bad as anything to be seen at a twenty minute stop in the United States many years ago. Fortunately I grabbed a bottle of wine from one waiter and a loaf of bread from another and did not bother with anything else. At this point Mr. ~~M~~Mainer telephoned to a hotel in Tananarivo for room reservations. During the afternoon we traversed

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3289

a section planted to eucalyptus trees. Then followed several hours of travel through an open rolling country covered with sedge grass, wholly uninhabited and with mountains visible in the distance. Later we ran into a section of low mountains. The ~~soil~~ soil was generally red or yellow, with very few rocks and no sign of stratification. The mountains in the distance were rounded and looked like great sand dunes. The sun set at 5 p.m. and the temperature dropped quickly. Everybody on the train looked tired.

Every seat was occupied and there was no room to walk about.

In the seat opposite that occupied by Mr. Mainer and I was a young couple with a poodle dog. All day long that dog leaked on the floor. The capacity of the dog was remarkable and out of all proportion to his size.

We reached Tananarivo at 7.45 p.m. It was very dark and cold. At the station was a large crowd of old and young to welcome uproarously one of the most sedate and dignified of the passengers who had kept much to himself on the voyage. Here we learned that our fellow passenger was a physician and president of the local university. We secured a porter and learned that our baggage could not be delivered until the following day. We took rickshas and were transported through dark streets and up a steep hill for about a mile to the Hotel Fumerole. The hotel itself was full and we were ~~sent~~ sent to so-called annexes, which were dwelling houses on side streets two or three blocks from the hotel. We were both tired, disappointed and disgusted, especially after walking such a distance from the hotel to have our porter turn into a three-foot alley. Half way down the alley we turned into a dilapidated frame building and Mr. Mainer was shown into a bare room with nothing in it except a bed, a chair, and one electric light bulb. I was conducted half a square

a section planted to eucalyptus trees. Then followed several hours of travel through an open rolling country covered with sedge grass, wholly unimproved and with mountains visible in the distance. Later we ran into a section of low mountains. The terrain was generally red or yellow, with very few rocks and no sign of stratification. The mountains in the distance were rounded and looked like great sand dunes. The sun set at 5 p.m. and the temperature dropped quickly. Everybody on the train looked tired. Every seat was occupied and there was no room to walk about. In the seat opposite that occupied by Mr. Hainer and I was a young couple with a poodle dog. All day long that dog looked on the floor. The capacity of the dog was remarkable and out of all proportion to his size.

We reached Tanagerivo at 7.45 p.m. It was very dark and cold. At the station was a large crowd of old and young to welcome us. Personally one of the most sedate and dignified of the passengers who had kept much to himself on the voyage. Here we learned that our fellow passenger was a physician and president of the local university. We secured a porter and learned that our baggage could not be delivered until the following day. We took rickshaws and were transported through dark streets and up a steep hill for about a mile to the Hotel Tanagerole. The hotel itself was full and we were assigned to so-called annexes, which were dwelling houses on side streets two or three blocks from the hotel. We were both tired, disappointed and disgusted, especially after walking such a distance from the hotel to have our porter turn into a three-foot alley. Half way down the alley we turned into a dilapidated frame building and Mr. Hainer was shown into a bare room with nothing in it except a bed, a chair, and one electric light bulb. I was conducted half a square

farther and shown into a similar room in a tumble-down house, but with windows opening towards a hillside. After getting the key to the room and noting carefully ~~xxx~~ the location of the building, I followed the ~~pr~~ porter back, picked up Mr. Mainer, and together we returned to the hotel for supper. We had to wait our turn to get seats at the table. At the table we relieved our minds somewhat by saying what we thought of the country, the people, and the hotel. Mr. Mainer said that the French were in some respects the most conservative and unprogressive people in the world. Here they had possession of an island larger than France with many natural resources, but because they were so extremely conservative they would not go ahead and develop and exploit these resources, nor would they permit business men and capital from other countries to have access to the country. They were like dogs in the manger.

After supper and in the cheerful brights lights and hubbub of a crowded dining room with a bottle of wine each, and having exhausted our spleen, we felt in better humor. While in this good humor we approached the hotel clerk and expressed our profound astonishment that two such distinguished visitors as ourselves had been placed in ~~an~~ outlying wrecks of buildings without accommodations, and that we expected to describe these buildings in detail to the Governor General when we called on him the following Monday, ~~unless~~ unless in the meantime the hotel management could find it convenient to transfer us to decent rooms, ~~and~~ first class rooms, the best the hotel afforded, rooms suitable to our rank and station in life and government. Mr. Mainer described me as the personal representative of the President of the United States and Ambassador of the president of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, on an important mission to the Governor General of Madagascar, and as one having met kings and emperors and having been entertained by the

Further and shown into a single room in a tumble-down house, but with windows opening towards a hillside. After getting the key to the room and noting carefully the location of the building, I followed the ex porter back, picked up Mr. Mainer, and together we returned to the hotel for supper. We had to wait our turn to get seats at the table. At the table we relieved our minds somewhat by saying what we thought of the country, the people, and the hotel. Mr. Mainer said that the French were in some respects the most conservative and unprogressive people in the world. Here they had possession of an island larger than France with many natural resources, but because they were so extremely conservative they would not go ahead and develop and exploit these resources nor would they permit business men and capital from other countries to have access to the country. They were like dogs in the manger. After supper and in the cheerful bright lights and humors of a crowded dining room with a bottle of wine each, and having exhausted our spleen, we felt in better humor. While in this good humor we approached the hotel clerk and expressed our profound astonishment that two such distinguished visitors as ourselves had been placed in an outlying wreck of a building without accommodations, and that we expected to describe these buildings in detail to the Governor General when we called on him the following Monday, unless in the meantime the hotel management could find it convenient to transfer us to decent rooms, and first class rooms, the best the hotel afforded, rooms suitable to our rank and station in life and government. Mr. Mainer described me as the personal representative of the President of the United States and Ambassador of the President of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, on an important mission to the Governor General of Madagascar, and as one having met kings and emperors and having been entertained by

highest officials of France and other countries of Europe. Not to be outdone I described my companion as a distinguished officer of the British army who had done wonders in Africa during the great ^awar, a man of scientific attainments and great wealth, a noted inventor, and a man of great importance to Madagascar. For all of which reasons it was simply incredible that such a serious error had been made in assigning us to quarters unfit even for a servant, and I felt sure that now that the error had been called to his attention it would not be necessary for us to remain in such quarters longer than one night or to call the attention of His Excellency the Governor General to the indignity placed upon us. The clerk seemed duly impressed and even ~~seemed~~ distressed and promised to have us transferred to the hotel at the earliest possible moment. Then after a whiskey and soda we wended our way in high good humor down the dark street, found the three foot alley, found the dilapidated structure in which Mr. Mainer had a room, and I continued on alone to my quarters. which seemed bare, cold, and forlorn when I turned on the one electric light bulb. Apparently the room had not been occupied for a long time because there was dust and cobwebs everywhere. However, there was a bed and after piling my clothing on top of it I crawled under the covers and soon fell asleep.

Sunday, 27 May, Tannanarivo; clear and bright following a cold night, with a morning temperature of 66 degreesm but as soon as the sun was up it rapidly got hot. I was awakened early by men talking in front of my window. I arose, dressed, and had a stiff drink of whiskey and a smoke. At 8 o'clock a servant brought in a cup of coffee.

At 9 a.m. Mr. Mainer called and we took rickshas and were ~~drive~~ taken across the city, a city of hills and bloom of poinsettias

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3291

and bougainvillea vines, and out a country road several miles to the Estacion Horticole, Sericole, et Ecole Pratique d'Agriculture de Mansiana. The city is built on high hills of red clay. We passed two cemeteries and an open air market in the country, and rows of red mud brick buildings with tiled roofs. Leaving the suburbs we rode over a fairly good road over rounded hills, mostly covered with sedge grass, but with an occasional small red brick house surrounded by eucalyptus trees. The grounds of the agricultural school were quite extensive, several hundred acres at least. There were a number of brick buildings, including laboratories. Around the administrative building was a considerable grove of cedars, pines, eucalyptus trees, and clumps of bamboo. Near the laboratories were large nursery flats full of coffee and eucalyptus plants. There were several plots of tobacco in bloom. We had walked about for several minutes when a group of boys approached and said the grounds and buildings were not open to visitors on Sundays, so we left shortly thereafter. We ^a saw several large tracts of mulberry trees. The ricksha boys had rather a hard struggle to pull and push us up the long steep hills in the blazing hot sun. In a park near the station we saw some wonderful masses of bougainvillea blossoms, clumps of giant draena with its greenish white cornucopia-like blossoms, some gorgeous poinsettias, and some unusually fine morning glories. It was nearly noon when we reached the hotel. We were more than pleased to find that we had been transferred from the outlying buildings to adjoining rooms on the second floor of the hotel, our baggage had been installed, and thenceforward we were treated with the utmost consideration. No doubt this was a result of our talk with the desk clerk the evening before.

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3292

Had a bath, changed clothing, and made up my laundry with request that it be done in two days at all hazards. The landscape about Tananarivo was quite attractive. It is a country of ~~open~~ open prairies and low rounded hills and ^amountains covered with sedge grass that gives them soft outlines and a greenish brown color. Most of the people seen on the streets were native blacks with a good sprinkling of mulattos. Some of the men were dressed in European clothes, but always wore wrapped about their shoulders a white sheet. Most of them were of small stature. Very few of them could speak French.

After a long nap I dressed in white ~~linen~~ and took a walk. I found a small shop where I bought a supply of cigars. From my window I saw a beautiful sunset over a broad valley with mountains along the horizon. I got out ~~some~~ ^{my} records from my trunk with the intention of doing some work, but the light was too poor. I went down stairs where an orchestra was playing and dancing was going on. Had supper with Mr. Mainer and we sat and talked until 10 o'clock. He described some of the land holdings of British lords and said that the Duke of Westminster was the richest man in the world. He seemed to be very familiar with London and many other British towns and talked very interestingly about them. I retired at 10.30.

Monday, 28 May, Tananarivo; clear; cold morning, 61 degrees; but hot during the day. For breakfast dry bread and coffee were served. While I was not especially hungry, such a breakfast was an insult. I learned that it was a holiday and all business establishments would be closed, which was another cause for disgust. I took a ~~small walk~~ short walk to a park overlooking the city and the low country surrounding it. There were very few people on the streets or in the park at that early hour. I noticed that the wo-

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E- 3293

men had flat noses, thin upper lip and thick lower lip, mostly brown complexions, ^{and were} ~~are~~ rather small in stature, and dainty looking.

I spent the rest of the forenoon typewriting. At a pause in my writing I looked out of the window and saw a procession passing the hotel. It was headed by three or four young men on bicycles decorated with colored paper; next a band consisting of one big drum and three or four violins; then two columns of black girls wearing white skirts, blue blouses, with their hair ironed out and frizzed ~~ed~~ in balloon fashion, but wearing no shoes or stockings. They waltzed ~~alo~~ along in a sort of cake walk. Following them were some young men and boys, some of them dressed in baseball costumes.

I spent the afternoon working up my income tax statement. Also took a short walk while there was yet light to take some photographs. At 6 p.m. I went down and had a cocktail with Mr. Mainer. Then we had an early supper because he had an appointment with a man interested in graphite. He said that practically all the officials at Tananarivo were interested in graphite mines.

(Mother, 28 May, ✓Tananarivo, yellow folder)

men had flat noses, thin upper lip and thick lower lip, mostly brown complexion, and rather small in stature, and dumpy looking.

I spent the rest of the afternoon typewriting. At a pause in my writing I looked out of the window and saw a procession passing the hotel. It was headed by three or four young men on bicycles decorated with colored paper; next a band consisting of one big drum and three or four violins; then two columns of black kids wearing white skirts, blue blouses, with their hair braided out and raised in balloon fashion, but wearing no shoes or stockings. They walked along in a sort of cane walk. Following them were some young men and boys, some of them dressed in baseball costumes.

I spent the afternoon working on my income tax statement. Also took a short walk while there was yet light to take some photographs. At 6 p.m. I went down and had a cocktail with Mr. Hainner. Then we had an early supper because he had an appointment with a man interested in graphite. He said that practically all the officials at Tannamayo were interested in graphite mines.

(Mother, 48 May, 1944, Yellow folder)

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3294

Tuesday, 29 May, Tananarivo; clear, cold morning and evening, about 60 degrees; hot day. After breakfast I went in a ricksha to the American Consulate. I met the Consul, Mr. Paul D. Thompson of California. He seemed pleased to have an American to talk to, the average being one American in six months to call at the Consulate. He had one of his assistants telephone to the office of the Director of Agriculture and ascertained that the director had not yet come to his office. From the Consul I obtained an income tax form, which I took back to the hotel with me and filled in the blanks.

At 3.45 p.m. Mr. Thompson came with an automobile and drove first to the office of the Governor General. His secretary informed us that the Governor was away but would return the following morning. Then to the office of the Director of Agriculture, Mr. Depou, who promptly promised the full cooperation of his department in the proposed census. Our next call was on the librarian and chief of the Intelligence Office of the Bureau of Economics. He exhibited with pride a collection of the publications of the International Institute of Agriculture.

Returning to the Consulate I had Mr. Thompson certify to my income tax return so that I could mail it to Washington. At 6 o'clock we drove to the "Circ," the principal European club. This was the evening of the weekly dance at the club. The rooms soon filled up with dancing parties. The elderly president of the medical college who got such an enthusiastic reception upon his return from Paris was also president of the club and very popular. I was introduced to an American newspaper man from Humboldt, California, who had lived in Madagascar many years, had married a French woman with land, and was operating the plantation for his wife. He was eager for news of the United States and longing to return to the

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3295

land of his birth. I was introduced to a German and his wife who said they would be passengers on the same boat with me to Durban. Mr. Thompson and I sat at a little table drinking cocktails, listening to the lovely waltz music, and meeting Mr. Thompson's friends as they came up to greet him. The dancing ended at 8 o'clock. We walked back to the hotel where I had Mr. Thompson as my dinner guest and we spent a very pleasant evening together.

(Collector Internal Revenue, 29 May, yellow folder)

"Tananarivo, Madagascar, 29 May 1928.

"The Collector of Internatl Revenue,
"Treasury Department,
"Baltimore, Md.

"Dear Sir:

"I inclose my statement of income for 1927 on a 1925 form, which is the only one and the first one I have been able to obtain in this part of the world. In January I was in the Celebes, Java, Malay States, and Siam; February in India; March I was confined to the hospital in Aden with typhoid and not permitted to leave until sailing date because of quarantine against the plague; April I was in French Somaliland and Abyssinia, in neither of which countries is there a U.S. Consul; and I left Djibuti May 7 and arrived here the evening of the ⁶27th. The 27th was Sunday and the 28th a holiday, so that I have obtained the only blank income tax form available and filled it out to the best of my ability at the earliest date possible in the circumstances.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

"Enclosed for your review, Mr. [Name],

The Director of Internal Revenue,
Treasury Department,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I enclose my statement of income for 1937 on a 212 form.
which is the only one and the first one I have been able to obtain
in this part of the world. In 1937 I was in the United States,
Mexico, Canada, and China. Before I was confined to
the hospital in China with typhoid and not permitted to leave until
all the date because of quarantine against the disease. April 1 was
in China, April 15 was in Mexico, in Mexico of which countries
in China and Mexico, and I left Mexico May 7 and arrived here
the evening of the 14th. The year was cloudy and the 15th a rainy
day, so that I have obtained the only blank return for form 212-
sole and filled it out to the best of my ability at the earliest
date possible in the circumstances.

Very truly yours,

Leon E. [Name]

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3296

Wednesday, 30 May, Tananarivo;; clear and cold. Slept under a blanket with raincoat on top. Up at 8 a.m. and packed my baggage. Had a cup of coffee in my room and then walked to the postoffice to mail the income tax return. Also telegraphed the hotel at Tamatave to reserve a room for me. Sent a boy out for my laundry and when it came I packed it with the other things. Arranged to have the boy take my baggage to the railway station in the afternoon and check it through to Tamatave.

At 10 a.m. Mr. Thompson came with his automobile and took me across the city and up on the "heights" to the old queen's palace, so called because the last sovereign was a queen, which had been turned into a museum. The palace is at the highest point in the city, apparently about 700 feet above the surrounding plain, and from it one can see the surrounding country for perhaps twenty miles in every direction. From this point the country looks flat for about ten miles and is mostly planted to rice. A small river winds through the plain. Many villages are scattered about and I was told that the name "Tananarivo" means "city with a thousand towns." The curator of the museum was on hand to show us about. He took us to the palace of the first king. It is made of planks, is a single room about twenty feet square and as high, with a steep thatched roof and a dirt floor. It has no windows and the only entrance is through a small low door over a circular stepping stone. Inside are two platforms against the walls and about ten feet above the floor that were reached by ladders. The smaller platform or shelf was the sleeping balcony of the king and the larger was for his wives. To one side was a stone hearth on which the cooking was done. Around the walls were pottery vases, wooden cooking utensils, and weapons, including the guns of the king's

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3297

guards. These were old flintlock muskets of enormous size, each weighing probably about fifty pounds.

After viewing these objects we walked out onto an open terrace and the curator pointed out places of interest, such as the lake, the park, the hospital, the barracks, the Pasteur Institute, the schools, the churches, the missions, and the place where during the reign of a cruel queen the missionaries and their converts were thrust through with spears and thrown ^{from} a near by cliff.

Next we entered a large building much like a private dwelling ~~where~~ ^{had} various kings and queens lived. In the center was a large hall with inlaid floor, a railed balcony, and a carved center piece in the ceiling from which hung a large candelabra of glittering glass. On racks around the central hall were hung costumes of the kings and queens, mostly of brightly colored silk. Opening into the hall on all sides were smaller rooms containing clothing, furniture, jewelry, and the personal belongings of different sovereigns. There was much silver ware made of silver coins melted down, musical instruments and clocks, swords, and jewels. Similar collections were to be seen in the rooms on the second floor. The general effect was one of barbaric splendor. One of the curious exhibits was a collection of gold and silver coins from other countries that had been used as money in Madagascar, the island having no precious metals of its own, and to make fractional coins ~~th~~ some of these specimens had been cut into halves and quarters.

Next we inspected the main palace, made entirely of wood but faced outside with a covering of stone. In the main hall was a collection of sedan chairs, palanquins, thrones, beds, and weapons. Most of the beds were inclosed on three sides with carved and polished wooden walls and a canopy on top. In another hall was a

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3298

natural history collection, including some fine fossils, a complete skeleton of the legendary Roc much bigger than the largest ostrich, one perfect Roc egg which appeared to be about twelve inches by fourteen inches in its shortest and longest diameters.

Lastly we went into a small stone church building that had been converted into an art museum. In it was an excellent collection of modern paintings presented by the French government to the colonial government of Madagascar. This exhibition was most attractive, the paintings being well mounted and the brilliant light through the numerous windows displayed them to good advantage. My pleasure in looking at them was due perhaps to the feeling of surprise at coming upon them unexpectedly in such an out of the way place.

We returned by the road on top of the ridge with beautiful views on both sides. The hillsides and parks were covered with flaming poinsettias, the finest I have ever seen, many of them being at least twelve inches in diameter.

On reaching the consulate we found that an appointment had been made for 11 a.m. with the Governor. It was then 11.30, but on the chance of seeing him we drove to the secretariat where after waiting a few minutes we were admitted. The Governor was a short, heavy, affable gentleman who readily agreed that everything possible would be done to cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture. He asked many questions about the countries I had visited and seemed much interested in what I had to say.

It was 12.30 p.m. when we reached the hotel. Had luncheon with Mr. Mainer who said he had purchased a small graphite machine and the right to manufacture them in Africa. My baggage was taken to the station and the receipt brought to me. A carpenter came

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3299

to the room with his kit of tools to make some repairs, but I sent him away. Then I walked down the street, bought two books, and sat awhile in the park. It was hot in the sun.

At 4.30 p.m. the Consul came with his automobile and took me for a drive around the circle, that is, a very good road that entirely encircles the city. The main part of the city is built on a small mountain in the midst of an irrigated plain. It was just before sunset and the country and city were very interesting. Just before dusk we went to a Club and had tea and I was introduced to the British Consul. He had been in Tan~~an~~anarivo thirty-five years and talked interestingly of the condition of the country when he first saw it and of his trip up a river in a dugout canoe and across country in a palanquin.

Then we drove to the Circ Club where we had cocktails and a long talk. It was 7.45 p.m. when we returned to the hotel and separated. At the supper table I was joined by Mr. Mainer who was much elated at his success in learning all about how gra^{ph}ite is mined and handled. He described the process of refining graphite as one of repeated washings to separate the graphite from the earth and other foreign materials. We sat at the table until after 10 o'clock. To me at least it seemed as if we had known each other for years instead of only a week or two, but we were congenial and our spare time had been spent with each other since we first met on the ship at Mombassa. He announced that he would leave the train at a point en route for the purpose of inspecting a large graphite mine, and expressed regret that he could not go on to Tamata~~ve~~ with me.

One of the incidents of our trip to Tananarivo was the presence of a beautiful French lady passenger and her husband.

(1928, May, Tananarivo)

E--3300

We had observed and admired her on the ship. Usually she was stretched out on a chair and more often than not her eyes were ~~closed~~ closed as if in sleep. She was of medium size and perfect form and features, a dazzling complexion, beautiful eyes and hair, and always dressed in beautiful gowns. Her husband was very assiduous~~y~~ in his attentions, but she seemed to have more affection for an ugly disdainful little pug dog than for him. Several times Mr. Mainer and I discussed this beautiful creature and speculated as to her age. Our first guess was that she was probably about seventeen. But one day I happened to look at her over the book I was reading as she lay relax^ed in her deck chair near me and on the face of the sleeping beauty I detected certain faint lines that made me believe she was much older than we had suspected. That evening I remark~~ed~~ed to Mr. Mainer that I suspected she ~~if~~ might be thirty years old, if not older. He laughed at me, saying it was impossible. It turned out that her husband was interested in graphite mines and Mr. Mainer became acquainted with him at Tananariv~~o~~ and from him learned that ^{thus} ~~the~~ _^ had been to ~~Paris~~ Paris to see her daughter married and that formerly she had been an actress. At any rate she knew how to preserve her youthful appearance and beauty.

Thursday, 31 May, Tananarivo to Tamatave; cloudy, showers, and rather cold. Up shortly after 4 a.m., shaved and dressed, had a cup of coffee, settled my bill, tipped the servants, and reached the railway station at 5.30 a.m. The train left at 5.45. I was fortunate in securing a seat next to the window. So cold I had to wear my raincoat. The ^C~~s~~cenery was, of course, the same I saw on the way up, only this time, instead of brilliant hot sunshine, the landscape was covered with shadow and obscur~~ed~~ed by rain. Later in the day there were alternating periods of heavy showers and brilliant sunshine.

(1928, May, Tamatave)

E--3301

Had a very unsatisfactory luncheon at the stopping place. It was an exceedingly tiresome journey because of the early rising, and it was three hours after sunset when the train reached Tamatave. ~~There~~ I found the ancient Ford attached to the hotel. There was one other passenger who had an extraordinary number of valises and suitcases. Our baggage filled and covered the old machine leaving but little space for the driver and two passengers. The door on my side was stuck and could not be opened. There was delay in getting the engine started, but when the driver did get under way he speeded up and passed all the rickshas on the road. About three blocks from the hotel he ran plump into a ricksha, demolished it, and threw out its passenger. This caused further delay, partly because of the altercation that resulted and partly because the driver could not get the engine started. After waiting for nearly half an hour I decided to walk to the hotel. There I was given a fairly decent room on the second floor.

Friday, 1 June, Tamatave; cold night followed by pleasant day of hot sunshine and tropical downpours. After breakfast I went to the British Consulate and ascertained that the S.S. Tinho was not expected until the following day. Went to the bank and bought some Madagascar francs. Paid for passage to Delagoa Bay or Durban, it being uncertain to which port the ship would go. The clerk who waited on me advised me to go to the ship as soon as she anchored, see the purser, give him a tip, and ask for the best accommodations available. He said it was not a passenger ship and was equipped with bunks, some of which were more desirable than others.

On the street I bought some matches and cigars. Ascertained that no photographic films were to be had, not being kept in stock because there is so little demand for them and they spoil in a tropical climate. Sent a cablegram to the Institute. Returning

(1928, June, Tamatave) E--3302

to the hotel I was pestered by the importunities of three natives who seemed not to understand either French or English. I suspected at once that they had brought up my baggage and wanted a tip. They pointed to the baggage and I shook my head. ~~Then~~ Then catching sight of a card on the wall ~~reading~~ advising guests not to tip servants, I pointed to that, and they shook their heads. I was trying to write a report and resented the interruption, but could not get rid of them. There they stood in a row, making unkind remarks in their own language. Finally they became discouraged and left. I immediately went down to see the manager about it and he said that all charges were paid, including tips, that would appear in my account. Within fifteen minutes the ^{importunate} ~~importunate~~ trio reappeared and I sent them away peremptorily. A third time they returned to the charge. This time I was angry and showed it by voice and manner and commanded them in French to follow me. I led them to the manager, but before reaching him all three had slipped away. This left me free to type ~~we~~ write my monthly expense account and report to the Institute which kept me occupied the rest of the day. There were very few guests at the little hotel and at supper the place was dark and profoundly quiet except for the sound of the surf beating on the beach. Also there appeared to be a tremendous swell in the harbor.

(Secretary General, ~~1~~ June, Tamatave, yellow folder)

Extract from report to Secretary General of June 1:

x x x x

"Yesterday, May 31, I came by train to Tamatave (a journey from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m.) The hotel automobile in which I was riding from the railway station collided with a ricksha, demolished it and was itself so damaged that it could not proceed, but I escaped injury.

"Today I purchased passage on the S.S. Tinhow to Delagoa Bay or Durban, S. Africa. The agent thinks the boat will arrive tonight or tomorrow and will leave in a day or two.

"Notes:-

"Tried to hire an automobile to visit the agricultural experiment station and botanical garden fifteen kilometers from here, but was not successful. Perhaps just as well, because it has rained intermittently all day.

"Madagascar is larger than France and ranks about fourth in size among the great islands of the world. It is more than four times as large as Java but has only one-tenth the population. The population is mainly negro, physically small and mentally inferior--just naturally born tired--(and some bearing a remarkable facial resemblance to Japanese), and a small ruling class of French and mulattoes. Agriculture consists overwhelmingly of rice, followed by maize, manioc, sweet potatoes, coffee, raffia, peanuts, spices, tobacco, cattle and hides. The cattle are of the Indian type with long horns and flabby hump over the shoulders. Climate varies with altitude ranging up to 8,000 feet, and with latitude ranging from 12 to 26 degrees south, a distance of nearly one thousand miles. There is a notable absence of rock and of stratification in the hills and mountains, and the soil is generally a red clay of volcanic origin. The island generally is well watered by streams, but irrigation is

necessary for crop production, and I was told that there is a large region in the south that is semiarid. Along the coast and rivers at lower levels the hills are covered with trees and tropical jungle, but all the higher country is treeless and covered with coarse grass, except where areas have been planted to eucalyptus and acacias by the Forestry Service. The island has a number of well protected harbors, but only one railroad, from Tamatave to Tananarivo, a distance of about 200 miles, with a short branch beyond Tananarivo. All interior transportation is done with dugout canoes or by negro porters. Next to Abyssinia, Madagascar is the most undeveloped and primitive country I have visited. There is lack of man labor, transportation, enterprise, capital, schools, sanitation, and other important factors of social and economic progress. The railway from Tamatave to Tananarivo runs mostly through an uninhabited wilderness with less than a fraction of one per cent utilized for any purpose. It is a fair country of rounded hills and mountains, planted eucalyptus groves, mountain streams and cascades. Tananarivo, the capital, is situated on a small mountain outcrop in the midst of an irrigated plain of rice paddy fields, and from the heights of the city one can look over the rounded, grass-covered hills for a distance of twenty to thirty miles in all directions. Tananarivo ('City of a Thousand Towns') consists of the main city in the center and a great number, possibly thirty, smaller towns around it. It has fairly good streets, electric lights, but no sewage system and only one hotel that would rank fifth to tenth in any city of Europe or America. Trains run only two or three times a week.

x x x x x

(1928, June, Tamatave)

E--3303

Saturday, 2 June, Tamatave; showers and sunshine and very pleasant. Slept well and was up at 8 a.m. Coffee and dry bread for breakfast. At the British Consulate I learned that the S.S. Tinhow was anchored in the harbor. At the postoffice I mailed my reports. Visited the customhouse and was told that my revolver would be turned over to me as the ship was about to sail. Then I walked out on the pier and looked out over the heaving harbor. Here a curious thing happened. From the hotel I had seen two ships lying in the harbor about half a mile apart, rising and falling with the great swells. I had been told that the outermost of these two ships was the Tinhow in which I was interested. Standing on the pier I could see only one ship, the nearest, and my heart sank within me at the thought that perhaps the Tinhow had steamed away while I was in the town, although I ^sreasoned that this was highly improbable. But the mere thought of it was alarming, because it might be weeks before another ship left for South Africa from this out of the way place. I asked some negroes on the pier what had become of the ship that came in during the night but could get no response. I returned to the customhouse and there an official said the second ship was in a direct line behind the first ship by which it was completely hidden. This proved to be the case. I remained on the pier until the British Consul and his clerk returned ~~on~~ in a launch. He said the Tinhow would not sail before night and probably not before morning. He advised me not to try to go on board because of the high sea and because the only way to reach the deck was by climbing up a rope ladder. He promised to have his clerk call me by telephone at the hotel if there was any change of program.

I walked back to the hotel, stopping at a book shop to buy a book by a Russian author. Also I stopped at the bank and tried

(1928, June, Tamatave)

E--3304

to exchange my Madagascar francs for South African sterling, but the bank had only three pounds to sell me, ^{leaving} ~~which left~~ a thousand ~~franks~~ on my hands, which the cashier said I could exchange in Delagoa Bay. I started to write a letter but was interrupted by a telephone message saying that the ship would leave at 4 p.m. At noon I went down stairs for luncheon and there met the captain of the ship and three young men who were all very cordial. Paid my account and had the baggage transferred to the customhouse. Had to wait until 2 o'clock for it to open in order to get a permit to take my baggage out of the country. The officer asked if I had more than 10,000 francs in paper money, 50 francs in coin, or any vanilla, and some other things that could not be removed without payment of an export tax. I asked for my revolver and he gave it to me with a smile and without any record or other formality.

I sat on my baggage on the pier for more than an hour waiting for the appearance of a launch. None came, so I hired a rowboat and three men who agreed to take me and my baggage out to the ship, a distance of nearly a mile through a heavy sea, and put it on board for fifteen francs, or about sixty cents. Two other passengers joined me, both Italians and both speaking English. I enjoyed the trip out in the bay. When our small boat sank into the hollow between waves we could see nothing but the rushing walls of water and the sky above; then there would be an exhilarating toss up to the crest of a great wave and a sinking sensation as the boat slid into the next hollow. Because of the tremendous swell we had difficulty in boarding the ship, but it was accomplished without accident. I was assigned to a small cabin next to the dining room and for some hours I mentally prayed that no other passenger would be sent in to share it with me.

(1928, June, to Delagoa Bay)

E--3305

It was a small ship, deck space was restricted, and there were no deck chairs available, although I succeeded in getting a broken one from one of the officers. The ship was ready to sail at 4 p.m. as per schedule, but could not leave because the captain was ashore enjoying himself. He came on board about 6 p.m. and the ship got under way immediately. The captain's two companions were tipsy, hilarious, and insisted on treating everybody in sight.

After taking a farewell look at the receding lights of ~~Q~~ Tama-gave I went to my cabin to prepare for supper. While there a German-Jew whom I had met at the club in Tananarivo knocked. He said that the cabins were all full and that I would have to take someone in with me and would I object to having him. Rather than have an entire stranger I assured him it would be allright. At the supper table I met an elderly British gentleman who was very talkative and who took up my entire evening.

Sunday, 3 June, to Delagoa Bay; sunshine and showers, with rough sea and pleasant temperature. Had a bath and ~~a~~ change of clothing. The German-Jew said he would have his ~~xx~~ trunk brought into my cabin because it would not go under the berth in the adjoining cabin occupied by his wife. I thought this was something of an imposition and objected, saying that because of the smallness of the cabin I had sent my trunk below and that he could do the same. I learned during the day that he and his wife had the adjoining cabin and had it so cluttered up with baggage that he was simply sponging on me for a share of my cabin, for which he was not paying, so that his wife could be alone. Later I mentioned the matter to the purser who knew nothing of the ~~imposition~~ intrusion. I sat on deck for quite awhile reading "The Secrets of Babylon." We were headed due south and all day and caught glimpses of the cloud covered mountains on the east coast of Madagascar. The meals on the

(1928, June, to Delagoa Bay)

E--3306

ship were fairly good. We had a beautiful sunset followed by a full moon. Our record for the day was 180 miles in 18 hours.

Monday, 4 June, to Delagoa Bay; clear, bright, and warm. Turned the fan on while dressing. Awakened at 6 a.m. by steward who brought in tea and toast. Shortly afterwards took a bath in a tub that would not work, so the best I could do was to ^{Pour} water from a tin cup down my back. After breakfast the sun was directly behind us, showing that we were sailing directly west. To the north were the mountains of the southern coast of Madagascar, looking very pretty in the morning sunlight. I saw a porpoise turning pinwheels alongside the ship. Learned last night that the Finhow was a former German ship and was now operated by the British between Hongkong and Cape Town and that this was its first visit to Madagascar. Also that the island of Mauritius is about 36 by 24 miles in extent and is mainly devoted to the growing of sugar cane and produces from 150,000 to 200,000 tons of sugar annually; also that the people are very conservative and proud of their island.

Until about 11 a.m. we were opposite a land of mountains which appeared to be high and barren. Then we came opposite a long low-land running southward from the mountains. Later we lost sight of land. The sea grew rougher as we passed out into Mozambique Channel. There was much good fellowship among the British officers on the ship and with the passengers. In the evening one of the officers brought out a phonograph and played a lot of records that served to pass the time. There was much drinking of beer and cocktails that also contributed to the friendly feeling. I spent a good portion of the day in reading. The decks were too small for promenading and one had the feeling of being confined to a small space.

Tuesday, 5 June, to Delagoa Bay; a clear, bright, hot day

(1928, June, to Delagoa Bay)

E--3307

and a smooth sea of many colors. A long swell from the north caused the ship to roll badly. Finished reading "The Broad Highway" by Jeffery Farnol, a rather good story. There was a beautiful sunset followed by a moonrise shining through great masses of cumulus clouds.

Wednesday, 6 June, to Delagoa Bay; clear, bright, and pleasant, with blue sky and a smooth sea. Had a bad night with a severe cold and the medicine I took to relieve it, but feeling decidedly better in the afternoon. Sat up the previous night until early morning with the officers and several passengers, some playing cards, others dice, and all drinking. The broken deck chair that I borrowed from one of the officers disappeared, which left the deck without any place to sit. The German-Jew continued to occupy the upper berth in my cabin. I looked forward with relief to reaching a civilized country where one can get a room to himself and stretch his legs by walking on streets when he felt like it. There was a long wait for breakfast because the ship's clock was set back an hour without warning to the passengers.

We drew into a rather narrow channel in the early morning and dropped anchor in the harbor before Delagoa Bay (the English name) or Lorenzo Marques (the Portuguese name) of the capital of Mozambique. It is a pretty looking town on the slope of a low hill overlooking a good harbor and a long wharf at which ships can tie up. We had breakfast at 8.30 a.m. Then the port officials came aboard and examined papers. I was given a permit to land my baggage and a paper directing me to report for medical examination the next day at 9 a.m., for which I had to pay eleven shillings. The ship then drew into the wharf and we landed.

At the customhouse my baggage was given a cursory examination

(1928, June, Delagoa Bay)

E--3308

and passed. The customs officer said that I would have to deposit forty-five pounds sterling as required by their regulations to insure that I would not become a public charge. I laughed at him and informed the gentleman that as I was an official of the International Institute of which Portugal was a great member I represented Portugal quite as much as I did any other country and that if he insisted on the deposit I would cause him more different kinds of trouble than he ever dreamed of. Thereupon he let me pass. I got porters to take my baggage to a nearby hotel. It was a small but neat hotel and I was given a spacious and well furnished room with a bath. The pleasure and the surprise of finding decent hotel accommodations here was overpowering. I immediately had a bath and a change of clothing. Then I found a barber and had my hair trimmed and my shoes polished. I felt quite respectable.

I had the hotel clerk telephone to the Department of Agriculture, but he could get no response. I found a bank and cashed a travellers check for South African money, which I was told would be accepted in Lorenzo Marques. The bank refused, however, to change the Madagascar francs I had been compelled to bring with me. I found a tobacco shop but was told that cigars could not be sold until 1 p.m. by order of the customs department. In fact, most if not all business establishments were closed from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. I was much pleased with the aspect of the streets and the people--everything neat, bright, and cheerful. There was great activity at the wharves with gangs of sturdy, half-naked negroes working with gusto. The streets were wide and clean and I saw several hotels and restaurants.

Had a good luncheon and at 2 p.m. went to the tobacco shop and bought a supply of cigars. After leaving the cigars at the hotel I hired an automobile and was driven through the town and up a hill to the Department of Agriculture. It occupied a one story structure

(1928, June, Delagoa Bay)

E--3309

in the form of a quadrangle with a patio or central court. All attempts to reach the officials by telephone from the hotel had failed. I gave my card to a messenger and was conducted into the office of the Acting Director, Sr. Raul Augusto da Silva Guardado. He was a short, round, dark haired, good natured gentleman who could understand a little English. However, he appeared to lack confidence in his own command of English and my command of Portuguese, or else he wished to have a witness to our interview, because he at once sent for a young lady to act as interpreter. Also he sent for the Director of Statistics. They listened attentively to what I had to say about the International Institute of Agriculture, the proposed agricultural census, and my interviews with the authorities of Portugal. They promised the utmost cooperation in their power and explained that their Department of Agriculture was in process of reorganization and the many difficulties that would be encountered in trying to take a census. I accompanied the Director of Statistics to his office and found that he had one assistant, an adding machine, a wide carriage typewriter, a table and drawing instruments, desks and chairs. Later I ascertained that the Director was employed under contract at forty pounds sterling per month and was permitted to lecture in the high school and that his lecturing activities took most of his time. After discussing the work of the statistical office the Director took me to see the entomologist, Dr. Fuller of Australia, who had served as entomologist in Natal also. He was very communicative and said the Department of Agriculture was badly disorganized since the death of the previous director; that the people are lovable and easy to get along with, but were divided up into little cliques and worked at cross purposes; that they became enthusiastic about any new project and tried to rush it through, and failing to meet with immediate and complete success

(1928, June, Delagoa Bay)

E--3310

they lost interest and dropped it. Dr. Fuller said he had known Dr. N.A. Cobb of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and Mr. Fulloway of Honolulu for many years. At the suggestion of Mr. Fuller I settled with the driver of the automobile. For a short run of about a mile and a wait of less than two hours he charged twenty-five shillings, or about six dollars.

Then Mr. Fuller walked with me to the Union Club and introduced me to the British Consul ~~of South Africa~~ to South Africa, Mr. Arthur Tilney Long, C.B.E. He was a tall man about 57 years old. We spent a very pleasant hour together. He related how as a young man, son of a wealthy family in England, he left ^{for Canada} without notifying his family ^{when and} where he was going, ~~for Canada~~. He worked his way into western Canada and down into the northern States as a cowboy and trapper. In 1897 he came from Canada with a troop of 500 men and 700 horses to engage in the Boer war. He was much interested in knowing something of the changes that had taken place in the United States during the previous thirty years. Before I left he gave me one of his cards on the back of which he instructed the customs official at the Union boundary to pass me without examination of passport or baggage.

From the lounge we adjourned to an upstairs room where we had a whiskey and soda and a cigar and I was introduced to a number of the members. Mr. Long expressed regret that he had not returned to Canada or the United States after the Boer war. I left at 6 o'clock as a bridge party was forming.

Friday, 8 June, Delagoa Bay; clear and warm. I Up early and packed my belongings. Breakfast at 8.30. Then took an automobile to the Department of Agriculture as requested by Mr. Fuller the day before, but he had not arrived although he had assured me that

they lost interest and dropped it. Mr. Miller said he had known Dr. H.A. Cobb of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and Mr. Sullivan of Honolulu for many years. At the suggestion of Mr. Miller I settled with the driver of the automobile. For a short run of about a mile and a wait of less than two hours he charged twenty-five shillings, or about six dollars.

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(1928, June, Delagoa Bay)

E--3311

he was always at his desk at 8 a.m. He was to have sent one of his assistants with me to the Health Department, but after waiting an hour I departed without him. At the Health Department I was given a permit to leave town. Then I drove out to the other side of town and had an interview with Mr. Hinkler, American Vice-Consul. He gave me information regarding the Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Statistics, and the country as a whole. He said he was from New York City and was stationed one year at Cape Town before coming to Delagoa Bay. He said that Mozambique was undeveloped and wild and that there was much big game of all kinds. Together we drove across town to the botanical and zoological gardens where we had to pay an admission fee of one shilling each. After inspecting the gardens and the exhibits we drove along the beach. It was a very attractive drive of about a mile until we came to a large pavilion, a pier, and an inclosed bathing beach. Then we climbed a high red bluff to the Poloisa Hotel, said to be the best in South Africa, and then back by the governor's mansion and military barracks. The view from the ~~bluff~~ bluff was a fine one. overlooking a long narrow bay with rolling country on both sides covered with coconut palms and ranges of blue hills beyond. In the town the streets were well paved, the houses neat and clean looking, generally painted a cream color with white trimmings, so that altogether the city was quite attractive.

At the hotel had luncheon, took a short nap, got my baggage off, walked to the railway station through the hot sun, bought a ticket, checked the baggage, and got a seat in a compartment at 2.35 p.m. A cool breeze blew through the train and I felt very comfortable. It left at 2.45 p.m.

For a few miles the train followed the bay and then ran on up into a level country with scattering trees. No houses were visible

(1928, June, Delagoa Bay)

E--3312

but we passed a few small fields of Kaffir corn, maize, castor beans, none of which were fenced. The negroes working on a road were big fine fellows. We reached Moamba at 3.45 p.m. and Resano Garcia at 4.25, passing through a hill country with red or almost black soil, I noted a few fields of cotton, grain sorghum, and maize. We followed a stream up through the hills that had cut a deep gorge and in places was broken up into many small channels and islands. The few houses seen were miles apart. At 4.30 we reached Komatipoort, 619 feet above sea level and 336 miles from Johannesburg. It was the first station across the boundary between Mozambique and the Transvaal. A customs officer came aboard but when I presented my card bearing Mr. Long's indorsement he smiled, said "Right-9," and passed on.

It was dark at 4.45 p.m. Had a good supper on the train and retired at 9.30. It had been so extremely hot at Delagoa Bay that I ^awas dressed in light summer clothing. When night fell it began to get cool and I regretted not having kept out my steamer rug.

Saturday, 9 June, Pretoria; clear^a, bright, and cold; 46 degrees in my compartment, with white frost in low places. It felt extremely cold in the morning in contrast to the heat I had experienced the day before. The train was due to arrive at Pretoria at 6.45 a.m. but was nearly two hours late. For two hours we rode through a prairie country covered with sedge grass, houses many miles apart, no fences, and very few livestock to be seen. However, I did see a few cows and donkeys.

Pretoria lies in a hollow surrounded by low hills. The soil is sandy, with patches of outcropping rock in places. At the station I got a porter of the Grand Hotel to look after my baggage. After a long wait he returned and said I would have to have the baggage

(1928, June, Pretoria)

E--3313

inspected by a customs officer whom he could not find, so we proceeded to the hotel. The hotel was full and I got the last room, high up on the third floor and a long distance from the bath. Had a nice breakfast. While the porter was gone to see about the baggage I left some films to be developed, laid in a supply of cigars, and stopped in Cooks for a list of ships and sailing dates from Cape Town. At the hotel changed to heavier clothing and made up the laundry.

Had a good luncheon. Much warmer in the afternoon. After a nap I walked about three-quarters of a mile to the zoological park. Inspected a small museum and art gallery. These had interesting exhibits of colonial days and of the Boer War, with pictures of Paul Krueger, the old Boer President who professed to believe so implicitly in the Bible that he would not admit that the earth is round. There was a fine collection of native arms, utensils, clothing, bead work, and the like, but nothing from the stone age. There was a good collection of excellent paintings and several beautiful Sevres vases.

I spent more than an hour in the zoo. It is not easy to see because the grounds were planted to eucalyptus trees and the inclosures for the animals were scattered about in a most confusing manner. There was a fine collection of birds, some beautiful specimens of tigers, lions, and leopards, including a coal black one; some American bison, water buffalo, an elephant, and the largest giraf^{fe}s I have ever seen. One of the giraf^{fe}s seemed to be fully twenty feet tall. Also there were ostriches, llamas, wild pigs, monkeys, antelope, and many different kinds of rodents. The grounds were bare and dusty and vegetation grew only with irrigation. Near the park were some attractive homes. The streets are wide and paved with asphalt, but outside of the business district the sidewalks

(1928, June, Pretoria.)

3314

were of gravel and dirt. Among the pedestrians seen were many negroes, big strapping fellows, but not nearly so many as one sees on the streets of Washington and Baltimore.

On returning to the hotel I had a two hour nap. The highest temperature was 62 degrees in the sun, but much cooler in the shade. The hotel had no provision for artificial heat, although for weeks at a time freezing temperatures prevail. Had a good supper, with a bottle of wine, and retired early.

Sunday, 10 June, Pretoria; clear and cold, 46 to 64 degrees. Had a bath, a good breakfast, and read a Sunday paper, which I thought was not as good as our American papers. Drafted some letters. In the afternoon had a nap and took a long walk. Had a bad cold for which I took liberal doses of whiskey and ~~se~~ quinine.

Monday 11 June, Pretoria; beautiful day, but cool. At 9 a.m. I called at three banks, but none of them would buy my Madagascar francs. Then I called at a branch of Barclay's, which declined to buy the francs but accepted them for collection, the proceeds to be deposited to my credit with the American Express at Rome.

This business attended to I walked to the Central Statistical Office and there met the Director, Mr. J.E.Holloway, a short, stocky looking gentleman; and he sent for the Chief of the Agricultural Section, Mr.Kitchener, a tall, jolly looking man. To them I explained the census project. They promised cooperation and outlined the organization, work, and methods of their bureau. As a matter of fact cooperation was hardly necessary because they took a census every year by means of the rural police. I was pleased to learn also that this bureau had charge of statistics in South West Africa, formerly German territory, but then administered by the Union of South Africa. After Mr.Holloway had instructed Mr.Kitchener to show

(1928, June, Pretoria.)

E--3315

me his census equipment the following morning he took me across to the Pretoria Club where I was introduced to a number of members and we had luncheon.

After luncheon Mr. Holloway took me to the Union Building where various administrative offices are housed. It is an ornamental building on a high hill overlooking Pretoria and is one of the most conspicuous objects of the city. I was told that the architect of this building also designed many of the buildings at Delhi.

We first went to the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, who was out of the city, and then to the office of the Under Secretary, Mr. Geldenhuys, who promised full cooperation of the government in the proposed census. I expressed a wish to meet the chief of the crop reporting division and Mr. Lamont, Chief of the Division of Economics, was sent for. He recognized me immediately and I remembered meeting him several times at Washington in 1922. At that time he made many friends in our Department of Agriculture and was shown every courtesy. Because of this he was exceedingly cordial to me and explained the workings of his bureau thoroughly. He said that in the South African Dutch language the word "census" is the same as "taxes," for which reason the Dutch farmers are exceedingly suspicious and loath to disclose prices, quantities, or values. He said that practically all children go to school and they and their parents have great respect for the advice of representatives of the Department of Agriculture. He explained the system of tenure of the native blacks on the land of white men. The colored family is given a shack to live in, a piece of ground to cultivate on their own account, and pasturage for ^{their} ~~his~~ stock. The colored men work a certain number of days for the white owner and their wives serve a certain number of days in the house of the farmer's wife. The negro gets the entire product of his piece

(1928, June, Pretoria)

E--3316

of land. He never owns land, but really rents it, giving in payment therefor his labor and that of his wife. In certain provinces the land is owned by the tribe and the individual gets an allotment which is his as long as he continues to live on it.

At 5 p.m. Mr. Lamont took me to his home where I met his charming wife and their two little boys. Then he took me for a drive on the hills surrounding the city. As seen from the hills Pretoria is beautiful. It is strung out in a broad valley and the houses are neat, with red tiled roofs, and surrounded by gardens and grounds. The streets are broad and well paved and lined with eucalyptus and acacia trees. We saw a beautiful sunset from the higher hills to the west. Also we passed through a portion of a forestry experiment station. Mr. Lamont left me at the hotel at 6 o'clock.

As Mr. Holloway and I entered the Union Building a young lady stopped us to ask where she would find the grass specialist. I asked if she was an American and she said yes. "Where from?" "Washington, D.C." Then we exchanged cards and I found that she was Miss. Caroline Rumbold and was employed in the office of Forest Pathology under Dr. Haven Metcalf. It seemed a strange coincidence that two employees of the U.S. Department of Agriculture should meet for the first time in South Africa.

At 6.20 p.m. a representative of the Rand Daily Mail, the Sunday Times, the Cape Times, and other periodicals, called at the hotel for an interview and we talked for an hour.

(Wife, 11 June, Pretoria, yellow folder.

(Mother, same.

(1928, June, Pretoria)

E--3317

Tuesday, 12 June, Pretoria; clear and cool. Spent the forenoon with Mr. Kitchener at the Office of Census^a and Statistics, inspected his equipment and listened to his explanations of the system of collecting and summarizing data. He walked with me to the hotel. As we left his office he pointed to a small church building in the next block that he said was used as a prison during the Boer War, and in which Mr. Churchill was confined and from which he made his escape. My photographs were delivered but were unsatisfactory because the films had been injured by the heat.

After luncheon I cashed a check and bought a railway ticket to Cape Town for Thursday. Then rode on a tram car out to the Union Building to take some pictures, but the light at that hour came from the wrong direction. At the hotel I had a nap and read some bulletins that had been given to me.

Wednesday, 13 June, Pretoria; clear and cool, temperature 56 to 62 degrees. At 8.30 am. Dr. Lamont called for me with his car and drove out about thirty miles to the Veterinary Research Laboratory at Onderstepoort. He first telephoned out that we were coming and the Director asked that we delay our visit until the staff could dispose of certain pressing matters, so for a time we sat in the hotel discussing the organization of the South African Department of Agriculture. Then we had a pleasant drive out through the hills and prairie over a fairly good dirt road that was being repaired in places. A few miles out we crossed a range of barren hills with a lower parallel range that Dr. Lamont said ran parallel for over a hundred miles. Between the two ranges was a hollow and a small stream. Speaking of the language Dr. Lamont said that Africander Dutch is quite different from Holland Dutch, but if each

(1928, June, Pretoria)

E--3318

is spoken slowly each can understand the other. Relative to irrigation the doctor said that some years previously the Irrigation Department had proceeded to construct a system with an impracticable scheme of settlement, and it was only after the system was completed at great expense and a few applicants for land appeared that the Irrigation Department consulted with the Department of Agriculture to find out what was wrong. At one place the doctor pointed out a remarkable tree on the hillside. Like a banyan tree rootlets dropped from the branches to take root and grow into trees themselves, and this process had continued until the tree had become a grove.

We arrived at the Research Laboratory at 10 a.m. and were met by the Director, Dr. P. J. du Foit. He first showed us a blue print plan of the buildings and grounds. There was a fine group of buildings, excellent equipment, land and livestock. We were taken through the various laboratories and the work of each was explained to me. At 11 a.m. we accompanied the Director ~~over~~ to his residence, met his wife and a young lady visitor and had tea with them. Dr. Lamont brought me back to the hotel at noon. En route we passed a wagon pulled by sixteen donkeys as large as little mules. Incidentally Dr. Lamont remarked that sixty per cent of the staff of the ~~Department of Agriculture~~ Division of Agricultural Economics were graduates of American universities and that in one year the Union of South Africa maintained 120 young men as students in the agricultural colleges and universities of the United States.

Thursday, 14 June, Pretoria; clear and cold. The train left at 8.15 a.m. and arrived at Johannesburg at 9.50. There was some agricultural country between the two cities. Most interesting of all were the mountains of white sand, stone and colored earths from the gold mines. The earth is conveyed from the mouth of the mine and

(1928, June, Johannesburg)

E--3319

up to the top of the heap, dumped by little cars on steel trucks pulled by a cable. These great heaps, some of them several hundred feet high and covering many acres, are usually at some distance from the mine buildings, which have great smokestacks and emit great volumes of black smoke, so that the sky for miles around is obscured by it. From the train but little of the city of Johannesburg could be seen.

At 12.15 p.m. we were at Potchefstroom, and at 1 p.m. at Klerksdorf, after passing through an open prairie country, somewhat rolling and with a red soil that was apparently a clay loam. There were practically no streams and but little wild game to be seen. I saw two ostriches, one crow, some small herds of cattle, some large fields of maize that were ~~many~~ miles apart, as were the few houses to be seen. Usually the houses had some eucalyptus trees planted about them. Apparently only a small fraction of one per cent of the land visible had ever been plowed. The few plows and wagons I saw were drawn by six or eight yoke of oxen.

At 4.15 p.m. we were still traversing the interminable undulating prairie, but more cattle and sheep were to be seen. Large areas appeared to have been dug over as if for minerals. At 6.20 we reached Kimberly, 647 miles from Cape Town. It seemed to be a large place and a considerable quantity of mail was taken on. At this point a male passenger entered my compartment. When I spoke to him in English he replied in broken French that he understood neither English nor French, which for some indefinite reason I doubted.

Friday, 15 June, en route Cape Town. At 9.15 a.m. we were at Tows River, 160 miles from Capetown and 2,500 feet above sea level in a region of desert mountains. At 10.30 we reached Dedoorbs, a small place surrounded by peach orchards and vineyards in a narrow valley surrounded by high sandstone mountains. We followed this

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3320

irrigated fruit growing valley for several hours. We passed several towns and villages with neat white houses, and reached Cape Town at 2.15 p.m.

I went to the Grand Hotel near the railway station and was assigned to a small closet sized interior room on the top floor. Although the hotel had been recommended to me as one of the best in Cape Town it was without artificial heat or private baths. As soon as I was settled I walked a few squares to the American Consulate where I received a bundle of letters and a cablegram from the U.S. Department of Agriculture saying that my letter of authorization would be renewed. I had an interview with the Consul, Mr. Cecil M. P. Crass, who said he was three years at Naples and seven months at Aden before coming to Cape Town. He said there was considerable feeling between the progressive English and the conservative Dutch in South Africa. Returning to the hotel I spent the afternoon reading my mail and lying in bed to keep warm. Had supper at 8.15 and retired early for rest and warmth.

Saturday, 16 June, Cape Town; clear and cold following heavy rain in the night. After breakfast went to Cooks agency and ascertained that a Japanese steamer was expected to arrive today and leave tomorrow for Rio de Janeiro, but it was delayed and cannot leave until next Wednesday. Another Japanese ship was scheduled to leave on the 24th. The agent said that in spite of the fact that I had a visé from the Brazilian Minister at Rome it would still be necessary to get a visé from the Brazilian Consul in Cape Town. He volunteered to get the visé for me, but returned later with the information that I would have to furnish a medical certificate. I saw the American Consul about it and he advised me to call on the Brazilian Consul in person because he wished to meet every one bound for Brazil.

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3321

I did so and found the Brazilian Consul laying down the law in a very emphatic manner to several visitors about vaccinations, freedom from infectious diseases, especially ophthalmia, and the like. When he was at leisure I presented my passport~~d~~, my card and vaccination certificate, and asked him why the visée of the Brazilian Legation at Rome was not honored by other Brazilian consular officials. He did not reply to this question, but was very courteous and promptly stamped a visée on the passport~~d~~ and on the vaccination certificate. Then he began to talk about Brazil and his life for three years in Chicago. Before I left the American Consul came in and the two began to discuss some testimony relating to the adulteration of Brazilian coffee in connection with a proposed bill pending before the Union legislature. The Brazilian Consul had an array of figures as to the incredible amount of adulteration of coffee in different countries.

The American Consul asked if I would give a talk before the University Club on the following Wednesday. I said that I would do so willingly were it not that I expected to leave on that date.

Returning to the hotel I began reading the local newspapers when a visitor was announced. It was Mr. G. W. Lyon, secretary of the University Club, who called to formally invite me to address the club. He said it was too late to cancel the meeting scheduled for Wednesday, and I agreed to advise him if there^{ne} was any change in the date of my leaving. In the Cape Town Times I found a good article on my mission that resulted from the interview I gave at Pretoria.

In the afternoon I went to bed to keep warm and had a long nap. After supper I wrote up my accounts and then took a long walk. The streets were deserted and there seemed to be no places

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3322

of amusement, no theaters, no picture shows, no music halls, no place for strangers to amuse themselves except a few drinking places with second rate bars and restaurants. On a side street two mulatto girls strolled up to me and one of them brushed against my shoulder and spoke. After joking with them a few minutes I declined their invitation to accompany them to a room. After returning to my room I discovered that my purse was gone, presumably extracted from my pocket by one of the dusky maidens in that brief encounter on the street. How she managed to do it without my knowledge was a mystery. Fortunately the purse contained only about \$1.50 in change.

Sunday, 17 June, Cape Town; cloudy, dark, showers, and very disagreeable. I slept through until 8.30 a.m. when a waiter brought up some breakfast. He said that the dining room closed at 9.30 a.m. It was so warm and comfortable in bed in contrast with the cold room and the gloom outside that it was difficult to get up. After breakfast I went down to the writing room where there was an open fire and began drafting a report, but the room was poorly lighted and I had to give it up. Returned to my room where the light was better, but the thermometer registered 58 degrees and I was cold.

Shortly after luncheon Mr. Lyon called for me with his car. He had with him his sister and her two sons and we visited their home. Leaving the sister and sons Mr. Lyon stopped to pick up Mr. Crass, America Consul, and his wife. ^{Before} ~~After~~ leaving the city I was shown the parliament house, the cathedral, the old Dutch Reformed Church, and then out through the residential part of the city and up the side of a mountain to the new University and then through some woods to the Rhodes Monument. It is a one story temple of granite with columns in front and a bronze statue of Rhodes, the approach

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3323

being a series of stone steps with half a dozen bronze lions on each side. From the monument one can see most of Capte Town and the great bay rimmed with white breakers. From the entrance of the park to the monument is something over a mile~~s~~. In the park we saw many deer. Not far from the park we passed an old estate with a unique/^{white}building with ^ascalloped gables and spiral chimneys, then used as the governor's mansion.

Next we passed through the outskirts of the city and over some hills to the botanical garden. ^{were groves and specimens of} On the mountain sides [^]~~was~~ a peculiar tree with silvery leaves that were very pretty. These were said to grow wild only at ~~Cape Town~~ the Cape. Crossing a peninsula we could look out over the Indian Ocean. At one place the~~x~~ beach sand is piled high against the mountain side at least one-third the way up. We followed the road up a mountain cliff overlooking the bay. On the other side was a peak that rose straight up from the beach to a great height, perpendicular, and in some places overhanging the water. At the highest point we found the road closed and had to return the way we came. We got out for a moment to look about from this point of vantage, but the wind was so strong that it was difficult to stand upright or keep one's footing. We were at least a thousand feet above the bay. The water was angry, great waves rolled in and the surf dashed up on the cliff as high as an apartment house. At the entrance to the bay were some projecting rocks over which the waves dashed with great fury and near these rocks whirlpools rose to a considerable height as if they might form waterspouts at any moment. It was an awe-inspiring sight, a gloomy one because of the fierce lashing of the elements, the overcast sky, and the semidarkness.

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3324

We drove back over a good road along the coast on the Atlantic side with great waves and surf pounding on the beach to several villages and towns with neat houses, seaside hotels, and facilities for bathing.

We returned to the city at 5 p.m. from the opposite side to that from which we left it. On a map Mr. Lyons showed me that we had been half way to the Cape of Good Hope, which was about thirty-five miles directly south of the city. It was cold in the strong wind and we were all shivering and shaking when the trip ended.

On reaching my room it seemed icy cold. I opened up my trunk and changed to my heaviest winter clothing. Then with double underwear, a sweater, extra jacket, and winter overcoat, I gradually thawed out and began to feel comfortable.

At the supper table I had as companion a young Dutch Afrikaner from Johannesburg who had never been out of the colony. He said his greatest ambition was to visit the United States. He was in the insurance business and spoke with awe of the colossal insurance companies of the United States. This attitude seems to be characteristic of all the British colonies whose citizens regard the United States as a sort of wonderland, marvelously successful and prosperous, with many outstanding geniuses, such as Edison and Ford, and great captains of industry. Thinking to please him I remarked that the South African people were highly regarded in the United States because they supported Great Britain in her struggle during the great war so soon after their defeat in the Boer War. He commented upon this statement rather sadly and said that the South African Dutch were not happy and regarded the outcome of the Boer War with regret.

On returning to my room I found the window open and the temperature at 54 degrees.

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3325

Monday, 18 June, Cape Town; bright, clear, and cold.

Left my valise at a shop to be mended. At Cooks I was told that all berts^h were engaged on the Japanese ship leaving on the 20th and that passage had been engaged for me on the ship leaving the 24th. Mr. Lyons called and said he would get out a notice at once announcing a talk by me at the University Club on Friday. Then we had tea together at a restaurant and inspected the old Dutch Reformed Church, the first church in South Africa founded in 1704, and rebuilt in 1839. It has a remarkable pulpit of carved hard wood that was constructed in 1789. It is a massive affair supported by two lions. Above it is a large sounding board that projects over the pulpit. At my room I finished a report to the Institute on Mozambique and South Africa.

(Secretary General, 18 June, Cape Town, yellow folder)

1928.

Extract from Cape Town report of June 18th to the Secretary
General of the International Institute of Agriculture, Rome:

x x x x x x

"Notes:--

"The mountains along the eastern and southern coasts of Madagascar, as seen at a distance from the ship, appear to be barren

"Lorenço Marquez (called Delagoa Bay by the British), capital of the Portuguese Colony of Mozambique, is a remarkably neat and business-like place with a harbor and shipping facilities said to be the best on the east coast of Africa. This is the principal port and outlet for the Transvaal, which accounts for its prosperity and for the fact that English is generally spoken, although Portuguese is the official language. Mozambique is described as undeveloped and very backward, and the country away from the coast is said to be a high plateau of undulating hills covered with scattering trees, shrubs and coarse grass. Also it is said to abound in big game. The negroes one sees in Lorenço Marquez are fine specimens physically.

"During the three hour trip from Lorenço Marquez to the Transvaal border we crossed a belt of rolling hills covered with coarse grass and scattering trees, mostly acacias, and shrubs, with only occasionally a field that had been in maize, Kaffir corn, or cotton. The general aspect of the country is that of a wilderness or jungle. For fifty miles back from the coast the soil is a loose sand, gradually changing to a red or dark colored loam as we approach the Transvaal border.

"We reached the border at sundown, so I could see nothing until the next morning. The train was delayed during the night, which gave me an opportunity to see something of the country for about 100 miles east of Pretoria. It is a rolling, open prairie, generally unfenced, with waving, withered grass from horizon to horizon. The soil is

General of the International Institute of Agriculture, Rome
Director General of the International Institute of Agriculture, Rome

x x x x x

Notes:--

"The mountains along the eastern and southern coasts of
Brazil, as seen at a distance from the sea, appear to be barren
and rugged (called Pelagor by the Greeks), and
of the Portuguese colony of Pernambuco, is a remarkably high and
narrow-like place with a harbor and a few facilities said to be the
best on the east coast of Africa. This is the principal port and en-
trance for the sugar trade, which accounts for the prosperity and for the
fact that English is generally spoken, although Portuguese is the of-
ficial language. Pernambuco is described as undeveloped and very poor
land, and the country away from the coast is said to be a high plateau
of unimproved hills covered with scattering trees, shrubs and coarse
grass. Also it is said to abound in diamonds. The narrow strip
in Pernambuco and the adjacent districts.

"During the three hours trip from Pernambuco to the Trans-
vaal border we crossed a bit of rolling hills covered with coarse
grass and scattering trees, mostly acacias, one or two, with only co-
casionally a field that has been in sugar, coffee, or cotton.
The general aspect of the country is that of a wilderness of jungle.
For fifty miles back from the coast the soil is a loose sand, reddish-
brown, changing to a red or dark colored loam as we approach the Trans-
vaal border.

"We reached the border at midnight, so I could not remain until
the next morning. The train was delayed during the night, which gave
us an opportunity to see something of the country for about 100 miles
west of the border. It is a rolling, open country, generally a mixture
of grass and low bushes, with some scattered trees. The soil is

generally a red or black clay loam, and considerable areas are very stony. No mountains, woods, or water visible. I saw very few houses, cultivated fields, or livestock. It resembles portions of the Great Plains region of the United States. My thermometer registered 49 degrees Farenheit in the early morning and low areas were covered with white frost.

"Pretoria is a beautiful city in a valley over 4,000 feet above sea level and is surrounded by high hills. From Pretoria to Johannesburg, an hour and a half by train, the country is simply a series of grass covered hills with occasional plantings of eucalyptus. Johannesburg is a series of towns in a narrow valley joined together like the links of a sausage. It is surrounded by gold mines in full operation. Some of the mines have been sunk to a depth of nearly 8,000 feet, and after the gold bearing earth has been treated the residue is dumped to one side. The residue is a glittering white sand and some of the dumps cover a square mile and are several hundred feet high. These mines with their mountainous dumps are fairly close together for a distance of more than sixty miles ^{along} ~~from~~ the railway.

"From Johannesburg south pastures and farms become more numerous, but water and trees are conspicuous by their absence, great areas are very stony, and it is quite evident that this is a dry land country, for which reason agriculture and livestock will always be hazardous, except in the few places where irrigation is available. For a hundred miles north and for the same distance south of Kimberly a thin layer of red soil ^{lies a few inches} or feet above a hardpan of solid rock. Many square miles of this area have been prospected for diamonds, the earth having been dug down to hardpan, examined, and thrown in a heap to one side. Within fifty miles of Cape Town the train descends from the high interior plateau into a narrow valley that is planted mostly to

vineyards, peach, apricot, and pear orchards, and at the small towns one sees fruit packing and preserving sheds. This is the most prosperous and civilized portion of South Africa that I have seen. From so much of South Africa that I saw from the train I would judge that less than two per cent of the country has ^{ever} been plowed. I saw many herds of long-horned scrub cattle, a few flocks of sheep, some goats and asses, but scarcely any horses. The asses are derived from stock imported from Spain and are relatively large and heavy. Horses are rare. All plowing and heavy hauling is done by long strings of oxen or asses.

x x x x x

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3326

Tuesday, 19 June, Cape Town; cloudy, cold, and threatening rain. While waiting for my room to be set in order I walked out past the parliament house and through public gardens to the museum, where I saw a great collection of heads and horns and mounted specimens of African quadrupeds, including gorillas, giraf^{fe}s, rhonocero^sse^s, hyppopotami, lions, leopards, buffalo, and many smaller animals; also a beautiful specimen of zebra and an enormous grizzly bear, as well as collections of birds, insects, and minerals. For the first time I saw specimens of ~~of~~ rough diamonds that look much like glass. Among the most interesting of the exhibits were plaster casts made from living naked individuals of different races. Most of them were copper colored rather than black. The women had a remarkable development behind that projected almost at right angles like a shelf.

At the American Consulate I received some letters and had my expense account certified. Paid for my passage to Rio de Janeiro. Spent the afternoon writing letters. Met Dr. Lamont who came down from Pretoria for a conference and had supper with him. He said the grain elevator system in South Africa was not a success because there were only a few large ones at the port and not enough small ones to feed them.

(Hobson, 19 June, Cape Town, ✓ yellow folder)

Extract from Capetown letter of June 19, 1928, to Mr. Asher Hobson, at Geneva:

x x x x

"From Pretoria I cabled to the Bureau to ascertain if my U.S. authorization would be renewed on July 1, and the next day got an affirmative reply. Yesterday I received a cable from the Institute that the International Education Board agrees to make next year's travel allotment immediately available. This relieves me of all concern about finances and will enable me to proceed as rapidly as I can make rail and steamer connections.

"I have engaged passage on a Japanese boat leaving here June 24. I hope to reach Rio de Janeiro about July 4, spend a few days, be in Montevideo about July 10-12, Buenos Aires about July 13-16, Valparaíso about July 18, Santiago about July 20-21, and Lima, Peru, about August 4-7. Thence to Washington about September 1-15, and Rome September 25, in time for the next General Assembly October 10-20. If I can carry out this schedule I will have enlisted for cooperation in the census project all countries of the world of agricultural importance omitting only those that are as yet undeveloped and without effect on international commerce.

"I shall be glad to indorse your nomination for non-resident membership in the Cosmos Club.

"After being warmed, fried, boiled, parboiled, and roasted brown in day and night temperatures above 90 degrees and subjected to ultra red and violet rays of the tropical sun, I ran into white frosts in the Transvaal with minimum temperatures of about 40 and maximum of about 60 degrees at Pretoria and Cape Town. As in all countries of relatively mild climates and scarcity and high cost of fuel, houses and hotels here are without artificial heat. The result is great discomfort from cold. I am sitting in a little dark hall bedroom--best I

could obtain--dressed in two suits of heavy underwear, a heavy outer winter suit, a woolen jacket, and a winter overcoat, suffering from cold, mad as a March hare and swearing at the uncivilized imbeciles who havn't got sense enough to install steam heat in a hotel where first class prices are charged.

x x x x x

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3327

Wednesday, 20 June, Cape Town; cloudy, showers, and cold. Slept well, took a long walk for exercise, got steamer ticket, had luncheon, took a long walk, and then slept for four hours. It was entirely too cold to read in the hotel and writing was done under difficulties. Again had supper with Dr. Lamont and we talked until 9 o'clock.

Thursday, 21 June, Cape Town; fair, cold, and mountains back of the city shrouded in mist. Had breakfast with Dr. Lamont and said good by as he was about to leave for Pretoria. Walked to the postoffice to mail some postcards and on the way back bought a history of South Africa to read on the ship. An old gentleman called at the hotel to ask if I knew anything of a young biologist in the U.S. Department of Agriculture who went through South Africa and was educated in Takoma Park. I could not recall any such acquaintance. Spent the rest of the day in bed to keep warm.

Friday, 22 June, Cape Town; cold rain. Went out for a short walk and got caught in a heavy rain. Spent the rest of the forenoon in my room trying to think of something to say at the luncheon. At 12.40 p.m. Mr. Lyons took me to the Opera Restaurant where we had luncheon with members of the University Club. About thirty members were present. All were very friendly.

Before the luncheon began a pompous old gentleman, whom Mr. Lyons said was an ex-member of parliament and a prominent politician, said in a loud voice that he would like to have ~~me~~ my opinion as to what was the matter with the sheep industry when the Statistician's Office showed that there were one million less sheep in the country than in previous years and yet the total receipts from the sale of wool were greater, and he wanted to know what they should do about it. I replied in an equally loud voice that I did not know

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3328

what was the matter with their sheep industry, but suggested that in the light of their experience it would seem logical to dispose of another million sheep and thereby still further increase their income from wool. The old gentleman seemed greatly nonplussed at my answer and at the laughter and applause that broke out in the group.

After the luncheon I was formally introduced I told the club about the origin, organization, and work of the International Institute of Agriculture, about the census project, and about my world travel itinerary in promoting the project. My reward was a rising vote of thanks and the statement of the presiding officer that he thought it was one of the best talks he had ever heard.

I returned to the hotel at 3 o'clock and wrote some letters. Had a nice supper and partly packed up my things. Then out on the street for a walk. An old slattern approached ~~me~~ and asked me to go with her to a room. When I refused she asked me to buy her a glass of beer. To pass the time I consented and asked her where we should get it. She said anywhere. I led the way to a small hotel bar room in which were a number of well dressed people drinking beer in friendly fashion. I steered the old woman over to a corner and ordered a glass of beer. In the light I saw that she was a confirmed drunkard and was poorly dressed. Also I saw that the other occupants of the room, the waiter, and the bar tender regarded her w askance. As soon as we were served I began to ply her with questions, such as where she came from, how long she had lived in Cape Town, whether she had been to other places in South Africa, whether she had relatives, whether times were good for her, and whether she looked forward to returning to England. She began a rambling talk about working with the family of Krueger and her son who had disappeared. Then I asked questions about Paul Krueger, what sort of a man was he, what sort of a life did he lead, but her answers

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3329

became more and more vague. She drained her glass and ordered another from the waiter. He looked at me and I nodded, but he shook his head. The old woman took offence and began to talk loudly. I rose immediately and paid the score. She was reluctant to leave. In fact she said she did not propose to leave until she licked that insulting waiter, and the bar tender, and anybody else who questioned her respectability. I suggested that she had not finished telling me about her son and she could do that better outside. This diverted her attention and she followed me out on the street. There she instantly became abusive and I turned my back on her and walked rapidly away. What happened to her after that I know not.

Walking rapidly and pondering over the old English woman and what her past might have been I encountered a beautiful Hindoo woman, majestic and graceful in carriage, voluptuous in form, with large eyes, delicate features, and a mass of black hair over which she wore a silken turban. She walked at my side for a short distance until we reached a deserted street partly in shadow and then, standing in front of me with her hands on my shoulders, she looked into my eyes and said, "I see that you wish to spend the night with me." "Yes," I replied, "I should like to ^{sp}end the night with you because you are beautiful and I am alone, but I cannot; I am married and it would be against my religion; but if you embrace me and kiss me on the street here it will be your sin and not mine, and I will pay you £ two shillings for the time you have lost with me." She laughed and said "What a funny religion you have," and with that she clasped me tightly to her and kissed me first on one cheek and then the other. A nice spectacle it would have made had any one been looking. I felt her ^r full breasts pressing against me, her shapely legs against mine, her warm breath against my cheeks, and her wide eyes looking into

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3328

my eyes, but while I enjoyed the experience my pleasure was disturbed by a guilty feeling of transgression and of apprehension lest an unsympathetic policeman might appear on the scene. So after a brief moment of bliss I resolutely withdrew from her embrace, paid the two shillings, and expressed regret that I could not go with her, and wished her good luck. She looked at me for a moment and then said "Your religion is a damn nuisance, isn't it." I was inclined to agree with her, substituting for "religion" Puritanical upbringing. She walked away with inexpressible dignity. So much for my evening walk and its adventures.

The evening paper had a full and complimentary report of my talk before the University Club.

(Mrs. Kernan, 22 June, Cape Town, ~~yellow~~ folder.)

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3329

Saturday, 23 June, Cape Town; Sunshine and rain. Awakened at 7.30 a.m. by the noise of servants. After breakfast took a walk and stopped at the office of the Argus and bought extra copies of the report of my talk the day before. Bought a supply of cigars and photographic films for the coming voyage. Saturday in Cape Town seemed like Sunday in a country town in the United States. At least on this Saturday it was cloudy and showering in the forenoon, and in the afternoon all shops were closed and the streets were deserted. At Cocks I learned that the S.S. Santa Maru would sail the following day at 3 p.m. sharp, and that I might go aboard in the forenoon. Called at the consulate and talked with the Consul and his assistant.

When I went down for luncheon I found Mr. ~~Lions~~^{Lyons} in the lobby. He insisted that I accompany him on the suburban train to his residence and if the weather was fair he would take me for an automobile ride. I did not want to go, but he had been obliging and ~~it~~ was so pressing that I could not well refuse, ~~but~~ I stipulated that I ^{should} be back at 5 o'clock. Then, as his wife was away, I invited him to take luncheon with me, which he did. We rode on the train about six miles out to New Lands. There, on the edge of a field he had several acres of ground, including a fine grove of rock pine. His house was a remodeled stable, small, comfortable, with the pine grove on one side and the perpendicular face of the mountain on the other. He made a nice fire in an open fireplace before which we sat talking for about an hour. He was very enthusiastic about the new South African flag and had worked early and late, privately and publicly, to bring about its general use. To show me what it was like he brought out one of the first that was made, a flag of orange, white and blue, and raised it on a little iron staff near the house. He did so with uncovered head

(1928, June, Cape Town)

E--3330

and not to be outdone or possibly give offense I took off my hat although I was nearly freezing in the cold wind. Nor could I understand just why an American should develop ^{so much} enthusiasm about a flag of another people before they themselves knew they had a flag.

After showing me over the house we walked a short distance to the home of his sister-in-law, a real Dutch woman, in a remodeled house that had been built by her grandfather. After meeting her and other members of the family we took a drive of about twenty miles. The scenery about Cape Town is remarkable--high, precipitous mountains facing the sea, a beautiful broad sandy beach, and leaping and pounding surf. The narrow city stretches for twenty miles or more along this fine beach. The great bay is rimmed by small towns with neat and attractive houses, flower gardens, and pine and eucalyptus trees. I was taken back to the railway station in time to catch a train leaving at 5.45 p.m. and reached the central station at 6.15. It was a great relief to escape the attentions of my host, although I was glad to have the opportunity to see so much of Cape Town, its extent, the attractive residences, and the striking scenery of sea and mountain. It was a cold disagreeable day. After supper I went to bed immediately to get warm.

Sunday, 24 June, Cape Town; showers, sunshine, and cold. Cooks had informed me that I might go aboard at any time in the forenoon. After packing up, getting breakfast, and settling my bill, I ^{sat} ~~st~~ awhile in the hotel lobby and then proceeded in a taxi to the pier and was soon in my cabin on the Santa Maru. I had a neat cabin next to the lavatory and was assured that no other passenger would share it with me. The ship was of medium size, new, scrupulously clean, and, best of all, was heated. For the first time in a week I thawed out. It was far more comfortable than the hotel I had just left. The officers and crew were Japanese and very courteous

(1928, June, Cape Town to Rio)

E--3331

and oblidging. The sun came out so that the city stood out sharp and clear against a background of perpendicular beetling cliffs of Table Mountain back of it. At 12.30 p.m. I started for the dining room, but was told by the chief steward that because I was a new passenger and the ship had not left her moorings I could not get anything, even though I paid for it. I felt that this was utterly absurd and probably due to the stupidity of the steward.

I got my hat and stick and walked up and down the streets looking for a restaurant. I went to three restaurants that I knew were open week days, but they were closed. After walking for nearly an hour I found a small restaurant on a side street where I got something to eat.

At 2.30 p.m. the American Consul and his wife came aboard to bid me good by. The ship ~~xi~~ sailed promptly at 3 o'clock. For ~~2~~ two hours we steamed through racing white capped waves and in the bright sunshine we could see the beetling cliffs and towering peaks of Saddle Mountain, Table Mountain, the Lion's Head, and other peaks, and their tessellated sides of limestone strata ^aclearly in the distance, and the white houses and red roofs of Cape Town clustering at their feet. With the last rays of the setting sun we could still see them dimly on the eastern horizon.

I met the captain, a little Japanese gentleman who looked like a college professor, and ~~with~~ an American from Los Angeles named Barrow, a gentleman from Cape~~x~~ Town named Jenkins, and a single lady of uncertain age from Baltimore. The sea was rather rough and every one kept to their cabins.

Monday, 25 June, to Rio; raw and cold, but moderating ^awards noon; a heavy sea and a good deal of motion in the ship. Had several long conversations with Messrs. Barrow and Jenkins who were my table companions, together with a gentleman from Australia.

(1928, June, to Rio)

E--3332

Mr. Barrow said he was a retired lawyer and certified public accountant. Mr. Jenkins was editor of one of the Capetown dailies. He was originally from Ireland, but had lived thirty years in South Africa. I spent the day reading Speek's "Source of the Nile" which was very interesting.

Tuesday, 26 June, to Rio; partly cloudy and cold. The lady from Baltimore said her name was ~~Worthington~~, that she was a niece of ^{a well known judge} ~~Judge Worthington~~ of Frederick, that she owned a farm in Frederick County, Maryland, and had lived at Braddock Heights, which is not far from my farm. It seemed a curious coincidence that two people, strangers to each other, both owning property and having many mutual acquaintances in Frederick County, should meet for the first time on a Japanese ship between Cape Town and Rio de Janeiro. I finished reading Speek's account of his explorations in east and central Africa, and began reading Walker's "History of South Africa." So far this was the coldest voyage I had taken. I was much impressed by the efficient service and the cleanliness of this Japanese ship; and the food ^{was} excellent. I liked the friendly spirit of the officers. The captain and first officer were on friendly terms with the passengers. They ate at the table in the dining room and were always cheerful and smiling among themselves.

Wednesday, 27 June, to Rio; partly clear and showery, and warmer. Had a long conversation with ^{the Baltimore} ~~Miss Worthington~~ who told me about her family near Urbana in Frederick County. I found Walker's History of South Africa very interesting. The passengers on the ship were very quiet. There was a fire drill in the afternoon. It took a crew of men more than half an hour to get one of the life boats ^u ~~to swing~~ out over the side of the ship. The boat and all its ropes, pulleys, hooks, levers, and cog wheels had been painted over and over again with heavy white paint so that everything was stuck hard

(1928, June, to Rio)

E--3333

and fast. The ship could have sunk several times while the crew were fumbling over painted chains and stiff ropes.

Thursday, 28 June, to Rio; sunshine and showers, warmer. Discarded some of my heavy winter clothing. Finished reading the History of South Africa and loaned it to Mr. Jenkins, the Cape Town editor. Began reading "La Nave de Los Locos" by Pio Baroja of Madrid. During the forenoon parties of Japanese emigrants bound for Brazil were conducted over the ship and each part was explained to them. There were more than nine hundred of them and amongⁿ them were about two hundred children. Several school teachers were with them and they had regular lessons. The smaller ones had kindergarten lessons and exercises daily. There was much singing and playing by the children directed by leaders or teachers. In the afternoon there was a game something like leap frog, which the steerage passengers enjoyed greatly.

Friday, 29 June, to Rio; clear, bright, warmer, and a calm sea. Very pleasant. Still reading the Spanish book, which I found uninteresting and badly written. We had a beautiful sunset for the first time since leaving Cape Town. Was told that the emigrants for Brazil were sent over by the Japanese government with all expenses paid, including the ^asalaries of teachers and the services of doctors. All day long the children had lessons, played and sang. In the evening I went with a group of first class passengers below and forward to a large salon packed solidly with emigrants to see a Japanese actor amuse the crowd. It was so badly overcrowded that I could not see much and soon left.

Saturday, 30 June, to Rio; raining last night and nearly all day, with rough sea. At noon we were 2,000 miles from Cape Town and 1,500 miles from Santos. I pasted a lot of my photographs for the loose leaf folder in which I kept them. Began reading "Las Amors

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de los Amores" by Ricardo Leon of the Real Academia de Espagna, which I finished in the evening.

Sunday, 1 July, to Rio; clear, brigh, pleasantly cool, with fairly calm sea. Working on expense account for June. At noon we were 1,233 miles from Santos. Began reading "En Viaje" by Miguel Cane.

Monday, 2 July, to Rio; clear, warm, calm sea. A delightful day. Saw some whales spouting at a distance. A part of the day I watched the Japanese children giving recitations, playing games, singing, and dancing, led by teachers. The ~~stw~~ stewards band of four pieces, big drum, little drum, flute, and cornet, played steadily some of the most atrocious music I ever heard. Prizes were given to the winners of the competitive games. Little bags of baked soy beans and cheap toys were distributed, so that every child got something. The children were very quiet and dignified. The games and distribution of prizes lasted from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. All this took place on the open deck just below my cabin so that the noise made it impossible either to read or sleep.

Tuesday, 3 July, to Rio; clear and bright, but a high wind and heavy sea. I watched three young Japanese women with beautiful ~~breed~~ breasts nursing infants; also a girl of twelve running against the wind exposing a pretty pair of legs to her hips; and several female children without the prescribed covering. However, it was apparent that such exposure was purely unconscious and therefore innocent.

Besides the lady from Baltimore I got acquainted with a fine looking young married lady from Bermuda; a good looking young lady from Cape Town who was leaving her husband after six months of married life; an elderly couple from Los Angeles; ~~and~~ a young man from Santos, and an old gentleman from Buenos Ayres. The young ladies from Cape Town and Bermuda were both attractive and friendly, but

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the lady from Baltimore, the least attractive of the three, rather pestered me with attentions because we were fellow countrymen and interested in the same county, so that the other two directed their attentions to other male passengers, making the young Brazilian the principal object. In the evening I saw the Brazillian dancing with the lady from Bermuda to the music of a phonograph, and there were indications that they spent the night together.

The elderly gentleman from Buenos Aires was delightful. When I spoke to him in his own language and told him I had lived in Buenos Aires nearly two years and we found that I knew many of his friends, he became very friendly and we had many conversations. He was making his second trip around the world on the Santa Maru.

The Cape Town editor, Mr. Jenkins, ^athe red headed Irishman, not only was exceptionally well informed but was bright and witty, and, singularly enough, was very pro-British. Within five minutes after we became acquainted at the table we got into a good natured argument about the English speaking family of nations and the relative merits of the United States and Great Britain and her colonies. At first we were very courteous and polite, but as we got to know and like each other better we dropped formalities and went after each other hammer and tongs and, like two lawyers on opposing sides who were old time friends, we said the most atrocious and insulting things to each other and our friendly-fierce encounters entertained the entire passenger list. Our two table companions, one from Los Angeles and the other from Australia, were soon reduced to the role of listeners. If the Los Angeles man ventured to speak for the United States I would silence him by showing how extremely ignorant of America and how unpatriotic ~~maxxax~~ and spineless he was to acquiesce in the erroneous and biassed statements ^dmade by ignorant and provincial foreigners

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regarding the United States. If the Australian attempted to say anything he was immediately squelched by my friend from Cape Town. Our daily duels covered about every phase of national life, language, laws, customs, manners, food, money, newspapers, magazines, literature, history, transportation, modern conveniences, traditions, aristocracy, and the like. Rarely have I enjoyed personal encounters so much as I did these with Mr. Jenkins, twice daily, at luncheon and dinner, when we lambasted each other and our countries and compatriots so unmercifully, and after the battle was over we walked arm in arm around the deck and exchanged sober opinions about each other's country. Our arguments were always carried on with entire mutual understanding and twinkling eyes so that we became very warm friends. Not so with some of the others. Our arguments were listened to with great interest by the other passengers in the dining room. When my friend made some outrageous statement about America or came back with quick, witty repartee to something I had said, his compatriots were usually silent as if they only half understood. When I made a quick atrocious reply or knocked the wind out of my antagonist there would be a cheering round of applause from my American friends, and occasionally the old gentleman from Los Angeles with a German name would leave his table and come over and slap me on the back and say "That's right, that is what every^{one} knows and thinks, but the British are just too dumb to understand. Give him hell." The young lady from ^{Bermuda} ~~Brazil~~ was quite impartial, applauding us both and rewarding us with bright smiles of understanding when we made especially crushing accusations or replies. Not so with the other passengers; they were partisans. The fourth day out from Cape Town, after we had got warmed up to the argument, my friend came to me in distress, saying that he did not understand the old gentleman from Los Angeles. Then he said that in the friendliest manner

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possible he had made some remark^{to him} about America, mainly with the idea of learning something, and the old fellow had got angry and threatened to lick the daylights out of him if he ever again so much as hinted at such a thing in his presence. Mr. Jenkins was puzzled and distressed because to him his remark was innocent and without the slightest thought of giving offence. I counseled patience, restraint and forbearance in his intercourse with the old gentleman from Los Angeles. He wanted to know why he should be more cautious in talking to this particular old gentleman than to any other American. I suggested that the old gentleman was probably a German immigrant and was therefore inclined to be more patriotically American than Americans of British descent, just as some Irish and some Scotch are more patriotically British than the British themselves; that he was obviously uneducated; that for many years he had been a building contractor, which meant that he was not well read and ^athat probably all his life he had ^adealt with ignorant laborers and the only way he could adequately express himself was by swearing and using his fists; and that with this background he was governed by his feelings and his prejudices and could not understand the language of a literary gentleman. "Can't you see" I said, "his limitations and his point of view and that if you ask any question or make any statement implying criticism of the United States his instinctive impulse will be to answer you in the only way he can answer, that is, by a blow that will knock you down. Now if you will just avoid meeting him for awhile I will suggest to him that you are just a crazy Irishman from Cape Town that does not know any better. Can't you realize, my friend, the heinousness of your offence in criticising the United States in the presence of a German-American building contractor accustomed to using his fists. Can't you imagine what would happen if this German-American or any other American, or

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an Englishman even, should visit old Ireland and tell your fellow countrymen what damned fools they were in criticising and opposing the British!" "Thanks a lot; I begin to see" he replied, with a grin. Later I saw the old gentleman from Los Angeles who with much indignation said he was~~t~~ tired of hearing that ignoramus from Cape Town make slighting remarks about the United States, that he had told him so and threatened to "knock his block off" if he did it again. I suggested that it would be better to ignore what the Cape Town man said about the United States because he had never been there, had never seen a skyscraper, and did not know what a warm room^{or} a bath tub with hot water, were in winter; and that he would visit Los Angeles in due time and would then realize what a fool he had made of himself. This seemed to mollify the old gentleman, but his parting word was that if he heard any more of that man's insulting remarks when I was not present he certainly would ~~kn~~ knock him down. The two men avoided each other thereafter and I heard no more of the controversy. Mr. Jenkins and I continued to hobnob together in private and to attack each other mercilessly in the dining room. Mr. Jenkins sincerely wished to learn all he could about America and I tried to give him an oral picture of the country and the people. I especially cautioned him against drawing general conclusions ~~from~~ from the few American tourists he might meet, because they were no more representative of the American people than he himself was of Ireland, Great Britain, or South Africa, and that New Orleans, the Panama Canal Zone, San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, the American cities he would see, merely represented local sections of the United States and not the regions back of them that were larger than all Europe.

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Wednesday, 4 July, to Rio; clear, bright, warm day, but a broad heaving swell made it impracticable to do any typewriting. Reading a Spanish book of travels in the forenoon. Had a long nap in the afternoon. Captain's dinner in the evening with decorations, good food and excellent wine, and much good feeling generally. The captain made a short and appropriate speech expressing gratification at the friends he had made and his regret at the coming parting with the passengers who were to leave the ship at Santos. One of the officers at his table made a graceful reply. Then there was a pause and most of the passengers looked at our table as if something was expected. I leaped across to my Cape Town friend and said, "See here, Jenkins, for the credit of the Anglo-Saxon countries it is up to you as a red headed Irishman, a bloody Britisher, and the editorial source and fountain of South African wisdom, to get up on your hind legs and say something." "Not on your life," he said, and saying so he seemed to shrink up in his chair. I said "But you must; we can't let these little brown people put anything over on us; they are uncivilized and we are civilized, you understand; come now, get up and say something, dammit all; if you don't, by all the gods and little fishes, I will." He simply shrank up some more, and said "You do it." I turned to the man from Los Angeles and said, "See here, Mr. Lawyer, it's up to you as a practiced legal luminary and professional orator to tell these Jap officers how much the people of California love Japan and the Japanese." "Go to hell," was his whispered reply. "Has Australia anything to say about the little brown brothers," I asked our companion from Australia. He shook his head. "All right, here goes; pray for me," I said.

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Then I arose, surveyed the audience, and launched forth, saying in effect, that it had been my good fortune to travel in many countries, and that in no country had I received more courteous treatment than in Japan, the Flowery Kingdom; that I had traveled in the ships of many nationalities, and that in no other ship had I met with more courteous treatment than from the Japanese officers and crew of this Japanese ship; that I felt that I expressed the feeling of all the passengers that this ship and her officers and crew were a credit to Japan, and would be a credit to any nation on earth; that I felt I was expressing the views of my fellow passengers in thinking that this ship and her officers and crew in their treatment of the Japanese emigrants and their families was probably the best in the world and that we had witnessed it with sympathy and admiration; and therefore on behalf of all the passengers I wished to thank the captain, his fellow officers, and the crew, for their wonderful, friendly, and efficient service and good will that had done so much to make this voyage a pleasant and a memorable one; and that I would put these expressions in the form of a motion, which my good Friend, Mr. Jenkins, ^{would} ~~will~~ second, and which all the passengers ^{would} ~~will~~ make unanimous by rising. Mr. Jenkins instantly responded with a second and the passengers promptly arose and began clapping their hands. The men at my table, Mr. Jenkins first, reached across to shake hands. The old gentleman from Los Angeles came over and patted me on the back and ~~said~~ "That was fine; just what we all wanted to say, but you were the only one who had the nerve to say it." The young lady from Bermuda smiled, nodded, and threw me a kiss. The captain stood up and said that he was "overwhelmed with such a tribute ^{and} ~~as~~ so well expressed by so widely ^a ~~a~~ traveled gentleman as Mr. Estabrook."

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The captain and his group of officers were visibly pleased. The kindly old gentleman from Buenos Aires had called out two or three times "Muy bien, muy bien, amigo" to me. He got up and in beautiful Castilian ~~said~~ said that his heart was too full for utterance as the time approached for another parting from his beloved captain; that not only ^a had it been his privilege to entertain the captain in his home in Buenos Aires, but that he had ^{had} the ~~ho~~ honor to be the captain's guest at his home in Yokohama. The speaker and the captain stood up with their arms about each other and the captain thanked his friend in good Spanish, and then facing the passengers said in English "You see this is the second time I have had the pleasure of taking my good friend around the world in the Santa Maru." There was more spontaneity about this captain's farewell goodwill dinner than I have encountered in any other ship.

We sat up until a late hour in the smoking room. There was much good will and considerable drinking. Gradually the passengers withdrew until only the captain, a group of officers, all Japanese, the Bermuda lady and myself, were left. The officers drank freely and some of them were tipsy. Special menu cards were autographed all around. I sat next to the Bermuda lady who, I thought, should not have been there and I stayed on to see her through. The first officer sat on the other side. He was something of an artist and drew pictures with Japanese legends and characters that were interesting to us, but which caused the other members of the Japanese party to laugh uproarously, which aroused my suspicion that they were making fun of the Bermuda lady. The tipsy first officer put his arm around her waist and felt of her bosom. I had a feeling of rising indignation, but was restrained by the thought that I was not responsible for her presence among this group of intoxicated little brown men, that I had no right to interfere, and that any

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indignity to which she might be subjected had been invited by remaining too long. She seemed to suspect my feeling and glanced reassuringly at me, unclasped the intruding hands of her brown companion, smiled charmingly at the brown faces gazing intently at her, rose quietly and said "Good night, gentlemen." I rose with her and, bowing three times to the captain, said "Good night, gentlemen; thank you for a very pleasant evening" Instantly they all rose and bowed ceremoniously and all repeated in the most friendly fashion, "Good night." As we went through the narrow corridor to her cabin I said, "Do you realize, young lady, that by remaining after the other ladies left you nearly precipitated a serious situation among a group of colored men who have no conception of our ~~standax~~ conventional standard of morality." "Yes," she replied, "but they were so polite and gentle that I did not realize it at the beginning; it was simply an adventure, but I am grateful to you for seeing me through it, and for seeing me to my cabin. Won't you come in?" "No, my dear, I am more or less true to the ideals of an American gentleman, the proudest title that any human being can bear," I replied. "I believe you," she ^{ai}said, "you are one of the few I have met, and I honor and adore you." With that she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me. Then we shook hands and said good night. Why? No doubt it was heredity and youthful inhibitions--probably most of them false. Probably both she and I would have been happier, and no human being ~~less~~ ^{er}poor, if I had accepted her warm and sincere invitation. Damn ~~P~~uritanical conventional ideas anyhow. That is how moral I really was and am.

From time to time during the voyage, especially the last few days before reaching Santos, the Baltimore lady had discussed her itinerary with me. After discharging cargo and passengers at

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Santos the Santa Maru was scheduled to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, remain there one day, run down to Monte Video and Buenos Aires for a week or more, and then return to Rio before proceeding to Cuba and New Orleans. Passengers therefore had the choice of visiting Monte Video and Buenos Aires on the ship or of remaining in Rio a week or ten days until the ship returned from the south. The lady from Baltimore was undecided and pestered me day after day with questions about the relative merits of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. I suggested that inasmuch as she probably would never have another opportunity to see Monte Video and Buenos Aires it would be well to see those cities. However, I warned, it was midwinter in the southern hemisphere in July and she might run into some bad weather, cold and rainy, and the hotels in Buenos Aires were without artificial heat. On the other hand the weather was apt to be very pleasant in Rio, it was one of the most beautiful cities amid beautiful surroundings in the world, and she could spend a week or two there very agreeably. Over and over we canvassed the situation and she was unable to reach a decision, until I was heartily tired of the subject. Then one evening I asked her if she had any friends in Buenos Aires to go about with her. She said she had not. ^{"Then?"} I ~~sa~~ said ~~then~~ I should tell you something. When I was there four years ago it was the custom, when any lady was seen on the streets without a companion, day or night, for old men, young men, and youths, to take liberties with her." "Just what liberties," she asked. "Well, they would step up to an unaccompanied lady, keep step with her, put their arms ~~arb~~ about her waist, feel of her hips, her bosoms, her sacred legs even, kiss her, and in Spanish invite her to accompany them to a room," I replied. "Are you sure," she asked. "I have seen it many times and my friends have told me of many instances," I replied. "How horrible and shameful" she said, "don't the police

try to stop men from insulting ladies on the street." "No," I replied, "it is the custom of the country. It is even said that some women feel slighted if they are not approached and importuned by men." "Why, who ever heard of such a thing," she exclaimed. "Well, so it is, and I think you should know it before you decide where you are going," I answered. The next morning she announced ~~to~~ that she had decided to go to Buenos Aires.

(I wrote about this incident in a letter home and the letter was published in the local paper. Two weeks later I was in Buenos Aires, and although I kept my eyes open I did not see a single instance where a man or boy approached a woman on the street, and, stranger still, there were many women unaccompanied on the streets both night and day, just as there are in cities of the United States. I asked a friend about it and he said that the impertinences of men and boys and the complaints of women and their male relatives reached the stage of a real nuisance. A governmental decree was issued that all offenders were to be arrested, fined severely, and put in jail to cool off. This ~~wax~~ decree was enforced so effectively that the practice had entirely ceased, and it became as safe for a woman ~~and xxx~~ or girl to walk the streets of Buenos Aires at any hour as in any city of the world. So the lady from Baltimore was disappointed, and my conscience troubled me because I knew she would blame me for misrepresenting conditions in Buenos Aires. Three years later I got a letter from the Baltimore lady from some place in Virginia in which she reproached me for having willfully and grossly misrepresented the facts.)

Thursday, 5 July, ~~parx~~ Santos; partly cloudy and warm. We came through the narrow harbor and anchored at 7 a.m. I was pleased at the familiar sight of Santos Harbor. At last I was getting back among familiar scenes and home did not seem so far away. After breakfast and the usual port formalities my American

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and English companions departed in autos for a visit to São Paulo.

I walked across town to a bank and bought some Brazil~~X~~ian money.

I tried to exchange my South African pounds sterling, but the bank

declined to accept them. I went to several banks, including the

British South American Bank, with the same result. At last I

found a Jew money changer who gave me Brazil~~X~~ian money for the

South African money at a thirty-three and one-third per cent dis-

count of their real value. Then I walked to the base of the high

steep hill back of Santos where a landslide had occurred recently

with destruction of property and loss of life. I watched a gang

of laborers prying loose bur~~y~~ied boulders near the top which rolled

down the slope with accelerated speed until they struck the barrier

at the bottom with a roar like artillery. I bought a supply of the

excellent and very cheap Brazilian cigars and returned to the ^{ship}~~ship~~.

After luncheon I watched the Japanese emigrants ~~a~~ land. A train of coaches was drawn up parallel with the wharf. The captain and his group of officers were station^{ed} on the wharf. & The immigrant families were brought out in groups of twenty or more and passed before the captain and his officers. Men, women, and children were burdened with bundles. As the^y passed in review the head of the family and each member of the family down to the baby made a profound ob~~se~~scence as ~~the~~ passed in front of the captain, and the captain spoke encouragingly to each family group. Then they were conducted to their assigned positions in the waiting coaches. As I ^{watched}~~thought~~ of these little brown people, separated from their homes and accustomed environment, transported half around the world, facing an unknown country and people and unfamiliar conditions of life and an ~~unknown~~ alien language; of the kind and considerate treatment they had received on the ship, and of their profound respect, approaching worship, for their Japanese leaders, the tears sprang into my eyes

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~~as~~^{and} I thought of the strange conditions of life ahead of them, of their homesickness, and their recollections of the homeland and home people, and I thought how human it all was and how after all human beings are the same the world over regardless of race, traditions, or environment--their reactions are much the same. The color of the skin has nothing to do with it. I could not help but admire the systematic planning and efficiency of the Japanese officials in handling large numbers of emigrants. I doubt if any country of the world has equalled them--certainly not the United States.

I tried to get some sleep in the afternoon, but men outside pounding on a steel plate with sledge hammers kept me awake. In desperation I dressed and went on deck. Darkness was falling and little could be seen but the lights of the street lamps. Had trouble with my right knee from the long walk of the forenoon. It was very still and quiet on the ship and I decided to retire early.

Friday, 6 July, Santos to Rio; partly cloudy, light showers, and pleasantly warm. After breakfast I rode on a tram car to the business section. Sent a telegram for a reservation at the Gloria Hotel in Rio. Spent an hour very agreeably in a little restaurant saloon. Had a glass of beer and a cigar and studied a fine collection of pastel and oil paintings of Brazilian scenes and vegetation. They were exceptionally good. There were exquisite pictures of Brazilian mountains, gorges, cataracts, magnificent tropical trees and flowers, of primitive wooden carts pulled by long trains of oxen, of peasant homes, of peasant belles and their ~~Romeos~~ in peasant ^{native} costumes and dances. These paintings were bright and pleasing in color and true to life and form. Rarely have I enjoyed an exhibition of paintings as I enjoyed this one. My thought was that the marooned French artist who painted these lovely pictures, while he

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starved ^{as he} while ^{ed} painting them and trying to sell them in this life, would probably become famous after death. Of all the pictures I had seen in the ~~at~~ ^{art} galleries of Europe and America few would compare in color and form and trueness to life with some I saw in this collection in a bar room in Santos. I wished to purchase at least one of them, but most of them were too large to go into my suitcases or trunk. To this day I regret that I have not one of those beautiful paintings to grace my study.

Friday, 6 July, Santos; alternating sunshine and showers, and pleasantly warm. I typed my June expense account. It was very quiet on the ship. The mountains seen across the harbor were beautiful. They loomed up against the sky like a wall of green, a row of conical peaks, beautiful in the sunlight streaming through the pearly mists shrouding their summits.

The ship sailed at 2 p.m. We passed out through the narrow channel that almost completely surrounds the flat island of Santos, past the broad beach with its hotels and bath houses, out through the narrow entrance between some tropical islands, and into the open sea where the Santa Maru headed north. The sea was blue and quite smooth. To the left was a range of wooded mountains, and to the east were several islands, one of them with a white light house tower on it.

The captain was on the main deck just before we started. He thanked me for my graceful remarks the evening before and asked me if I would be good enough to write them for preservation in his album. In the course of conversation and encouraged by my questions he said that he was in Yokohama harbor at the time of the great earthquake in September, 1922, and saw the terrible destruction wrought by it, by the tidal wave that followed it, and the fire that broke out and swept over the city. With his small ship and crew he was able to

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rescue more than ten thousand people, for which he was highly commended by officials of the government; that although at that time he was in charge of a small, old merchant vessel he was, nevertheless, still in the Japanese navy, and after the Yokohama disaster he was recalled to active service and assigned to the supervision of the construction and furnishing of the Santa Maru. He said that all the time it was building and he was putting the finishing touches on her he often wondered if he might live long enough and rise high enough in the service to command a ship as good as the Santa Maru. He hoped that such a great honor might come to him after long years of faithful service and before ~~him before~~ he died. Then he told of his perturbation when a group of naval officers of high rank came aboard to make a final inspection of the ship as she lay in the harbor, and with what pride he showed them all the latest improvements to the last detail that had been installed, and he ^aregained confidence as he realized from their approving looks that they were favorably impressed. But imagine his surprise, his pride, and his supreme happiness and emotion when in the cabin designed for the captain of the new ship a squad of high naval officials stood at attention and the ranking officer handed him his commission as captain of the Santa Maru, his Santa Maru, the ship he had built and furnished, his ship, the ship he had never dreamed he might command; and the officer said, "This, captain, is your ship, and may good fortune attend you, and may you sail her as successfully and as gallantly as you sailed the old ship in Yokohama harbor with honor to yourself and glory to Japan." Then, ~~The~~ The official ceremony being over, they embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks. Then began the series of voyages around the world several times a year and the new captain was happy, and because he was happy he was successful in making his

"Rio de Janeiro, 7 July 1928.

"Commander T. Kamiashi,

"S. S. Santos Maru.

"Dear Captain Kamiashi:

"On leaving the good ship Santos Maru I wish to repeat what I said at the banquet on the evening of July 4 before reaching Santos, namely, that I have travelled on many ships of many nationalities, including American, British, German, French, Italian, Dutch, and Spanish, and that in addition to excellent food, prompt and willing table and cabin service, the Santos Maru is distinguished above all other ships I have known (1) for the uniformly courteous, genial and friendly spirit of the Captain and his fellow officers in their intercourse with one another, with the passengers, and with the crew; and (2) for the very exceptional care and treatment of several hundred immigrant steerage passengers. This friendly spirit which shines from the face of the Captain is reflected in the faces of officers, crew and passengers and, like the sun, radiates light and warmth and causes all to smile. I think the heart of every passenger was moved as he saw day after day how the poor immigrant passengers were cared for and looked after and their children brought out on deck and taught and exercised in games and songs. I have seen nothing finer than this anywhere else in any country or among any people. And so, dear Captain, may you and the good ship Santos Maru have many successful, prosperous and happy voyages, continuing to make many and warm friends for yourself, your company, and your native land.

"With best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural
"Census Project."

At the supper table Mr. Jenkins and I had our last friendly round. I asked him if he had succeeded in exchanging his South African pounds for Brazilian money. He shook his head. So did the lawyer from Los Angeles and the Australian. "There, you see," I said to Mr. Jenkins, "that's how much the money of your country is worth; nobody outside of South Africa will have it. I went to four banks and they all turned up their noses at it. I was especially surprised when the British Bank refused it. Just think of it; the mother country will not honor the money of one of her colonies. Clearly the money of South Africa is no good. I had to sell mine to a Jew for two-thirds of what I had to pay for it. I lost one-third. That is an index of the international standing of South Africa. Now, when you consider the dollar, why it's worth one hundred cents, same as gold, in every country of the world. Why? Because the United States, her resources and the character of her people are back of it. And yet you little ~~krix~~ shrimps of other countries have the unutterable gall to criticise America and everything American. What have you to say, Mr. red headed Irishman?" The old gentleman from Los Angeles who had been listening called out "Good, good; soak him Mr. Estabrook; that's the stuff." Mr. Jenkins was a good sport and simply grinned. Then I said to him that while I had lost one-third on thirty-five of his South African pounds, it was well worth much more than that to have such an agreeable companion as he, that I felt relieved that we had expressed out national viewpoints so frankly, that only friends could do that, and that as an editor he knew what one American thought of the foolish criticism of American and Americans by ignorant, prejudiced, and hopelessly provincial foreigners. It was with real regret that we separated at the wharf in Rio.

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fellow officers, the crew, and the passengers happy and contented. And so it was that this little, quiet, modest brown gentleman was happy, the happiest man I have ever met.

*Insert
3349a* So long as daylight lasted we were in sight of mountains along the Brazilian coast. After supper there were showers of sparks from the smokestack that streamed across the ship, and in the distance could be seen the intermittent flashes of a coast light. That evening I sat with a group of friendly acquaintances and we had an lively and interesting discussion about dogs.

Saturday, 7 July, Rio de Janeiro; cloudy, misty, showers, and warm. Passengers were awakened at 6.30 a.m. as the ship entered the harbor. Not much could be seen because of the fog. The tops of Sugar Loaf and Corcovada were completely hidden. The ship lay in the harbor until 11 a.m. After medical inspection she moved in and tied up at the wharf, one of a long line of ships flying foreign flags. At the wharf I learned that the baggage would not be transferred to the customhouse until 2 p.m.

I went to the Gloria Hotel where I was given a nice room overlooking the magnificent bay. Had an excellent luncheon and saw the Bermuda lady in company with an elderly gentleman whom she introduced as the district manager of a petroleum distributing company in which her husband was employed. At 2.30 p.m. I returned to the wharf, but the baggage did not reach the customhouse until 4 p.m. Passed customs inspection and got the baggage to my room at 5 p.m. I was rather tired from the long day of waiting about and getting established at the hotel. Darkness soon fell. I took a scouting walk around a little park and found a shop where I bought a supply of cigars. Had an excellent supper with the Bermuda lady and there was good music. She was a lovely and entertaining woman and was dressed in a beautiful gown. Together we went to the smoking parlor overlook-

(1928, July, Rio)

E--3350

ing the city. She dispatched a note to the manager of the petroleum company and he soon appeared in full regalia, dress suit, white waistcoat, and a big diamond. I could see that the beautiful lady displayed all her charms and ~~with~~ with to impress the manager and that he readily, willingly and gracefully succumbed to her alluring blandishments. I wished her success, but from the time he arrived I was out of the picture, although from time to time she would flash a bright glance at me, with just a little note of appeal, to which I responded always with an understanding smile. It was quite clear that she was happy in the exercise of her charms and I suspected that there was method in her madness. It was clear also that the pompous old gentleman was gratified and immensely satisfied with himself. He visibly swelled and glowed under her expert administration of flattery and interest. I strongly suspected that she was deliberately courting the old gentleman in order to strengthen the position of her husband in the company of which he was a district manager.

I excused myself at 11.30 p.m. On going to my room I looked out over the bay. The moon was shining and a path of silvery light shown across the rippling waters. Around the bay were innumerable electric lights like a necklace of resplendent jewel~~s~~s. On the top of Sugar Loaf, two thousand feet above the bay, was a cluster of lights that shone like a group of stars. Sugar Loaf, the rocky peak that rises out of the bay, was itself invisible so that the cluster of lights on its peak seemed to be suspended in the sky.

(Captain of Santos Mary ✓ July, yellow folder)

(Mother, same ✓)

(1928, July, Rio)

E--3351

Sunday, 8 July, Rio; sunshine and showers, and warm. Typing letters in the forenoon. Afternoon, a nap and a visit to the art gallery full of classical paintings of madonnas and angel children; then supper and to bed. ~~Fell~~ Feeling somewhat enervated by heat and sleep.

Monday, 9 July, Rio; clear and warm. Called on the American Consul, who was not especially cordial--perhaps his breakfast did not agree with him, or he may have quarreled with his wife, or there may have been official complications of which I knew nothing. When I ^{asked} ~~suggested~~ that he have some one in his office call up the Ministry of Agriculture and the Director of Statistics he suggested that it would be necessary to have the American Minister write a formal letter of introduction and arrange for a formal interview. At first I laughed at the idea, and then reassured him by saying that I was an American citizen as shown by my passport and represented the United States Department of Agriculture, and therefore utilized the services of the American Consulates, partly because I had a right to utilize it and partly because I had found it to be an efficient service; but such use was not absolutely necessary because as a representative of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome I had an equal right to call upon the consulates of other countries that were treaty members of the Institute, or to deal direct with the officials of the various governments. This statement penetrated and he at once arranged by telephone for appointments. There was a batch of mail for me at the consulate, including letters from my wife and two adopted children, the second I had received from home in more than a year.

After luncheon I went to the Directoria Geral de Estatistica,

(1928, July, Rio)

E--3352

Ministerio da Agricultura, Industrias e Comercio, where I met the Director, Dr. Bulhaes Carvalho, whom I had met in Rio in 1924 and ~~ag~~ again at Rome in 1926. He was more than cordial. He called in his secretary, Dr. Hada Pessoa. Both assured me of cooperation in the world census and described in detail their organization and methods and loaded me up with printed bulletins.

On leaving I looked about for a taxi. I saw just one, but another gentleman reached it first. He looked back, saw me waiting, and beckoned me to approach. He proved to be the Consul General of Cuba and when I explained who I was he became very friendly. He said he had been stationed in Canada before being sent to Rio de Janeiro and that the Cuban people were very grateful for the help the United States had given in their struggle for independence; also that during the war his family were refugees in the United States and his mother could speak English perfectly.

On reaching the business section I bought some Brazilian money and then called on the American Commercial Attache, Mr. Jackson, who volunteered to arrange for an interview with the officials of the Ministry of Agriculture, and to send the Trade Commissioner, Mr. Ikoff, with me as guide and interpreter. I looked up the Argentine Consul who said I would have to have a certificate from the police of Rio de Janeiro, and as his office was closed for the day I would have to call another time.

Tuesday, 10 July, Rio; clear and pleasant; ideal weather, but rather hot in the sun. After breakfast I addressed some picture postcards and fixed up a package of books to mail home. Hired a taxie to take me to the Argentine Consulate. The driver was reckless and we had several narrow escapes. Also we were held up by a regiment of soldiers marching as an escort of honor to the President-elect of Paraguay. I stopped ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ a tobacco shop and there met one of the pas-

(1928, July, Rio)

E--3353

sengers from the Santa^{os} Maru who gave me a fine Havana cigar. At the appointed time I called on the Argentine Consul, ~~xx~~ explained who I was, gave him one of my cards, and exhibited my passport bearing the visée of the Argentine Embassy at Washington, whereupon he promptly waived the requirement of a police certificate and affixed the necessary rubber stamp visée.

At the hotel I turned the passport~~s~~ over to the porter with instructions to obtain from the police department a permit to leave Brazil.

Then I called on Mr. Jackson, the Commercial Attache, who said that he had served in all the Latin American countries and at one time he served with Mr. Arnold whom I met in Peking.

In the afternoon in company with Mr. Ikoff I called at the Cotton Section and at the Inspection Service of the Ministry of Agriculture, the chiefs of which expressed interest in the census project and explained the organization and work of their divisions. Also they loaded me up with publications that I did not want, but I could not well refuse.

As I entered the dining room in the evening a young man with a German name followed and asked if he had not met me in 1926 on the S.S. Colombo. I had no recollection of him and all I could do was to tell him so politely and pleasantly, whereupon he apologized and retired. After supper I sat for awhile in the lounge with the Bermuda lady and the petroleum manager. We had liquors, smokes, and listened to the music. Then we sat for awhile in the open air on the terrace. Both were very agreeable and we passed an hour or more very pleasantly.

Wednesday, 11 July, Rio; cloudy, showers, hot; climate somewhat enervating. Did some writing. The porter returned my passport~~s~~ with police permit to leave.

(1928, July, Rio)

E--3354

In the afternoon I went downtown, obtained my photographs, paid for passage to Buenos Aires on the S.S. Western World leaving Friday, and then called at the office of the Commercial Attache where I was told that the Minister of Agriculture was ill and not expected to return to his office until the following week. Returned to the hotel and looked through the collection of official bulletins that had accumulated. I know of no other country that is so lavish in expenditures for bulletins and books printed on fine paper or one that is so free in their distribution.

(Wife, 11 July, Rio, ~~yellow~~ folder)

(~~Snyder~~, same. *omit*)

(1928, Jly, Rio)

E--3355

Thursday, 12 July, Rio; clear, bright, lovely day. After breakfast I visited the botanical garden, one of the most interesting in the world. Nowhere else ~~is~~ are there such magnificent royal palms. This was my third or fourth visit to the garden and I felt quite familiar with it.

Returned to the hotel in time for luncheon. After a nap I wrote some letters. The Bermuda lady had informed both the petroleum manager and I that ~~Thurs~~^{er}day evening was dance night and all gentlemen were expected to wear full dress, which accounted for our appearance that evening. Madame Pavlova, the Russian dancer, was ~~pres~~^ent and a center of attraction. The Bermuda lady was especially beautiful and her elderly friend and I sat out the evening with her.

(Shelma, 12 July, ~~Rio~~, yellow folder)

(Otis, same ✓)

(Sister Nellie, ✓same)

(Eunice, ~~same~~)

(1928, July, Rio)

E--3356

Friday, 13 July, Rio; clear and hot; hottest since leaving Delagoa Bay. After breakfast I packed up. Went down town to buy some Brazilian and Uruguayan money. After luncheon I sat on the Terrace with the Bermuda lady and two other fellow passengers.

At 2.30 p.m. I went to the S.S. Western World and found my hand baggage in the cabin and the trunk on the wharf. The purser said I could not occupy the cabin until within two hours of leaving, and that the ship would leave at 8 p.m. I tried to read in the lounge, but it was dark and hot. I walked the length of ~~Ri~~ Avenida Rio Branco and sat in first one cafe and then another. I returned to the ship at 6 o'clock and then had to stand around for another hour while the ship was slowly moved to another position and the gang plank put out. This time I was given a key to my cabin so that I was now free to come and go. The cabin was a large one, but because it was part of a suite it had no modern conveniences or access to bath or toilet. I was disappointed in this large American ship in comparison with the comfortable quarters and excellent service on the Japanese boat. Shortly before 8 p.m. a troop of soldiers was drawn up on the wharf in honor of the President-elect of Paraguay. A large party of diplomats and other high officials were also on the wharf to see the President come aboard. The ship sailed promptly at 8 p.m. At the same time the gong sounded for dinner. The President-elect with a party of companions in uniform sat at the table nearest my own. He was a dark complexioned, round faced, dignified looking gentleman and was waited upon assiduously by his party.

After dinner I went up into the smoking room. Very few people were there and two of them were drunk. The lights of Rio

(1928, July, to Monte Video)

E--3357

were very pretty as seen from the harbor. ^PThe Western World was a large ship with a full passenger list, but I did not like it. Surely the United States cannot expect to compete with other nations unless equal accommodations and service are given, with equally good entertainment, which many of them do not. It is a severe strain on the patriotism of an American to travel on an American ship when the ships of other nations give more in return for the cost of passage and serve alcoholic beverages and the good cheer that goes with it. If the United States is in favor of making the sale of alcoholic beverages illegal, all well and good within the boundaries of the United States; but how foolish and futile it is for the fanatics to attempt to control its sale and use outside the United States and on the high seas. Every American who leaves the United States on business or pleasure is or becomes extremely patriotic by reason of his contacts and observation of ~~other~~ other countries and peoples; but, unless ^{he} has fanatical dry cataracts on his eyes, he soon realizes that many of the ships flying the American flag are very inferior to their competitors, that the service is grumpy, grudging, and generally abominable, and he misses the cheery social attitude and atmosphere that comes from the unrestricted sale and use of alcohol. The result is that all travelers of experience, American as well as foreign, travel on foreign ships whenever and wherever possible. On every American ship on which I had traveled up to this time I was oppressed by the deadly silence and unsociable conduct and forlorn appearance of the unfortunate passengers in contrast with the sociability, cheerfulness, and good humor that prevails on foreign ships. Another curious thing is that I have seen more beastly, disgusting drunkenness on every American ship I had travelled on than on any foreign ship, the reason being, of course, that because liquor cannot be pur-

(1928, July, to Monte Video)

E--3358

chased on American ships the passengers who want it bring it with them, take it to their cabins, and some of them drink to excess. Surely this unsatisfactory situation, which causes the loss of millions of dollars to the maritime service of the United States, cannot last always. Surely the American people will come to their senses with the realization that their restrictive laws are futile and throw off the rule of and respect for the opinions of blind fanatics. These and other fanatics are simply immoral because they try to impose impossible and unjust conditions of life upon their fellow human beings, and such success as they meet with is due to their appeals in the name of morality. Personally I should like to see all fanatical reformers who are a pest to the rest of mankind either sterilized or drowned.

Saturday, 14 July, Santos; clear and very hot. I was awakened at 8 a.m. by the resounding~~ly~~ blast from a trumpet. Dressed and ^ahad breakfast. Went ashore at 9.30 a.m. and walked to the open air market. Admired the great variety of birds in cages. The heat was so great that the streets were almost deserted. I returned to my room with a bottle of beer and drafted a report to the Institute. Having trouble with my eyes from writing and reading shorthand notes with insufficient light. Here also the sunlight was so brilliant and~~ly~~ strong as to cause pain in the eyes.

Had a long nap in the afternoon. At 5 p.m. I went ashore again for a walk, but there was nothing of interest to see and it was still very hot. Had good food for supper, but the service was abominable. On the ship everything was as still and dead~~ly~~ as in a cemetery.

Sunday, 15 July, Santos; another day of blazing sunshine and ~~h~~ heat. Spent the forenoon typing report on Brazil. Then walked up

(1928, July, Santos)

E--3359

town and bought a supply of cigars and a bottle of cognac to see me through to Monte Video. Had a good luncheon and a nap. Watched the unloading of a train load of automobiles and other cargo. The ship was schedulâd to leave at 3 p.m. but did not get away until 4 o'clock. Because the ship was in harbor for two days the library was not open, but now I could get books. Finished reading a French book "Flesh and Blood", which was depressing because it ended in a tragedy.

At the table I had two companions, the ship's German doctor and a planter who spoke good English. At 9 p.m. I interviewed the native steward in charge of the library and after I had given him an oral dressing down he sullenly and reluctantly unlocked the bookcases. I took out "Beau Gest" and "Beaudelaire."

~~(Secretary General, 15 July, Santos, yellow folder)~~ omit

(1928, July, to Monte Video)

E--3360

Monday, 16 July, to Montevideo; cloudy forenoon, clear afternoon, high wind and choppy sea. Finished reading "Beau Gest," and began "Beaudelaire," both good stories. The weather turned cold and I again changed to winter clothing. We were in sight of the Brazilian mountains most of the day, and there was a beautiful sunset. The German doctor at my table certainly enjoyed talking about himself. He ~~said~~ said he was a colonel--not lieutenant--and was also a prince, and that he was in Russia in 1922 distributing American supplies. The Paraguayan President-elect kept to himself and his entourage of devoted and assiduous admirers.

Tuesday, 17 July, to Montevideo; clear, cold, and a calm sea. Spent most of the day walking and sleeping to rest my eyes. The ship made a good run and at 7 p.m. we saw the lights of Monte Video, but the ship did not anchor until 10 p.m. The customs officers were perfunctory and expeditious. I landed, hired an automobile, and went to the Hotel Lanata, where I was given a large room and bath. Prices were high. The driver of the automobile charged^d me the equivalent of ten dollars for the transfer of myself and baggage through the city, a distance of perhaps a mile and took him about twenty-five minutes. I tried to have the hotel clerk beat him down, but it was no use.

Wednesday, 18 July, Montevideo; beautiful clear, bright day, hot in sun, cool in shade. Inquiring about the American Legation I was told that it was not open because this was "Independence" day in Uruguay. Just my luck; I keep running into holidays. On the chance that the Consul might be in his office I called, but the messenger said he had left a few minutes before. Nothing for it but to lose a day. The streets were full of marching troops and

(1928, July, Monte Video)

E--3361

people. Took a nap in the forenoon and another in the afternoon. because no official business could be transacted and the streets were too crowded to get about conveniently. ^PAfter supper I took a short walk and by chance entered a street within two blocks of the hotel set aside for the oldest profession in the world. It was a narrow well lighted street of small two story houses, each with two or three steps and a small vestibule. The outer door was kept open, the inner one closed. The upper half of the inner door was of glass with a thin curtain inside, through which could be seen the form of and a woman inside. Men were passing and repassing/ from time to time would step into the vestibule. At the sound of his step the inner door would be opened a few inches and disclose a smiling, painted, half dressed woman. Sometimes the women inside would pound on the window with their hands to attract the attention of passersby. Occasionally a man would enter, but more often he simply passed from door to door to catch glimpses of the sirens within. From the fleeting glimpses I caught of them I judged that some of them were young and pretty, but most of them looked decidedly passé, but not ~~no~~ more so than peasant wives of the same age.

Thursday, 19 July, Montevideo; clear and cool. I called on the American Consul, Mr. Carrigan, who directed me to the Director of the Economic Division in the Department of Industries, Dr. Robert Sunberg, whose position corresponded with that of Under Secretary of Agriculture in other countries and whose department had charge of agricultural censuses and statistics. It turned much colder about the middle of the forenoon, so I walked back to the hotel for an overcoat. Then I walked about eight blocks to the American Embassy and met the Commercial Attache, Mr. Clarence C. Brooks, whom I had known in Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile. He recognized and ^acalled me by name instantly. We took luncheon and had

(1928, July, Monte Video)

E--3362

a long talk together. He said it was true that Dr. Sunberg was in general charge, but the man I should see was Sr. Ing. Socrates Rodriguez, Chief of the Section of Economics and Agricultural Statistics. From the hotel we rode on a bus to a garage where Mr. Brooks got his car in which he took me back to the Embassy. Then he accompanied me to the Agronomic Section where I met Dr. Sunberg. He sent for Sr. Rodriguez. Both agreed that their department would cooperate in the proposed census. However, Sr. Rodriguez had certain very definite ideas about the livestock census and said that the classification adopted by the Institute was not satisfactory to Uruguay. I asked him to prepare a statement of differences and either forward it to the permanent delegate of Uruguay at the Institute or bring them to my hotel and we would discuss them item by item. When I asked about the organization and work of the department he had a collection of bulletins and other publications made up for my information. He was an enthusiast for his ideas, argued at length, and spoke with great rapidity in a harsh displeasing voice, clipping his words, that is, left off the distinctive terminations, so that it was difficult for me to follow him. I got away from him at 5 p.m. greatly fatigued and with a headache.

On reaching the hotel I found my room very cold, so I went to bed for an hour or more to get warm. Mr. Brooks said the Uruguayans prefer livestock raising to farming and will not even take the trouble to raise vegetables. He said he had been over most of the country and found that a large part of it is underlain with granite hardpan, often within a few inches of the surface, and this would always prevent it from ever becoming a great agricultural country. In the evening I studied some of the bulletins given me by Sr. Rodriguez.

(1928, July, Monte Video)

E--3363

Friday, 20 July, Montevideo; clear and cold. I was up at 8 a.m. and had the usual hard roll and black coffee for breakfast. The porter said I would have to get a visee from the Argentine Consul in Montevideo because I broke my trip between Rio and Buenos Aires. I walked to the New York City National Bank and was told that it would not open until ten o'clock. I walked to the Argentine Consulate and was told that it would not open until 2 p.m. Bought some cigars and a copy of the Buenos Aires "La Nacion" and spent the rest of the forenoon in my room trying to keep warm. At 2 p.m. I went to the Argentine Consulate and got a new visee on my passport. At the hotel I prepared cablegrams to the Institute and the Rome office of the American Express. Gave the passport to the hotel porter with instructions to get a ticket and reservation on the boat leaving that night for Buenos Aires.

At three o'clock I called at the office of Sr. Rodriguez and listened to a long argument in favor of his scheme of livestock classification. When I pointed out that his scheme of classification which he thought so satisfactory for Uruguay was quite all right for Uruguay and would answer the purposes of the Institute, but it was entirely too complicated and impracticable for many countries and simply would not be considered in some countries just because of its impracticability and the enormous extra expense that would be involved. He would not concede this and was a fanatic for having it adopted for the world census so that the census figures of other countries would be comparable with those of Uruguay; and, besides, he wanted credit for having originated it. Then he announced that his scheme would have to be adopted by the Institute because he proposed to send an outline of it to the Uruguayan delegate at Rome with positive instructions from his government to insist on its adoption. I then suggested that perhaps a better way to get action

(1928, July, Monte Video)

E--3364

on his pet scheme ~~wasx~~ would be for him to be sent to Rome as an official delegate at the next General Assembly meeting in October next. This suggestion was a "ringer." "The very thing" he said enthusiastically, and from that moment his attitude toward the Institute, toward me, and toward the proposed census changed. He was no longer critical. He asked me if I would be good enough to accompany him to Dr. Sunberg and then to the Minister and repeat my suggestion to them. "With the greatest pleasure" I replied. We walked to the office of Dr. Sunberg and then to the Minister's office. Both were out, but we talked with their secretaries. Sr. Rodriguez told each of the secretaries that he must see their principals on urgent business and to ask them to call him up by telephone at my hotel. He accompanied me to the hotel and we had tea together. He was exceedingly nervous until he received a telephone message that Dr. Sunberg would see us. We went immediately to his office and explained that the best possible way, if not the only possible way, to have Uruguay's scheme of livestock classification used in the census sponsored by the Institute would be for its author, Sr. Rodriguez, ^{to be} sent as a delegate to the next General Assembly. Dr. Sunberg said he would have no objection if it met with the approval of the Minister. Sr. Rodriguez became more and more excited. We went to the office of the Minister and were informed that he would not return to his office until the following day, as it was then late.

I had hoped that I could now say farewell to Mr. Rodriguez, because our business was over and it was after dark, and I was very tired and cold, but he insisted on walking back to the hotel with me, and after arrival he continued to stand and talk animatedly about the advantages of his appointment as a delegate to the General Assembly and what he might be expected to accomplish. In desperation I asked him to sit down, and ordered vermouth for both. After

(1928, July, Monte Video)

E--3365

this was consumed I announced that I must go to my room to pack up for the steamer that would leave in a few hours for Buenos Aires. Obviously El Senor did not wish to lose sight of me and was profuse in his offers to be of service. The greatest service he could have rendered just then would have been to take himself off, but I could not tell him that without giving offence. With the thought^t that after all this was to be my last day with him and that it would be well to gratify him for the sake of his cooperation in the census project, I invited him to return in an hour and dine with me, an invitation which he promptly and joyfully accepted. Then with a hasty "Hasta la vista" I fled from his presence, rushed up to my room, packed up quickly, and laid down for a few minutes of relaxation.

I went down at 7.45 p.m. to the lounge and found Sr. Rodriguez waiting for me. Knowing the late habits of the Latin Americans I invited him to take a cocktail with me, plied him with questions about himself, and he became very animated and seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. Then I led him into the dining room and we had a good supper at my expense. It was a rather long drawn out affair because he continued to entertain me with his past history and achievements. I paid the hotel account and called for a taxi to convey me and the baggage to the boat. I much wanted to go alone, but Rodriguez ignored all hints that it was time to say farewell. I could not lose him. He insisted on accompanying me to the boat. When we arrived there he insisted on accompanying me to my cabin. I realized then that our separation would take place only when the gangplank was about to be withdrawn, and so it was. ~~In the mean-~~ time ^{to} pass the time I took him to the smoking room and treated him to cigarettes and cocktails. He became quite amiable and even

(1928, July, Monte Video)

E--3366

affectionate. At 10 o'clock the welcome sound of the ship's siren was heard and the cry of "All visitors ashore." I went with Sr. Rodriguez to the rail. He was the last visitor to cross the gangplank. The last thing he said in anxious tones, ^{was} "Do not forget to write a letter to the Minister urging him to send me as delegate to Rome." I breathed a sigh of relief as the gangplank was withdrawn and I and the pest were separated by an empty space with a floor of deep water. I felt even more secure when the ship moved farther away from the wharf and out into the harbor. To the last he stood on the wharf waving a handkerchief in my direction. I felt that if ever I had earned my official salary I had earned it that day. Also I felt much disposed to forget my desperate boredom and physical fatigue by getting drunk; but that would not do, so I compromised on two glasses of whiskey and soda and went to bed. From the motion of the ship and the chorus of seasick wails in the adjoining cabins I knew that we were in rough water outside the harbor.

Saturday, 21 July, Buenos Aires; clear and cold. The ship drew into the familiar harbor of Buenos Aires at 6.30 a.m. I dressed in the cold, with a white frost outside and no artificial heat inside. Disembarked at 7 a.m. The usual customs formalities were simple and prompt. I drove in a taxie through the deserted early morning streets to the Hotel Juston, but could not get a room. Then to the Hotel Londres on the Plaza de Mayo near the Casa Rosada. The driver charged the equivalent of \$11.35 for the transfer of myself and baggage for a distance of perhaps a mile. I protested to the driver and then to the hotel clerk. The clerk assured me that the charge was legitimate and customary, so I paid it. It was the highest charge I had ever paid for the same service. I was assigned to a large room with bath and to my great joy furnished with steam heat and electric lights. Had an ex-

(1928, July, B.A.)

E--3367

cellent breakfast in the hotel restaurant, and then walked across to the American Express office and bought 238.30 moneda nacional for \$100.00. Then to the Boston Bank Building and saw the American Consul from whom I learned that the Commercial Attache was in the same building. Had a long talk with the Commercial Attache, Dr. Dye, who ^{ai} said that the crops in Argentina in 1926 and 1927 were excellent, that the country had prospered, and that American trade was more than holding its own; also that Irrigoyen had won in the presidential election by an overwhelming majority, although his candidacy was not announced. He made no speeches and conducted no open campaign, and the principal newspapers were opposed to him until his election was announced. Furthermore, Irrigoyen was then seventy years old, the vice-president was older, and the Argentine constitution made no provision for succession in event of the death of both president and vice-president. I inquired about the whereabouts of David Currier, Jr., and was told he had an office with the O'Gradys, whose address he gave me. I walked across to the address given and met the younger Mr. O'Grady who said that Mr. Currier was out somewhere, so I left my card.

At the Consulate I received some letters from home and a postcard from Signora Scolari, my former landlady at Rome, saying that Mina, the little maid servant, had lost her baby and was degenerating. Also I received a cablegram from the President of the Institute congratulating me on the results I was securing.

After luncheon I took a long nap and then walked along the Arcade facing the harbor as far as the Retiro railway station and back by way of Avenida Florida. The only change I noted that had taken place during the four years of my absence was the number of music halls spaced along the Arcade. I stepped into one of the music halls. It was a long narrow room with a row of tables against

(1928, July, B.A.)

E--3368

the wall on one side and a bar on the other. At the rear end was a balcony on which were a dozen or more girls. They wore short skirts and silk stockings and tried in various ways, such as waving their hands, winking, nodding, smiling, caressing their breasts, and daintily lifting a skirt, to attract the attention of the men at the tables below. If one of the men so much as smiled or nodded a girl would come down and sit beside him and absorb as many drinks as he would pay for. She would encourage him to drink, flirt with him, and no doubt appointments were made. It was very cold outside.

Had supper in the hotel restaurant. Unquestionably the finest and juiciest steaks are to be had in Buenos Aires. After supper I took a brisk walk to one of the music halls where I spent half an hour. Uninvited one of the girls seated herself at my table and asked for a drink, which I ordered. It was served. She was pretty, but rather dumb in conversation. She asked for cigarettes, and I assented. Each time she asked me to tip the waiter, which I did. She was very dignified and proper in her attitude toward me and, in fact, seemed to be studying me and was somewhat puzzled as to my status. I turned in my seat to observe the actions of three British sailors and their three girls at a nearby table. They were having a glorious time and making a good deal of noise. When I turned about a waiter was standing at my table on which he had placed a bottle of champagne, a box of bonbons, some cigars, and another package of cigarettes. The girl leaned forward and smiled in my face with the remark that the waiter was waiting to be paid. I looked inquiringly at the waiter and he named an outrageous price. I said I have given no such order and would not pay for it, "but perhaps the lady would pay," and I looked at her. The waiter said I had given the order and I must pay, and he looked ugly. Glancing

(1928, July, B.A.)

E--3369

about I ^{saw} ~~caught sight of~~ the manager in the rear and caught his eye. I motioned to him and he ^a ~~came~~. My ~~conversation with the girl and the waiter, but~~ When ~~the manager~~ came something about him looked familiar and I said in English, "New York" and he nodded. "Glad to meet you" I said; "now, see here, you have got a good system here, but it don't fit my case. I dropped in here for a glass of beer and to see what was going on. I did not mind this girl coming to my table and I have paid for her beer and cigarettes and tipped the waiter each time. But when she orders champagne, candy, cigars, and cigarettes, while I am looking at something else, it is more than I bargained for and, of course, I do not expect to pay for it. I am a government official, and you know what that means in Argentina. How about it?" His face broke into a smile, he nodded to the waiter and the girl, both withdrew, and he sat down for a chat. He said that he had been in Buenos Aires two years and generally business was pretty good, especially when ships came in, but there was too much competition and the native employees were dead weights. He said that whenever a foreigner came in the waiters and girls concentrated on him because if he was in the humor for entertainment he would spend money freely, and many of them did because it was a dead dull town outside of the music halls. I cut my visit short and retired early.

Sunday, 22 July, B.A.; clear, bright and cold. Had breakfast at 10 a.m. and read through the Sunday edition of La Prensa. Took a short walk around the Plaza de Mayo and returned to my room to draft a report on Uruguay. Luncheon at 1 p.m., did some more writing, and then took a nap from 4 to 8 p.m. Had supper that lasted until 9.30 p.m. A Spanish gentleman who sat at the next table to mine on the Western World was at the table next to me in the restaurant and greeted me effusively. Continued writing until late at night.

(1928, July, B.A.)

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Monday, 23 July, B.A.; clear, bright, and cold. David Currier, Jr., called at the hotel as I was eating breakfast. He said he had not been able to look me up sooner because the family had company, but his father and mother wanted me to make my home with them while I was in Buenos Aires; if not, I must spend at least one night with them. I replied that I would spend a night with them if it could be arranged so as not to interfere with my official appointments. We separated with the understanding that we would take luncheon together. After ^{breakfast} ~~luncheon~~ I walked across to the American Express office and ascertained that they had received no communication from the Rome office, that trains left for Chile on Thursdays and Saturdays, and that I could catch a ship out of Valparaiso August first, and another out of Callao on August fifteenth that would land me in New York on August twenty-eighth. Then I looked around for a supply of cigars and stationery. Returned to my room and started typing my report on Uruguay.

At 12.15 p.m. ~~the Curriers~~ David Currier, Jr., came and we had luncheon together. Then he took me in his car to Darsena del Norte and showed me the new port under construction and the enormous amount of shipping in the harbor. He said the government proposed to construct an automobile road entirely around the ports and up the La Plata as far as El Tigre. At the docks I saw both the Santa ^{of} Maru, on which I came from Cape Town to Rio, and the Western World, on which I came from Rio to Monte Video. Mr. Currier had business on the Western World and I accompanied him. I inquired of the purser about the cheap watch I had left under my pillow the day of leaving. He pulled out a drawer in his desk and handed the watch to me. I was pleased to have it back again because it was the one I purchased in Moscow and after leaving

(1928, July, B.A.)

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it on the ship at Monte Video I never expected to see it again

Shortly after 2 o'clock Mr. Currier drove me to the Department of Agriculture. I had been there in the forenoon and learned from the doorkeeper that the official hours were then from noon to 6 p.m.

How familiar the buildings looked. Here I had spent nearly two years on an official mission. Life during that period was a strenuous and happy one because it was interesting and successful and I had won recognition and was highly honored. Looking up I could see the windows of my old office room. What would be my reception after an absence of four years, and what had been the fate of my project, the reorganization of the statistical and economic bureau? How friendly the officials and employes had all been. And then, horror of horrors, I suddenly realized that I could not recall the names of any of my former associates and friends in the department, except that of my secretary, Mr. Geldart, and the chief of the division of statistics, Dr. Urien. How humiliating it would be if I could not remember the names of former friends. Four years had passed and I had not heard or thought of them. As to their names my mind was an absolute blank and I was extremely embarrassed.

I strode in through the great door determined to make the best of it. Fortunately I remembered the name of my former secretary, James Geldart, and I asked the doorkeeper "Donde es el Señor Hah-a-me Helndart, por favor," and he directed me to a room on the same floor. He was sitting at a desk poring over some papers when I opened the door and walked in. When he saw me he jumped up with a look of surprise in his eyes and gave me a warm welcome. After an exchange of greetings he led me to a door and threw it open and I entered, and there sat my good friend Sr. Patroni, Chief

(1928, July, B.A.)

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of the Office of Information, and his name came to me the moment I saw him. He was more than cordial in his greetings. He overwhelmed me with compliments and gave me an autographed copy of the last edition of the department's "Almanac" and of one of his own books. I asked about Dr. Urien. Why, didn't I know? He was "Sub Secretario" and second in rank only to the Minister. And what had become of the former Sub Secretario, Sr. Vallejo? Why, he was now senator from the Province of La Rioja.

Mr. Geldart accompanied me to the office of the Sub Secretario. Dr. Urien was seated at his desk with a visitor. He glanced up and immediately arose, came towards me with a cry of welcome and outstretched hands, saying "Es la mia carrissimo amigo, Doctor Estabrook," and with that he threw his arms about me and kissed me on both cheeks. He then introduced me to his friend as "el eminente estadistico y economistico Norte Americana" who had revolutionized the Department of Agriculture. Dr. Urien was in his usual fine fettle. The visitor withdrew and Dr. Urien said he wanted to present me to the Minister. He stepped into the adjoining room and in a few minutes returned, opened the door and beckoned me to enter. I did so and was introduced to the Minister, Dr. Ing. Emilio Mihura, a pleasant gentleman of distinguished appearance. Dr. Urien introduced me as the distinguished and world renowned "maestro" who had reorganized the Ministry of Agriculture on such a firm foundation as to insure its success. I explained my mission briefly and the Minister promised the utmost cooperation and said that he would bring the project to the attention of the Congress in his budget and the ultimate outcome would depend upon the new administration. Then he proceeded to compliment me in the highest terms on the magnificent piece of work I had accomplished and said I was the only foreign technician employed by the Argentine government that had really accomplished anything of value.

(1928, July, B.A.)

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In reply I said that I regretted that I could not adequately express in Castellano my appreciation of such a tribute and the hope that Argentina would continue to prosper.

Then Dr. Urien conducted me to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics of which he was the former director and where most of my own work of reorganization had been done. When we appeared in the bureau there was a remarkable reception. First Sr. Dolarea, who succeeded Dr. Urien as Director and who formerly opposed any change so far as he dared, and the various section chiefs gathered about to welcome me and congratulate me on the development of their service. The bureau had more than doubled in size and now had 142 employes, it ^{had} ~~he~~ spread out over the entire upper floor, and was equiped with modern tabulating machines and other labor saving devices that I had recommended. Then the group inspected the various rooms occupied by the bureau. In each room, at a signal from Dr. Urien, the entire force rose to its feet and the older employes who remembered me crowded about with smiles, hand-shaking, and congratulations. In the tabulating section we encountered a group of army and navy officers who were witnessing a demonstration of the machines and I was introduced to them as the father of the bureau and responsible for all the modern equipment which they had come to study. They were diplomatically polite and deferential. Altogether it was a most unusual tribute and I could not be blamed for being gratified at the realization of my plans and the credit that was so freely, cordially, and spontaneously accorded to me. Among the rooms we visited was the one I formerly occupied, and my attention was called to my name that in an idle moment I had scratched ~~in~~ a window pane with an amethyst crystal that Dr. Urien had given me. The room was now occupied by a draftsman and on the walls were photographs of former directors of the bureau, LaFitte and Urien, the

former Minister, Dr. LeBreton, President Alvear, and myself, and a snapshot of Dr. Urien and myself when I left Buenos Aires in 1924.

We returned to Dr. Urien's office and by telephone and messenger all the chiefs of bureaux were sent for. To my surprise and great satisfaction as each one entered the room, his face beaming with friendship, his name came to me without effort and I was able to call him by name and greet him as a personal friend, as if we had parted only a week ago. And yet only an hour before I met them I could not recall a single one of their names; but now, on seeing them face to face I recalled their names and all past associations connected with them instantly and clearly; and because of this Dr. Urien and the others expressed surprise at my remarkable memory. When the reception of the Chiefs of Bureaux was over several newspaper reporters were admitted. They represented ~~gh~~ La Prensa, La Nacion, La Razon, and one other, ~~were admitted~~ a flash^h light photograph was taken, and I gave them a brief summary of my mission.

I excused myself at 4.30 p.m. with the understanding that I should call the next day, and that on Wednesday I should be a dinner guest of the administrative staff of the department. As I crossed the plaza and looked back at the familiar building I said to myself, "Well, that was an experience that comes to but few men." I still think so.

I spent the evening typing correspondence.

~~(Mother, 23 July, B.A., yellow folder) ?~~

~~(Secretary General, same. *omit*)~~

1894

(1928, July, B.A.)

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EE75

Tuesday, 24 July, B.A.; bright, beautiful day. After breakfast I called at the office of the American Express and learned that a credit had been received from the Rome office. I left instructions to convert the credit into travellers checks and to purchase transportation to New York via Valparaise and Callao. I called at the Peruvian Embassy and was directed to go to the Peruvian Consulate for a visee. I called twice without finding the consul in, so I left my passport and an extra photograph. Had luncheon at the Fountain Bar opposite the Casa Rosada where in former days I often went for luncheon and had a standing order, "Bifstek lomo, con papas fritas, y un medio bottello de vino blanco."

After luncheon I called at the statistical bureau of the Department of the Interior, but the director was out. The Assistant Director informed me that the bureau had nothing to do with censuses. Next I visited the Department of Agriculture and called on each of the chiefs of bureaux in turn and discussed with them the changes and progress that had taken place during my absence of four years. They were like old friends and it was a real pleasure to meet them.

I returned to the office of the Peruvian consul and found it closed. I called at the office of the Commercial Attache and asked the young lady secretary to get for me the required vaccination certificates.

At the hotel I was met by David Currier, Sr., whom I had known for thirty years or more and under whom I had served in the War Department at Washington. Had a telephone call from Mr. Rugeroni of the Argentine Times.

At 4.30 p.m. Mr. Currier and I went to the Retiro railway station and took the electric train for Olivos. From the station we walked to his home, a small cottage with a large garden. Mrs. Currier,

(1928, July, B.A.)

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a little wisp of a woman who was an invalid four years previously, looked to be in better health. I was introduced to a guest, Captain Washburn of the American Dispatch Line of Boston, a stout, bluff, elderly gentleman. Also I met for the first time a young lady from Washington, D.C., Miss Elizabeth Maddox, who came to Buenos Aires to keep house for the Curriers, who were old friends of her and her family. She was fresh, wholesome, handsome, and amiable. When she said she was from Washington I replied, "Any one who comes from Washington looks good enough to take in my arms and kiss." She surprised me by saying "You may;" which I promptly did, to the great amusement of the family. We exchanged news about each other's families and mutual acquaintances in Washington and Buenos Aires, had an excellent supper, and then sat up talking until after midnight. I ~~was~~ extremely tired, but could not go to sleep.

Wednesday, 25 July, B.A.; cloudy and cold. I got up at 8 a.m. and before breakfast inspected the vegetable garden with David, Jr. Although he was a marine engineer by profession he took great pride in his garden, which supplied the family with fresh vegetables and a surplus to sell. He had an immigrant couple that lived in a shed that looked after the garden for him. We had a delicious breakfast. Mr. Currier, Sr., racked his mind to recall the names of employes and friends in the War Department whom we had known.

At 9.30 a.m. father and son and I were driven to David's office, where we separated. I started to walk to the hotel with my suitcase but had so much difficulty on the crowded narrow sidewalks that I called a taxi. At the American Express office I paid for my transportation to New York and for the travellers checks. At the hotel I packed up, lest I might not have another opportunity. While doing so the telephone r

(1928, July, B.A.)

E--3377

and Mr. Rugeroni were
rang to say that Mr. Geldart/~~was~~ in the lobby waiting for me.

This was embarrassing because the two men were not on speaking terms. I greeted them both cordially, led them to a sofa, and sat between them to keep the peace. Just then the National Director of Statistics came in, Sr. Lucadamo, who expressed his profound regret that he was not in his office the previous day when I called. He was marvelously well dressed and extremely courteous and offered the full cooperation of his bureau, for which I thanked him.

After the Director left Mr. Rugeroni talked for nearly an hour about his hobby, which was the necessity for a system of modern grain elevators in Argentina. Finally he took his leave.

Then I took Mr. Geldart into luncheon and for another hour listened to a recital of his hopes and plans, his trials and tribulations, his troubles in the Ministerio, especially with his chief, Sr. Patroni, whom he suspected of diverting funds received for official publications. He left at 2 p.m.

At the American Express I received my passport~~s~~ back and transportation to New York. I called at the office of the Commercial Attache and recovered my vaccination certificates that the secretary had obtained from the Peruvian Consulate where they had been mislaid.

Next I took a brisk walk along the Arcade and stopped in one of the music halls and had a vermouth with a pretty girl who was all smiles and dimples and did not attempt to run up a bill. She simply sat opposite me at a little table and smiled and looked agreeable, which I thought was a very good arrangement.

At the hotel I finished packing and wrote a short letter to my wife. Mr. Geldart came to announce that the dinner in my honor would be at 8 p.m. and to show me the location of the restaurant where it was to be given. I suggested ^athat we take a taxi, but he

(1928, July, B.A.)

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said it was only a short distance and we could walk, with the result that we walked eight blocks to the restaurant and back to the hotel through crowded streets. Throughout the entire walk he talked steadily about himself and his affairs. I was very tired and hoping he would leave and give me a few minutes in which to rest and collect my thoughts.

Mr. Geldart left when Sr. Ballestrini came in to see me. Sr. Ballestrini was a former field inspector of the Bureau of Economics and Statistics who accompanied me ~~in~~ on a trip to Salta and Jujuy in 1924. He had a tale of woe to relate. He said he had personally done all the work of the bureau during the long illness of former Director LaHitte, and then followed a long tale of the misdeeds and the disloyalties of practically all his old associates in the bureau from that time to this. The longer he talked the more excited he got and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him that perhaps the incoming new administration would remedy all the wrongs he had outlined. He said that he was president of the Argentine Insurance Company, but I judged from his appearance that the company was not prospering. He stayed and talked steadily for more than an hour.

When he left I wrote a cablegram to the Institute and changed to evening dress. I left word at the office desk to call me the next morning at ~~xxxx~~ 7 a.m. and to have my account ready. Thinking that a walk in the cold air would clear my head of cobwebs I did not take a taxi, but walked a third time the eight blocks to the restaurant. I arrived a few minutes before 8 p.m. and found Dr. Urien and twelve bureau chiefs awaiting me. We were shown to a private dining room. There we sat for half an hour or more drinking cocktails and becoming cheerfully sociable. We took seats about a table artistically decorated with flowers and were served with

(1928, July, A.B.)

E--3379

a complete dinner, a fine fish, juicy steaks, and roast chicken, with trimmings, and three kinds of wine. Then followed compliments all round, a discussion of some of Argentina's agricultural problems, and I related some of my observations in other countries that seemed pertinent. It was clear to me that most of the members of the group were apprehensive as to what might happen when the Irrigoyen administration took charge the following September. A group flash light photograph was taken and we all signed the menu cards as souvenirs. We separated at midnight after a very enjoyable evening. When we came out on the sidewalk no taxies were visible, ~~so~~ I again said farewell and good luck to the group individually and collectively.

In the absence of taxies and other conveyances there was nothing to do but to walk those eight blocks a fourth^h time to reach the hotel. It was 1 a.m. when I reached the hotel. I reminded the night clerk to see that ~~w~~ I was awakened without fail at 7 a.m. because I was leaving on the morning train for Chile. I had left the call at 4 p.m., again at 7.30 p.m., so that this was the third time. I knew that I was so desperately tired that I might oversleep. At last the stress and strain were over and I could go to bed and sleep until I was called. I undressed and was asleep almost before my head touched the pillow. The room was an inner one, dark and quiet. I was conscious of awakening and looking at my watch and noting that ~~it~~ it was 6 a.m. Another hour in which to sleep, and I slept.

(Wife, 25 July, B.A., yellow folder)

(1928, July, B.A.)

E--3380

Thursday, 26 July, B.A.; raining and cold. A knocking at the door. I crawled out of bed still half asleep and called out "Muy bien." The knocking was repeated. I opened the door and was surprised to see Mr. Geldart with a curious look on his face and a man servant back of him. My thought was that he had come to the hotel early to accompany me to the train, which I rather resented, because it meant that he would sit in the room while I dressed and shaved and I would have him on my hands until the train moved out, so I was not especially cordial. He asked me if I had intended to take the train for Chile. I said of course I intended to take the train and would be ready shortly. He asked if I knew what time it was. I said it should be about 7 o'clock because I had left instructions at the desk to call me at that hour. "Why, Mr. Estabrook, it is after 11 o'clock and your train left more than an hour ago," he said with horror in his voice and face. I pulled my watch from under the pillow. It had stopped at 6.10 a.m. Then I demanded of the servant why I had not been awakened at 7 a.m. He said he knocked on the door at that time and I answered and he supposed I was awake. I said to Mr. Geldart that I did not believe the hotel employes had followed my instructions because all my life I had been a light sleeper and awoke at the slightest sound, as he well knew because we had slept in the same room many times. However, I was desperately tired, had overslept, and for the first time in my life had missed a train. I asked Mr. Geldart how he came to be there. He said that Dr. Urien and his colleagues at the banquet the night before had met at the railway station to see me off, I had not appeared, and Dr. Urien had asked him to find out what had happened. I asked him to tell Dr. Urien that I was much chagrined at what had happened and grieved that I had missed seeing him and my other friends and that I again

(1928, July, A.B.)

E--3381

wished to express my appreciation of the many courtesies shown me by him and all my other friends.

As soon as Mr. Geldart left I was free to dress. As soon as breakfast was over I went to the American Express and asked that my reservation be cancelled and a new one issued for the Sunday train. Then I prepared a telegram to the American Minister at Santiago and asked that he arrange for a conference with agricultural officials for Tuesday so that I could leave in time to catch the ship leaving Valparaiso Wednesday morning. This attended to I realized ~~th~~ that I had three days in which to prepare my report on Argentina and catch up with my correspondence and I determined not to let a soul know that I was in the city. My official mission was ended and above all things I wanted some rest and to be free from all social obligations and restrictions.

After luncheon I continued working ^{on the} ~~my~~ report on Argentina and reading. I did not take a nap because I rather expected Mr. Geldart to call again and walk right in, his main characteristic being officiousness. At 6.30 p.m. I took a short walk and stopped in the office of La Razon for two copies of the paper containing the notice of my interview with the Minister of Agriculture. I was on the street at 7 p.m. and looked about for a restaurant where I could get an early supper so that I could retire early and catch up with my sleep. But all the restaurants I could find were not open at that early hour. To put in time until the restaurants opened without returning to the hotel I went to a music hall on the Arcade where there was a small orchestra and had a vermouth and a smoke with a pretty young woman who was very agreeable. At 8 p.m. I went to a restaurant, waked up the waiters and was served with a nice juicy steak and fried potatoes, bread and butter, and half a bottle of wine, and felt a little more cheerful. For me it was a day of anxiety and chagrin because I had

(1928, July, B.A)

E--3382

missed the train and disappointed my Argentine friends. During the day I left my watch with a jeweller to be repaired so the hands would not stick again.

Friday, 27 July, B.A.; foggy, gloomy, and cold. Had a refreshing sleep of twelve hours. Shortly after 9 a.m. I went out for breakfast at a restaurant and to read the morning papers. Returned to the hotel and began typing my report. It was too cold and dark to venture out and try to get some photographs. In the afternoon did some writing, took a nap, and then a long walk. Then a long wait until 8 p.m., the earliest supper could be obtained. After supper I visited a music hall and treated a young woman to drinks. She gave me an urgent invitation to visit her Sunday afternoon when she would be free. Retired early.

~~(Secretary General, 27 July, B.A., yellow folder)~~ mit

(1928, B.A., July)

E--3383

Saturday, 28 July, B.A.; clear and very cold. After breakfast I did some writing. At the American Express office I obtained my new ticket and reservation to Santiago. After luncheon I walked to the docks and took some pictures. On the way back I stopped at a newsstand and bought some Spanish pornographic weeklies, a species of literature that is openly on sale/^{only}in Spanish speaking

countries. This literature, if it can be so called, portrays universal and fundamental frankly one/phase of human nature that Anglo-Saxon peoples are too hypocritical to recognize publicly but more often than not practice privately.

(Mother, 28 July, B.A., ✓ yellow folder)

(~~Secretary General~~, same. — *omit*)

(1928, July, B.A.

E--3384

Sunday, July 29, B.A. to Mendoza; clear and very cold. The morning papers said there was a light snow for the first time in many years. I was up at 7 a.m. and at 8 o'clock there were three telephone calls from the hotel desk to insure that I was awake. Had a light breakfast and reached the railway station at 9 a.m. Checked my baggage through to Valparaiso. I could not get a Chilean customs examination in Buenos Aires because I had not sent the baggage to the station the day before. This ^{would} ~~will~~ necessitate its examination at Los Andes on the Chilean side of the boundary. Had a long wait in the train until it finally left at 10.30 a.m. The country out of Buenos Aires looked very familiar to me. Roads were muddy and fields generally green. One sees more fat cattle, horses, and sheep in an hour's ride in the Province of Buenos Aires than he is apt to see in a day in any other country. It was very cold on the train, although in each compartment there was a small electric heater, but it gave out about as much heat as a lamp. During the afternoon we passed out of the maize region into the pasture region where there is much marsh. The shallow ponds were full of water fowl, especially ducks, swans, cranes, flamingoes, and gulls. The meals and wines were fairly good.

Monday, 30 July, Mendoza to Santiago; clear and cold. We woke up at Mendoza about 6.20 a.m. after a fairly comfortable night. I slept in two suits of heavy underwear and had my raincoat on top of the covering. Many of the passengers complained of the cold. We were all covered with a layer of desert dust. The train left Mendoza at 7 a.m. while it was yet dark. We had changed to a small Pullman coach with comfortable chairs. The scenery was beautiful as we ascended the foothills of the Andes. Outside the ground was covered with a white frost and sheets of ice that sparkled in the

(1928, July, to Santiago)

E--3385

morning sunlight. The coach was cold for several hours, but warmed up about noon, and then became uncomfortably hot. The meals on the dining car were excellent but expensive. The mountains were covered with heavy masses of snow and looked bleak and desolate. In some places the snow was ten feet deep near the railway. The railway follows a gorge and passes through many tunnels until the great trans-Andean tunnel is reached at 10,000 feet, still 2,000 feet below the crest. The train was pulled through the tunnel by an electric motor.

The Chilian side is much more picturesque than the Argentine side, and the snows are deeper and the slopes steeper. Just before sunset we were in a valley in deep shadow, and up the valley one could see a snow covered peak with a golden glow from the setting sun, and just above the peak was a full moon in a clear sky. We were fortunate in having perfect weather for the trip, but it was very monotonous because of the bleak landscape and the slowness of the train. I sat in the diner most of the afternoon with a young Hollander and a British engineer.

My baggage was examined by the Argentine customs officers at the great tunnel. At Los Andes on the Chilian side where the baggage was to be examined by the Chilian officials and where I was to change cars for Santiago, I found that the trunk that had been checked through to Valparaiso was not on the train. I was told that it was probably on a second section that was following somewhere in the rear. The customs officials refused to examine the hand baggage without the trunk. The train for Santiago was waiting alongside, but I could not secure a seat without having the baggage examined. The time for departure of the train approached, my trunk had not come, and because of the necessity for making

(1928, July, Los Andes)

E--3386

close connections I began to get nervous. In desperation I approached the customs officials, presented my passport~~ed~~, said I was a "diplomatico," and they had ~~not~~ right to refuse to pass my small baggage and make me lose my train to Santiago. He glanced at the passport~~ed~~ with its imposing array of visées and promptly checked the baggage without examination, and then with an injured air asked gravely why I had not informed him in the first place that I was a "diplomatico." At the last moment ~~at~~ the second section appeared and my trunk was passed without examination. I was able to get a seat on the Santiago train less than a minute before it started. It was badly crowded and I would have had no seat if it had not been that my two companions of the afternoon were thoughtful enough to hold one for me. The ride to Santiago was in complete darkness.

The railway station at Santiago was crowded also, but I managed to secure the services of a porter and to get a taxi to take me to the Savoy Hotel where I was given a comfortable room and bath. It was after midnight when I reached the hotel.

Tuesday, 31 July, Santiago; clear, bright and warm. Had breakfast at 8.30 a.m. To avoid ~~delay~~ delay I employed a guide to show me the office of the Commercial Attache, but he proved useless, and I promptly let him go. ~~Then~~ I succeeded in find^{ing} the office, and the Attache, Mr. Ackerman, said that at 11 o'clock the Acting Minister, Mr. Lay, Councillor, would take me to the Ministerio de Fomento, which included agriculture, public works, railways, and domestic commerce. I tried to find a railway ticket office up town, but all the policemen I asked about it directed me to the railway station which was at a considerable distance. I there^fore returned to the hotel and asked the clerk to obtain a ticket for me to Valparaiso for the train leaving at 5 p.m. I was at the Embassy promptly at 11 a.m. Mr. Lay was waiting for me and together we went to the Ministerio and I

(1928, July, Santiago)

E--3387

was introduced to the Minister, Dr. Louis Schmidt, who readily promised the fullest cooperation of his government in the proposed census. He asked many questions about what I had seen and heard in other countries concerning colonization, subdivision of land, and plant and animal quarantines, which he said were pressing problems in Chile. A number of officials of the Department were present at the interview. The Minister gave me a note of introduction to the Director General of Statistics, Dr. Walter Gravelle, with whom I had a very satisfactory interview. In response to my questions regarding the organization and work of the departments relating to agriculture he promised to send bulletins and other publications containing full information to my address.

I returned to the hotel at 12.30 p.m. feeling well satisfied with my morning's work. Had a nice luncheon with my fellow passengers of the previous day, the Hollander and the English engineer. Then I called on the Commercial Attache to report progress, as he had requested. Called at the Grace Line office and was told that my trunk would be in my cabin, and that I should exchange the order I had received in Buenos Aires for a regular ticket at the office in Valparaiso. Bought some picture postcards, cigars, and a copy of "Oriental" by Ibañez. I left the hotel at 4.30 p.m. as it was getting dark and was soon established in a Pullman coach for Valparaiso. In the coach I renewed acquaintance with a Dr. Gregory and a Mr. Tuney, and their wives, whom I first met in Buenos Aires, and we talked and told stories all the way to Valparaiso.

We reached Valparaiso at 8.15 p.m. I walked through the rain to the Grace Line office and got my ticket. Then I walked half a mile through the rain and boarded the steamer. My cabin was just above the water line and below the dining room and was shared with

(1928, July, Valparaiso)

E--3388

~~another passenger~~

We reached Valparaiso at 8.20 p.m. and went to the Royal Hotel. Had an unsatisfactory supper, but the wine was excellent.

Wednesday, 1 Aug. Valparaiso; raining and cold in the forenoon, but clear in the afternoon. The breakfast was unsatisfactory-- a castiron roll and vile coffee. The porter came for my hand baggage at 8.15 a.m. I walked through the rain to the Grace Line office and exchanged my order for a ticket. Then through the rain another half mile to the pier and boarded the steamer. My cabin ^a ~~was~~ just above the water line and below the dining room, and was already occupied by another passenger. The ship was scheduled to sail at 10 a.m. I waited anxiously until 9.45 for my trunk to be brought down to the pier. It cost me the equivalent of \$6.00 to get my small wardrobe trunk from the railway station to the ~~pier~~ cabin. It was very cold in the ship and very gloomy outside. I retired to the smoking room to draft a report to the Institute on Chile.

I was poorly placed at the table in the dining room facing the wall and opposite a mediocre ^{Cuban.} ~~captain~~. In the afternoon I drafted my expense account for July. A long swell came from the west and the ship rolled badly. Many of the passengers were soon in distress. The course lay about two miles off shore and the mountains were dimly visible through the mist. The surf beat high and white on the coast.

At the supper table the ship's doctor joined us. We recognized each other from having made a voyage together on the Santa Eliza four years previously. He looked much older, his hair was white, he seemed rather feeble, and his face was very red. However, he was a pleasant table companion.

(1928, Aug. to Callao)

E--3389

At the table also was a young Cuban returning to Havana, and a German engineer from Berlin on his way to Bolivia. After supper I stepped out on deck for a moment. The sky was cloudy and a full moon was struggling through. & The coast was dimly visible and a lighthouse was emitting intermittent flashes.

Thursday, 2 August, to Callao; cloudy forenoon, clear afternoon, cool, and a calm sea. Had a salt water bath and a walk on deck before breakfast, and later another walk with a fellow passenger. Began typing report on Chile. At noon I stepped out on deck. The sun was shining and the sea and sky were blue. We were running rather close to the shore, back of which were barren mountains. The sand had drifted high up on the mountain sides. It was a strange combination of colors, the blue sea, the ~~sea~~ beach with white lines of breaking surf, the yellow sand high up on the slope at the base of the mountains, and precipitous cliffs disappearing in the clouds above, giving the impression of great height.

At 1 p.m. the ship stopped about a mile out from the small town of Chanaral to take on a few passengers and some copper bars from the mines back in the mountains. Near the beach was a large power house that supplied electric current for the mine farther back. The sea was covered with water fowl and jelly fish. One species of jelly fish was bell shaped with pink colorings like a piece of flesh. Another smaller variety was colored a bright silver. Gulls and other water fowl were resting lazily on the surface of the transparent water and one could see their webbed feet hanging ^{listlessly} straight down. In the companionway near the smoking room was a relief map showing mountains and valleys much exaggerated; according to the scale on the map the mountains were about 250 miles in height with a slope of about 75 degrees from their summits directly to the sea shore. Had a nap, a good supper, and reading "Los Placeres."

(Secretary General, 2 August, yellow folder) ~~amib~~

(1928, Aug. to Callao)

E--3390

Friday, 3 August, to Callao; clear and cold. Woke up at 7 a.m. and found the ship anchored in the little artificial harbor of Antefagasto, a city of 50,000 at the foot of ~~thex~~ a barren range of mountains. & Through this port is exported the output of the Chuquibambilla, the largest copper mine in the world, and its exports of nitrates are exceeded by only one other Chilean port. It is a dreary looking place without a speck of green. Our ship took on a large consignment of yellowish red copper bars and bags of nitrate salts, as well as iodine, borax, and silver. Typing expense account for July. At noon the ship got under way and soon passed out into the ~~ocean~~ blue ocean and afternoon sunshine. All the after^{noon} we were in sight of the barren, rocky, sandy, wind-swept coast with mountains looming up behind that reached to the sky. In many places the sand had drifted or been blown high up the mountain slopes. No sign of vegetation was to be seen. Great flocks of sea fowl streamed over the sea in endless lines during the forenoon. As near as I could estimate 500 of these birds passed a given point every minute, which would make 30,000 every hour, and they were flying several hours. Reading another interesting book by Ibañez. Our 68 ~~x~~ passengers included Spanish, Argentine, Chilean, English, American, French, and German; and the stewards included English, German, Chinese, and Philipinos.

In the evening the ship came to anchor before the town of Tocopilla. Its electric lights looked quite pretty across the water. A number of Americans came aboard to drink, meet others with whom they could talk, and to spend the night with the comforts and conveniences of a modern ship. I sat up late with Dr. Gregory and Mr. Tulney and their wives.

Saturday, 4 August, Tocopilla; clear, bright, and cool. The ship took on cargo from six or eight barges loaded with nitrates

(1928, Aug. to Callao)

E--3391

and coal. The barren mountains loomed high up behind the little town on the beach. There was no sign of fresh water or vegetation. Near the beach was an electric powerhouse that supplied current to the mines ninety miles away. Outside the harbor was a small island glistening white from the droppings of ~~myriads~~ of waterfowl.

The ship got away at noon and cruised through the blue sea and bright sunshine, keeping about a mile from the coast. At this distance the mountains seemed to rise directly out of the sea, and to reflect many colors, pearl gray, mauve, cream, pink, and red, all blending and fusing into each other through a mist of haze on the mountain side. Occasionally one caught glimpses of peaks high above the clouds. No other mountains in the world seem so high, probably because one sees them from base at sea level to their summits. After dark the ship anchored before ~~Iquiqui~~ Iquiqui, another nitrate port. Several ships were in the harbor and their ~~li~~ lights looked pretty across the ~~water~~ dark waters.

~~(Lombardi, 4 Aug. to Callao, yellow folder)~~ *omit*

(1928, Aug. Iquiqui)

E--3392

Sunday, 5 August, Arica; cloudy and cold. I was up at 8 a.m. and found we were anshored in the harbor of Arica, as were several other ships. The town was compact and flanked by barren mountains. To one side of the town is a bluff from which a Peruvian officer is said to have leaped on his horse to death to escape capture. The harbor was covered with thousands of water fowl and herds of sea lions.

The ship got under way at 11 a.m. and reached Ilo, the first town in Peru, at 3.30 p.m. Immigration and medical officers came aboard and examined passports and vaccination certificates. Large placards were hung up in the saloons and corridors warning passengers that under Peruvian law any person found in possession of foreign matches or lighters was subject to a fine of thirty pounds ~~fr~~ for matches and fifty pounds for lighters. It seemed to me that here was a case where the punishment was out of all proportion to the crime, as much so as some of the penalties prescribed in the United States for violations of the ~~dry~~ iniquitous dry law. Ilo was a town about four blocks long in the hollow of a barren mountain. To one side of the town was the wreck of a steamship that had foundered on some rocks. ~~With Dr. Gregory, and~~ another middle aged American, ^{and} I sat in the smoking room for an hour or more and reminisced about conditions in American villages thirty or more years ago.

Monday, 6 August, Mollendo; cloudy and warmer. The morning sea was literally covered with waterfowl--millions of them. ~~at~~ Mollendo was a small brown city huddled up on top of some ridges that ran back from the shore, with mountains behind, against which the sand had drifted or blown high up their slopes, and facing the sea was a precipitous bluff against ^{which} the ground swell of the waves broke

(1928, August, Mollendo)

E--3393

with a resounding roar and the white spray dashed up to a great height. There was no harbor, simply an open roadstead and the ships must anchor well out from the dangerous shore. Passengers were transferred in launches and hoisted to the top of the cliff by derrick and breeches buoy. Cargo was unloaded into lighters. The ship took on a large cargo of Peruvian cotton done up in neat bales. Some native Peruvians came aboard with skins and furs, some of them made into rugs, which they spread out on the deck. Exchanged my Chilean money for Peruvian money with a money changer. The ship left at 12.30p.m. and I was not sorry to see the last of forbidding Mollendo. It was a dull gray day and the mountains were hidden from view. The sea was still covered with countless flocks of water fowl all on the wing. Sleeping most of the afternoon, and reading a book by Ibañez. Dr. Gregory and Mr. Tierney beginning to take too much of my time, that is, whenever I appeared outside of my cabin one or the other would propose going to the smoking room for drinks and conversation. They even went so far as to suggest that I telegraph the officials in Lima so that I could conclude my business in a day, in order that I might continue the voyage with them. I said that it was barely possible that it might be done, but inasmuch as I could not afford to take any risk of meeting the officials and ~~alre~~ already had a reservation on the ship to follow this one a week later I would let nature take her course. I sincerely hoped that on the next boat no one would recognize me so that I would be left free to my own devices. At the supper table the doctor was handed a wireless message from the captain of a small trading vessel, saying that one of the crew had fallen and broken his arm, and asking what to do. This shows one of the advantages of wireless communication at sea. I was not feeling as well as usual, which I attributed to eating and lack of exercise.

(Wife, 6 Aug. yellow folder)

Tuesday, 7 August, Pisco; cloudy and cold, dark and gloomy. The ship entered the open harbor of Pisco early in the forenoon and left shortly after noon. Pisco is a small town on a flat plain between the beach and the mountains. It is the principal cotton port of Peru. The ship took on a considerable consignment of cotton. A heavy swell in the harbor caused the ship to roll badly. Waterfowl flew across the harbor in unending lines like regiments of soldiers.

On leaving Pisco the ship set her course more out to sea and the shore line receded from view. The sea swell from the west subsided and the sea became unusually smooth. I read some New York papers of July 17 that I found in the lounge. At breakfast I told the doctor about some of the sights I had seen. On separating he said I was the most interesting talker he had ever met, and he proposed to speak about me to the editor of a magazine published in Lima whom he knew. Had a nap in the afternoon and began reading some more New York papers loaned to me by the doctor. At 5.30 p.m. the steward presented his bill for sundries and announced that we would arrive at Callao in thirty minutes. We anchored in the harbor at 7 p.m. Half an hour later passengers for Lima were directed to appear before the port officials in the purser's office for medical and passport examination.

Wednesday, 8 August, Lima; cloudy and cold. Awakened early by the noise of launches and chattering voices. I got away shortly after 8 a.m. in a launch, got my baggage through the customhouse without examination on the statement that my passport was a diplomatic one, caught a taxi and was driven six or eight miles to the Bolivar Hotel in Lima, where I got a plain but comfortable room on the fourth floor overlooking a side street. After freshing up

(1928, Aug. Lima)

E--3395

I walked to the American Consulate and got some mail. At noon the Acting Consul, Mr. Reber, came to the hotel, and together we visited the Ministerio de Fomento and called on the Director de Agricultura y Ganadaria, Ing. D. Pascual Saca Lanfranco, who assured me that his department would cooperate in the census. This department occupied the entire floor in a small building about 30 by 80 feet. One end of it was partitioned off into two rooms, one for the office of the director, and the other as an agricultural museum in which ^{were} ~~was~~ some seeds and dried specimens of plants. The remaining floor space was partitioned off into little pens by railings about waist high, each bearing a sign showing that it was a division of the organization and each was occupied by a "jefe" who was the whole show for that division, inasmuch as he had no clerical assistance.

On leaving the Acting Consul said he would arrange for an interview with the ^President of the Agrarian Society, which was doing more to develop agriculture in Peru than the Ministry of Fomento. He said that Peru was building some ~~good~~ roads, and that from early June to late October the sun rarely shines and there is practically no rain.

After luncheon I had a long nap and then took a walk up the main street to the plaza in front of the Cathedral and back. Soon after 5 o'clock it grew ^w ~~grew~~ dark, all the shops closed, and the streets were deserted. I returned to the hotel and put in two hours, from six to eight, reading and waiting for the dining room to open. I went down to the dining room at 8 o'clock and was the only guest. I ate slowly, sipped a bottle of wine, and had a smoke. At 9 o'clock three other guests appeared.

Thursday, 9 August, Lima^a; cloudy, dark, and cold. ~~Had~~ ^{Had} breakfast at 9 a.m. At the office of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company I exchanged the order given me in Buenos Aires for a ticket on the next

(1928, Aug. Lima)

E--3396

ship north. Then I called on the Commercial Attache, Mr. O. C. Townsend, who said he was a member of the U. S. Entomological Service and specialized on the hemiptera in which Peru is especially rich. From him I learned that my friend, Guy S. Meloy, of my Bureau of Agricultural Economics, had been employed part time by the Peruvian government to advise as to cotton ginning methods. Mr. Townsend said his father was a glass manufacturer and therefore he had to study chemistry and mineralogy, and for many years he was in the mining districts of Colorado. He said he would introduce me to Mr. Klinge, who was at the head of the technical work of the Agrarian Society, and he asked me to return at 5 p.m. He loaned me the prospectuses of two new books by Mark Sullivan, "The Turn of the Century" and "America Finding Herself," which promised to be interesting.

In the afternoon the sun shone for awhile and I took a few pictures. I entered the cathedral and was shown the altar ~~area~~ dedicated to Pizarro. A priest proposed to show me the tomb of Pizarro in the crypt as something especially holy and interesting, for a fee of course, but I replied that such a faithless, traitorous, ~~and~~ murderer as Pizarro did not deserve a tomb, which cause^d the priest to open his eyes and bow his head.

At 5 p.m. I called again at the office of the Commercial Attache and learned that Dr. Klinge was out of town for the day and he would telephone me the following day when he could see me. Mr. Townsend certainly liked to talk about himself. He said he was in the Navy during the war and cruised in the neutral waters north of Colombia and Venezuela. As I was leaving a Mr. Moore from San Antonio, Texas, ^{Peruvian} came in. He said he was in Lima trying to sell arms to the Bolivian government.

We separated at 5.45 p.m. Outside it was dark and the

(1928, Aug. Lima)

E--3397

streets were deserted, and there was nothing to see or to do until after 8 o'clock. On the streets in the afternoon I noticed an unusual number of short people, many of them only about four feet tall. Many of them had thin bodies and emaciated faces as if they had been undernourished all their lives. Occasionally one sees a person of distinctly Indian type with a broad round head and flat face, slant eyes, jet black coarse hair, and of short stocky build. This time I postponed going down to the dining room for supper until 8.30 p.m. Even so I was the only guest for nearly half an hour and the waiters were standing idly about, although the dining room was advertised to be open at 7 p.m. I retired early.

I had a peculiar experience during the night. I had occasion to visit the bath room. There were two doors in my room, one opening into the bath and the other into the corridor. ^{I was half asleep and} ~~By~~ mistake I opened the outer door and stepped outside, and a puff of wind swung it shut. It had a spring lock and the key was inside. I found myself standing in my nighty in a long, cold, deserted corridor. There was no bell or push button in sight that I could ring. I walked cautiously to one end of the corridor and looked along the corridor at right angles without seeing any one. Same result at the other end. I walked down the stairs to the corridor below and explored it in the same way. Then it occurred to me to ring the bell at the elevator. After prolonged ringing a servant came up in the elevator. I explained to him my predicament and in a short time he returned with a master key and opened my door for me. It was a most unpleasant experience, but would have been even more embarrassing had I met guests.

Friday, 10 August, Lima; cloudy and gloomy. Mr. Reber, the American Vice Consul, called at 10.30 and accompanied me to the Sociedad Nacional Agraria, where I was introduced to the President, Sr. ^EPadro Beltram, and later met two cotton experts employed by

(1928, Aug. Lima)

E--3398

the society. Sr. Beltram was much interested in the census project and promised the full cooperation of the society.

On returning to the hotel at noon I had a telephone message from the Commercial Attache asking me to call at 2.30 p.m., which I did. There I met Sr. Gerardo Klinge, ^{ing}neiro agronomo, and editor of "La Vida Agricola," who said that he would do all in his power to promote the taking of an agricultural census. He suggested that I prepare a memorandum about the census project for his use, and that I see the Minister of Fomento. He said that agriculturally Peru is a small country; that west of the Andes nothing can grow without irrigation and that the water available for irrigation is small in quantity; that there is one area in the north called "Las Lomas" where the heavy dews are sufficient to grow a little pasturage; that the towering Andes occupy a large proportion of the country and are so high that the upper valleys are covered with almost perpetual snow; that the eastern slopes are almost inaccessible because of the height of the Andes on one side and distance from the Atlantic on the other; that every acre of tillable land was already in cultivation so that any increase in crop production must come from more economic use of irrigation water, better seed, and higher yielding strains of plants.

On the way back I stopped for some photographic prints. Returned to my room and began drafting a memorandum for Dr. Klinge where I remained until 6 p.m. in order to take any telephone message that might come for me. Thenⁿ I laid down and slept until after 8 o'clock. This time I went down to the dining room at 9 o'clock and found most of the tables occupied. Evidently the customary supper hour in Lima is from 9 p.m. to 11 p.m.

~~(Klinge, letter and memo. 10 Aug. Lima, yellow folder) omit~~

(1928, Aug. Lima)

E--~~33~~ 3400

animals that resemble deer, ^{and} two good specimens of condor with black wings barred with white, naked necks and white ruff collars of feathers. Inasmuch as they are simply large vultures they are not attractive or impressive in captivity.

Returning to the hotel I pasted some photographs. Also pasted labels on my baggage. Began reading "Vuelta del Mundo."

Many of the people seen in Lima were diminutive in size, especially the women, about like twelve year old girls in the United States, and at least ninety per cent of them had thin arms and legs. Generally speaking both men and women were most unattractive.

In the afternoon I visited the national archeological museum. It was interesting but rather ~~depressing~~ disappointing because of the meagre collection of prehistoric material. There were many cases full of crockery, bits of ornaments, pieces of cloth, spindles and knitting needles, several mummies, a number of skeletons, one case of spears, some canoes, bows and arrows, one or two crude pieces of stone, many paintings of doubtful merit, a coach of the last century, a carved wooden altar, many old military uniforms, some old guns and pistols, specimens of printing, and other articles of interest.

Monday, 13 August, Lima; cloudy and cold. After breakfast I left the manuscript of an article on the census project at the office of Dr. Klinge for publication in La Vida Agricola. On returning to the hotel I found a man and a woman servant setting my room to rights. In conversation they asked if it were true that there were hotels in New York as large and as good as the Hotel Bolivar, what wages were paid to servants, and whether Peruvians were admitted to the United States.

At 1 p.m. the Vice Consul accompanied me to the Ministerio de

(1928, Aug. Lima)

E--3401

Fomento where I had a satisfactory interview with the Minister, who promised full cooperation.

After luncheon I went to the National City Bank of New York and bought some Peruvian money. Paid my hotel bill, which amounted to \$12.00 per day for four days. After luncheon I drafted a report to the Institute. Had supper at 9 p.m. with only a few other guests present.

Tuesday, 14 August, Lima; cloudy and cold. After breakfast began typing report on Peru and sent a cablegram to the Institute. After luncheon I walked to the plaza intending to inspect the museum, but found it closed. At the hotel took a nap. From my window I could see over the roofs of the surrounding buildings to the sea and several islands near the coast. The harbor of Callao is between the islands and the mainland. A characteristic feature of the residences in Lima ^{is} ~~was~~ the fact that the houses usually set back forty feet or more from the street, with a brick wall and a single entrance on the street, the intervening space between the house and wall being set to ferns, palms, and flowering plants. Many residences with a severely plain front have very attractive interior courts and entrances. A characteristic feature of the people on the streets, especially women, is their short stature and ~~thkx~~ thinness. Apparently only the men with negro blood in their veins were well rounded. Before and after supper I took a walk through the deserted and dimly lighted streets. After sunset the city is dead. It is a dull place for men without families.

~~(Secretary General, 14 Aug. Lima, yellow folder)~~ *omit*

